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MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE and ADVENTURES

OF

Signor ROZELLI,

Late of the *Hague*.

Giving a particular Account of his Birth, Education, Slavery, Monastic State, Imprisonment in the Inquisition at *Rome*, and the different Figures he has since made, as well in *Italy*, as in *England*, *France* and *Holland*.

With the CONTINUATION of the same to the Day of his Death.

Written by Himself, just before his Decease, And committed to the Care of an intimate Friend. The Whole being a Series of the most diverting History, and surprising Events, ever yet made public.

Adorn'd with curious Copper Cuts.

The FOURTH EDITION, Corrected.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. OSBORN, at the *Golden Ball*, *Pater-noster-Row*; J. KING, in *Moorfields*; and C. CORBETT, at *Addison's Head*, *Fleet-street*.
M.DCC.XL.

* Defoe 22. M43 1740
v. 2 (of 2)

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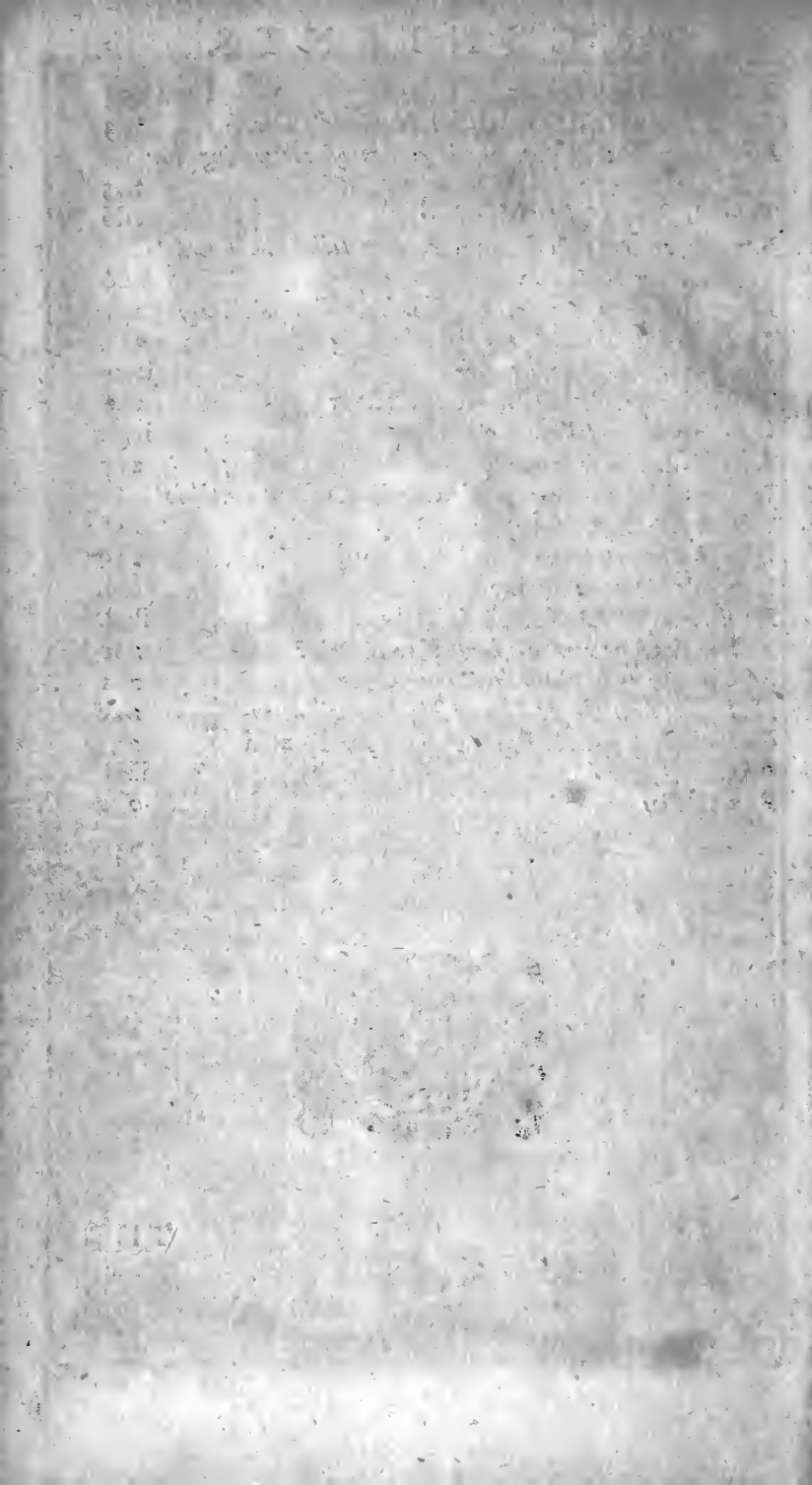
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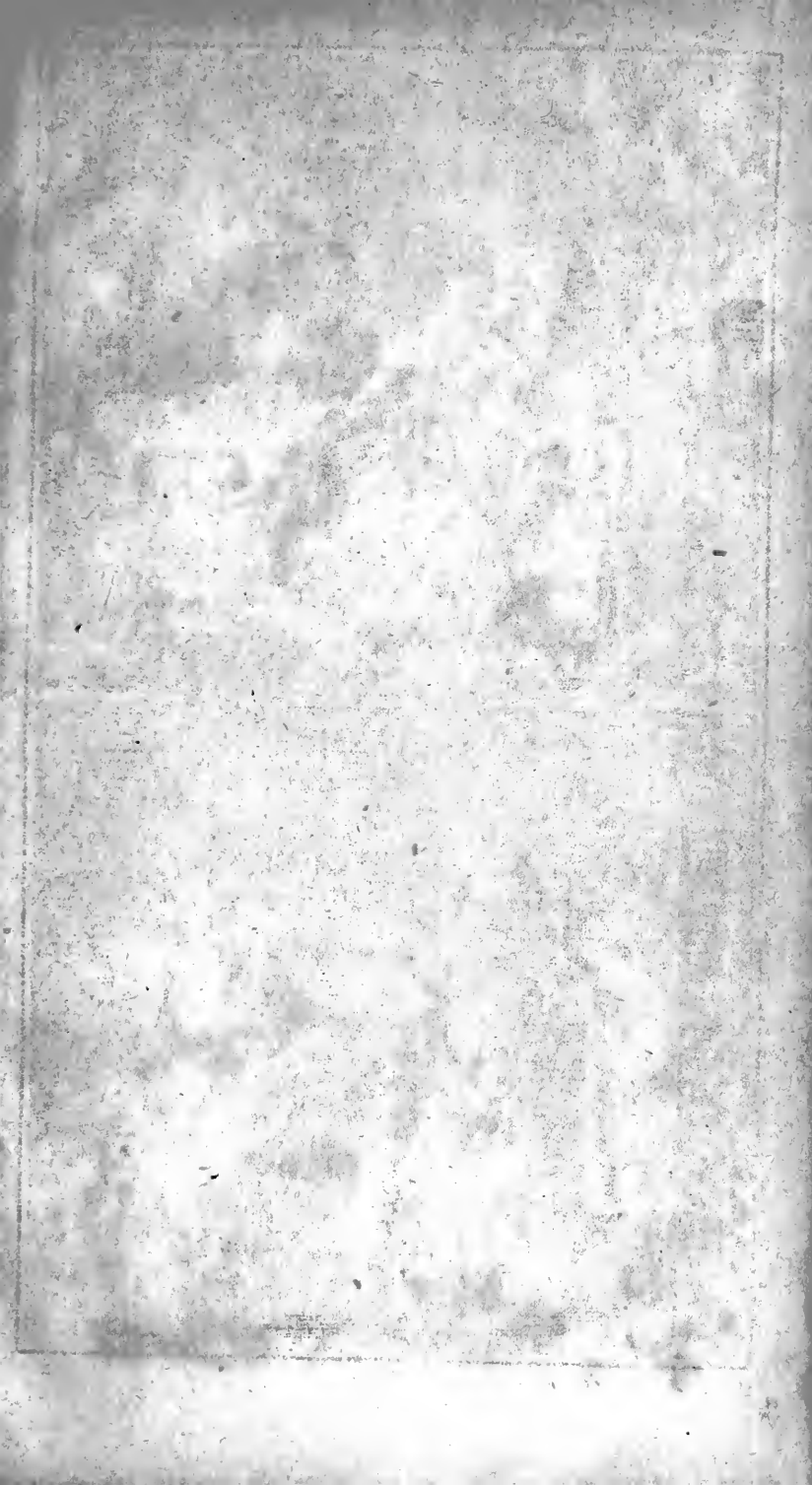
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THE









THE
L I F E
AND
ADVENTURES
OF
Signor *ROZELLI*.

V O L. II.



N the flattering Situation which I have mentioned, stood my Affairs at the City of *Utrecht*. In short, my Days slid away so agreeably, that had it not been for a blind Passion that governed me, never had Mortal been happier than I was.

But as Fate always sentenced me to a hundred Pains for one Pleasure that I enjoy'd, I'll tell you how I was served.

A young * Milk-maid, who came constantly to my House every Morning and Evening, to serve me with

* This Story of the Milk-maid, tho' delivered as if in his own Person, *Rozelli* thinks fit in the *Continuation of his Life* in the subsequent Sheets to disown, in most of its Parts; perhaps being more ashamed of it, than of the rest.

B

Milk

Milk for the Use of my Coffee-Room, seemed to me so charming and agreeable, that maugre all my Efforts, I was forced to submit to the superior Power of Love. I considered her attentively every time I saw her, and found her Beauty so incomparably perfect, that the more I gazed on her, the more I admired her; and my Passion grew from great to greater. — And is it possible, *said I to myself*, that Nature produced such a Master-piece, to oblige her to creep under the Weight of the most abject Fortune? Ah! Inhuman Nature, *cry'd I*; Can one look upon such a finished Beauty, as thou hast made, without trembling? Can any one, I say, see her serve Animals that are even the greatest Brutes upon Earth, and be obliged to go, from Door to Door, to earn her Living? Permit me therefore, O cruel Nature, to reproach thee for such hard Treatment! But, Fool that I am! Ought I thus to fall foul on Nature? Should I not much rather give her her due Praise, for having sent such a finished Creature into the World? 'Tis, therefore, owing to Fate; and of him I ought to complain! But, alas! 'tis to the same Fate, that I am indebted for such an inestimable Jewel! Just as I was making these Reflections within myself, I heard the Voice of that lovely Girl cry, as usual, *D'ye want any Milk?* At that, I went down, and resolved to follow her, to know where she lived. For this End, I went out, while the Maid was taking in the Milk; and being got a little Distance from my House, waited the Milk-maid's coming out, designing to dodge her home. After having led me thro' a hundred Turnings and Windings in the City, she went thro' the Gate of *Amsterdam*, and housed at a little Cottage, about Musquet-shot from that Gate. I made no Question, but that was the Place where she lived; but to make sure Work on't, went by the Door, and found I had guess'd right. That Intrigue commenced in the charming Month of *June*; a Season in which the Inhabitants of *Utrecht* use to go in great Numbers, and eat Cream, or drink a Sillabub in the Villages; and served as a fit Opportunity for me to introduce myself into the Milk-maid's Company, and take the necessary Measures to gratify a Passion which began to consume me. One

Sunday

Sunday in the Afternoon, therefore, I went, for the first time, to the Milk-maid's Mud-house; which I had no sooner entered, but I found all Things concurring to render me happy, the Beauty being all alone, and her Mother gone to Church. The charming Peasant was so neatly dressed, and set off with so many pretty Ornaments, that they made a wonderful Addition to her Beauty. Think how glad I was, to find her all alone; and how confounded, that I could not converse with her for one Moment! For, as I could not speak *Dutch*, I had all the Difficulty in the World, to make her understand, that I wanted half a Pint of Cream; and my Gibberish put her into several Fits of Laughter, in which, however, she behaved herself with that Modesty, that she enchanted me. I had been two Hours admiring that lovely Person, when her Mother came home from Church. The old Woman no sooner entered the Doors, but, *Christina*, said she, in *Dutch*, Get you to Church. At the Name of *Christina*, I was struck with such a Terror, that I knew not where I was; for I presently thought of the *Christina*, to whom I was indebted for great Part of my Miseries. Mean time, I was too deep struck with my lovely Milk-maid, to retain such Reflections long: And as it grew late, besides, I thought of returning home. I therefore made Signs to the Mother, and asked her, as well as I could, what she must have? She told me Six-pence. But I pay'd her at a better Rate; for clapping a Ducatoon into her Hand, I shut it, and gave her to understand, by Signs, that I would give it her all. Thereupon, I observed a Mixture of Joy and Confusion both in the Mother and Daughter. Mean time, they kept my Money, and I returned home very melancholy. I had no sooner entered the Doors, but *Fanine* asked me, Where I had been all the Afternoon? and that with such an Air, as if she had observed some Disorder in me. I told her, I had been to hear a noted Minister, and taken a Walk in the Fields with him after Sermon; and pretending to be very weary, bad her turn down my Bed. I spent the Night in dreaming of Methods to render myself more familiar with my young Milk-maid; but could think of none, that did not seem

to me impracticable, since she spoke nothing but *Dutch*, which I did not understand. On the other hand, my Passion was too vehement, to go off so. My Disease was desperate, and therefore required a desperate Cure. At last, a Notion came into my Head, that I would teach her *French*; and I succeeded in that Enterprize, according to Wish, by means of a poor Master of Languages, with whom I was acquainted. I went to his Lodgings the next Day, and having lock'd his Chamber-door after me, engaged him by an Oath, not to discover to any Person the Secret I was going to communicate to him. After which, I address'd him thus: There are ten Pistoles for you, my dear Friend, if you can persuade the Person I shall direct you to, to learn so much of the *French* Tongue, as to understand one who talks to her in that Language, and to express herself in the same. I met with no Difficulty, in engaging that honest Fellow in my Interests: He no sooner heard the Sound of ten Pistoles, but he was on Tip-toe to serve me. I therefore described the Person, and pointed out the House to him, at a Distance; after which, he assured me, that he would compass all that I desired; and that if I would only give myself the Trouble of coming to him again the next Day, he would then certainly give me a positive Answer, because he was very well known in that House, and the Mother put a great Confidence in him; and therefore that I had no Cause to fear any thing.

I returned home, very well satisfied, and full of Hopes; expecting with the utmost Impatience, the Hour appointed for our Rendezvous the next Day. But I must here acquaint my Readers, that when first I became sensible of my growing Passion for that charming Peasant, and conceived the Design of making her my Mistress, I always endeavoured to keep out of her Sight, and contented myself with the Pleasure of seeing her thro' the Glass-Windows. For as I had taken the Resolution, to go and see her at home, I had no Mind to let her know me. And this Precaution which I took to conceal myself, was highly necessary.

I did not fail, the next Day, to go to the Master of Languages, at the Time appointed. I went up to his Cham-

Chamber trembling, for fear he had miscarried in his Undertaking; but (the worse Luck for me) he had but too well succeeded. For having learnt my Passion, from the first Word I spoke to him, he had so well play'd his Part with the Mother of my loved Object, that she not only consented, her Daughter should learn *French*, but gave me free Liberty to come and see her as often as I pleased. He had, indeed, attacked the old Woman, on her weak Side, and used the ready Method to draw her into the Snare; to-wit, by representing to her the great Advantages which might accrue to her from this Adventure. She was a poor Widow, who, with her Daughter, lived only upon the Profit arising from the Milk of three or four Cows. She had lived very well in her Husband's Life-time; insomuch that the Remembrance of Time past heightened her Hopes of that which was future, and obliged her to accept, so much the more willingly, the Proposal made to her. But I proceed now, to tell you, how my little Spark, the Master of Languages, manag'd her.

'Tis not, dear *Jacomine*, said he, (for that was the Mother's Name) to drink Milk, as usual, that I am come hither To-day: No, 'tis upon quite another score. I am come to inform you of the Happiness that attends both you and your Daughter; and, provided you give Credit to what I say, and lay aside all Scruples, I dare promise you, your Fortune is made.—You know, my Dear, added he, that I have always been your Friend, and ever taken a Pleasure in rendering you any Service. As I believe, you are sufficiently persuaded of this Truth, I desire you to hearken a little to what I am going to say to you. There is a Gentleman in Town, who, tho' a Foreigner, is yet a Man of singular Probity, and somewhat advanced in Years. He is not a young, flashy Coxcomb; you have already seen him yourself in this very House: He is very rich, and loves your Daughter even to Despair; nor is there any thing he would not undertake, to obtain her mutual Affection. For the rest, I can assure you, That his Sentiments are untainted and inviolable; and that he really designs to make the fair *Christina*, one Day, his Wife. But as his Affairs don't permit him to divulge the Matter, till after a certain Time, he only de-

fires, you would, in the mean while, grant him Leave to come and see your Daughter, and declare to her the violent Passion he has entertained in her Behalf. For this Reason, he has thought fit to pitch upon me for his Confident, and press'd me to make you consent to *Christina's* learning *French* of me. Moreover, he charged me to tell you, that his Purse is at your Command; and that it is only in your Power to determine, whether he shall be happy or miserable. This is what I had to say to you; and now, what remains but for you to tell me your Thoughts upon the Matter?----Why, my Thoughts, *answer'd the unwary* Jacomine, are exactly conformable to yours in this Point; provided only, that your Words are accompany'd with Sincerity: For, if I mistake not, the Gentleman you speak of, is the very same, that gave us, on *Sunday* last, a Ducatoon for a Measure of Milk. I believe so too, Mother, *answer'd the Daughter*; for all the while he was here, his Eyes were never off of me; and I knew well enough by his Looks, that he came for something else, besides drinking of Cream. He seem'd to me, *reply'd the old Woman*, to be as honest a Man as ever liv'd; and if so be he does but act like a loyal Lover, (as you make me hope he will) and likes my Daughter, I shall willingly leave the whole Matter to the Providence of God, to be dispos'd according to his holy Will, relying entirely upon you. - - - And as the Daughter express'd no manner of Dislike, *concluded the Master of Languages*, I appointed a Rendezvous between you for To-morrow, that you may settle all things to the Satisfaction of both Parties.

I listen'd attentively to all that my Gentleman said; and tho' I was overjoy'd, that neither the Mother nor the Daughter had rejected my Proposal, yet I was vex'd, at the same time, that the Master of Languages had gone beyond his Commission, in advancing Things which I had not once thought of. Perceiving my Chagrin, ---I find, Sir, *said he, with a very serious Air*, that I shall be finely rewarded for the good Offices I have endeavour'd to render you, in the Quality of Confident of a Passion that consumes you; tho' nobody but myself could, in the first Interview, have carry'd Things to such a Pitch

as I have done ; nor, indeed, could I have done it myself; had not I been particularly well acquainted in the House, and the Mother and Daughter repos'd an entire Confidence in me. Well, I perceive, *repeated he*, that I am like to be gloriously rewarded ; but this shall serve as a Warning to me, not to trouble my Head, for the future, with the Affairs of Persons I don't know. He had gone on in this Strain, had not I interrupted him, and desir'd him to moderate his Passion, about an Affair that was not worth it. I told him, that I was honest and fair; and that far from disapproving what he had done for me, I should think myself eternally oblig'd to him for it, provided he would go thro' stitch with a Work which he had so happily begun. I found, that I had to do with a mere *Dulman*, who could not distinguish Jest from Earnest ; and that I could not avoid the Engagement I had enter'd into ; the rather, because it was no longer in my Power to rid myself of my Passion, without making away my Life with it. I began, therefore, with giving him the ten Pistoles I had promis'd him, and conjur'd him to continue to act with Fidelity in that important Affair, recommending it to him, withal, to be discreet and prudent in the Management thereof. I assur'd him, farther, that I would make him ample Amends for the Trouble he was at upon my Account. Wherefore, he protested, on his Part, with the most solemn Oaths, that I might confide in him as safely as in myself. Things thus set to-rights between my Master and me, and considering the Hour appointed drew near, I desir'd him to go along with me, that we might appear to be Men of our Words. In short, we arriv'd at my Milkmaid's exactly at Three o'Clock. Going into the Room, I took her by the Hand, and kiss'd it; and not being able to express myself to her in the Language which she understood, I convinc'd her, by my Eyes, how far the Sight of her transported me. The charming *Christina*, as bashful as she was, gave me evident Proofs, how much she reckon'd upon the Felicity her future Master had flatter'd her withal. I made the same Compliment to the Mother, as to the Daughter ; after which, we sat down, and began to discourse the Point. In a word, the Re-

sult of the Conference was, that the Milk-maid would begin to learn *French*, and be glad to see me; provided I would give her my Word, and promise, before God, to marry her, as soon as my Affairs would permit; and the Master of Languages to be Witness to that Marriage; and farther, that if, when I had marry'd her, I should carry her into my own Country, I would likewise take her Mother along with me. I concluded from these Words, that they had study'd in the Night what Conditions to put to me; and that what the Master of Languages had said to 'em the Day before, had made too great an Impression upon their Minds. I was too much wrapt up with the charming *Christina*, to deliberate a Moment upon the Proposals offer'd me; but, without the least Hesitation, subscrib'd to all their Demands, and gave both the Mother and Daughter my Hand, for the Performance of the Conditions stipulated. Then I gave the young Milk-maid to understand, that I would no longer suffer her to carry Milk; and that, the better to colour our Intrigue, she should keep a Maid, and pretend she had receiv'd some Hurt in her Shoulders. I told her farther, that she might wear the same Cloaths as she did before; and that I only desir'd she would be very neat in her Linen, with which I would take care to furnish her. We agreed too, that as often as I had a mind to come and see her, I should give her Notice of it by my Friend and Confident there present, to the end she might take the necessary Precautions, and contrive to send the Maid out of the Way. These Measures taken, I put my Hand in my Pocket, and pulling out ten Ducats, gave them to the Mother, whom I assur'd at the same time, by my Interpreter, that it was my Desire, she would make much of herself therewith; recommending it to her to take care of my dear little Wife, whom I held, all this while, by the Hand, and fix'd a thousand Kisses on her Lips, before we parted. By this time I thought of returning home; and having taken my Leave, desir'd the Master of Languages, as we were going back, not to fail of going the next Day, and giving his fair Scholar her Lesson, and to do his utmost to make her understand *French* in a short time; assuring him, that

if he would spend whole Days with her, he should be well paid for his Pains. As soon as we came into the City, we parted, and I return'd home, full of Joy, and found my Coffee-Room crowded with Gentlemen.

My principal Care was, to keep this Intrigue so secret, that *Janine* should know nothing at all of the Matter; for which purpose, I kept my old Road, with respect to her, and treated her with all possible Sweetness of Temper. My Business flourish'd daily more and more; so that scarce a Day pass'd, but I got, at least, fifteen Ducats. And thus was I in a Condition to act the generous Part by my dear *Christina*, whom I never fail'd of visiting three or four times a Week. We soon came to a good Understanding of one another; so that having repeated to her, with my own Mouth, the Assurances given her by the Master of Languages, she abandon'd herself entirely to me. 'Tis absolutely impossible for me, *courteous Reader*, to represent to thee all the Charms which I found in that lovely Object! Never did Mortal see any thing so perfect and accomplish'd! In a word, such was my Happiness, that I easily lost the Memory of all the Pleasures I had tasted before, which appear'd to be nothing, compar'd with those I enjoy'd with my dear *Christina* the Milk-maid! And I am verily persuaded, that, were I permitted to describe all her most engaging Charms, you that read my *Memoirs* would envy me. Nevertheless, in spite of all that felt the Curse of Envy, I continued in the peaceable Enjoyment of that lovely Person for the Space of fourteen Months; which, far from taking off the Edge of my Love, did so inflame and augment my Passion daily, that I neglected all other Business, to prove a faithful Slave to *Cupid*, and his Mother *Christina*. This rais'd such a Jealousy in *Janine's* Breast, that she resolv'd, at last, to dodge me, and see whither I went. Nor did she wait long to satisfy her Curiosity; for the very Day after she had taken that fatal Resolution, I went to see *Christina*; and *Janine*, turning Spy, saw me go into the Milk-maid's House. Tho' the jealous Huzzy had too much Respect for me, to follow me in, yet she was so mischievous, as to stay till I came out. While I was there with her whom I

lov'd best, who should come in but the Master of Languages! who calling me aside, told me, he had seen *Janine* walking to and fro about forty Yards from the Door; and that, therefore, it was high Time to think of some Method to keep her ignorant of the Intrigue. At the Name of *Janine* all my Senses were put into such Disorder, that my new Wife perceiving it, ask'd me, whence such a sudden Change proceeded? I told her, the Matter was not worth her Hearing; for that it was only upon the Master of Languages telling me a Piece of News, that a little vexed me; to wit, that a Man who owed me a great deal of Money, disappeared. Mean time, I was obliged to take Measures to leave that House, in which I was disturbed with a thousand dismal Thoughts, and observed by the Eyes of *Janine*, of whom I had then most Reason to be afraid. For this End, I took the Master of Languages into one Corner of the Room, to consult with him about what we had best do, to take away from *Janine* all the fatal Jealousies she might have conceived. The Result of our short Conference was, that we should go out together; and that if *Janine* still lay perdue, I should pretend to be amazed to see her there; and that we should say, that the House she saw us come out of, was a Walk which I often took, for the sake of the Conversation of a certain *Virtuoso*, who frequented that House, and in whose Company I had so much Pleasure, that Hours seem'd but as Moments, while I was with him; moreover, that I was extremely sorry, the Gentleman was not there to-day; and the more, because I did not know where he lived, so that I could not inform myself of the Reasons that hindered his coming. The Project thus concerted, I took my Leave of my dear Milk-maid, and went out of the House, in Company of her Master. As soon as I cast my Eyes towards the City, I spy'd *Janine*, who no sooner saw me come out of Doors, but she turned about, and made great Haste home. I was highly pleas'd with that Fancy, by reason it gave me more time to think of what I had to say to her, and to defend myself against any Surprize. It was not that I apprehended any Mischief on the part of *Janine*, over whom I had too much Awe; but I was

afraid,

afraid, my Milk-maid, to whom I had promised Marriage, would find out, that I was a Burgher of *Utrecht*, and that I had another Person with me, who went for my Wife. And that Affair had been of dangerous Consequence to me, if it had been discovered: Inſomuch that I was obliged to take all imaginable Precautions to conceal my Intrigue from *Janine*, who would have taken care to ſpread it far enough, had it once reached her Ears.

When I and the Maſter of Languages parted, I aſſured him, that I would come to his Lodgings the next Day, and tell him how I came off with *Janine*. Being come home, I found her making Chocolate for ſome Gentlemen; and going up to her, — Was it not you, my Dear, ſaid I, ſmiling, that I ſaw without the Gate of *Amſterdam*, about an Hour ago? I am ſure, if it was not you, there is a Perſon in this City very much like you. — It was I, ſure enough, answered *Janine*, with a very ſerious Air; for I had a Mind to ſee, with my own Eyes, whither you go every Day, and to know the Reaſon why you thus neglect the Coffee-Room. I wiſh my Suſpicion be ill-grounded, added ſhe, ſighing; but alas! how afraid am I, that (to my Sorrow, and your own too in the End) there is but too much Occaſion for it! — What! are you bewitched? answered I, interrupting her, that you talk to me in this manner? Do you ſpeak in earneſt, when you rave thus? Or do you only do it to divert yourſelf? If you ſpeak ſeriouſly, I ſhall take a Pleaſure in mortifying your Curioſity, and puniſhing your unjuſt Suſpicions, by carrying you to the Place where you ſaw me, to let you know the Reaſons which induce me to go thither. Then I told her all that I and the Maſter of Languages had agreed upon; and as ſhe ſeemed to give Credit to all that I ſaid, I began to talk with her about our Domeſtick Affairs, and after having ſupped very lovingly together, went to Bed, where I paſſed the Night with abundance of Uneaſineſs; for I had no ſooner fallen aſleep, but I was tormented with frightful Dreams. Amongſt the reſt, methought, my young Milk-maid, having diſcovered who I was, baſely reproached me; and that, with Looks pale as Death, Eyes drowned in Tears, and all over trembling, ſhe abandoned herſelf to Deſpair, and

came rushing upon me, with a naked Poniard in her Hand, in order to make a thousand Oilet-holes in my Skin. My Soul was so troubled with that dismal Thought, that as fast as I was, I cry'd out aloud, Ah! dear *Christina*, What are you going to do? Then I awaked in a great Fright, and tho' I knew it was but a Dream, yet I passed the Night in a very irksome manner, being full of Apprehensions, that it presaged some fatal Adventure! The Night was no sooner gone, but my Mind having been extraordinarily fatigued with those Illusions, I fell asleep at Break of Day, and did not wake till Ten o'Clock. As soon as I was got up and dressed, I went down into the Coffee-Room, and asking for *Janine*, the Maid told me, she was gone to Market. I the more easily believed this, because it was Market-Day; but she did not tell me, her Mistress had been gone ever since Seven o'Clock in the Morning. She came home again about Eleven, and shewed me all her Bargains, reproaching me with my Laziness, for lying a-bed so long, and not going along with her to Market. Dinner-time being come, I eat very heartily, and not dreaming but *Janine* had entirely lost her Jealousy, grew, once more, impatient to see my charming Milk-maid. No sooner, therefore, had I dined, but I went out, and called upon the Master of Languages by the Way; but I took the Precaution to look behind me every now and then, to see if I was not watched. When I knocked at his Door, he desired me to stay for him a little, which I did at the City-Gate; and as soon as he came up to me, he went another Way, than we were wont to walk. But it was then too late to use Precaution: *The Steed was stolen*, and it was to no Purpose to shut the Stable-Door. But, however, it was not long before we arrived at that little Cottage, which was, before, the Place in which I enjoyed my most perfect Bliss.

Going directly within Doors, and finding the Mother of my loved Object alone, I asked, with some Eagerness, Where my dear *Christina* was? She is sick a-bed, reply'd the old Woman. She had scarce uttered those Words, but sitting down, she let fall a Shower of Tears, and made the most sensible Complaints that ever were heard. This somewhat startled me; and I began to suspect then, that

that *Janine* had sprung her Mine, and been farther a-field in the Morning than to Market. Nor was it long before I was confirmed in my Conjecture with a Witness! For the Daughter hearing the Complaints of her Mother, and not knowing I was there, put on a Night-gown which I had given her, and got out of Bed, to comfort her Mother. But how was she confounded at the Sight of me! in a Word, she screamed out, and fell into a Fit in her Mother's Arms! Her charming Cheeks, which before would have eclipsed the Glories of the Lilies and Roses, were immediately o'erspread with a frightful Paleness; and her whole Body was like Ice, and without any Symptom of Life! *Jacomine*, being frightened almost out of her Wits, made dismal Moan, and would fain have gone out, and implored the Assistance of some kind Neighbours; but the Master of Languages and I kept her within, and taking the dear Expirer in our Arms, carried her back to her Bed. Then having desired the Master of Languages to comfort the old Woman, I pulled a little Viol out of my Pocket, where I always carried one, and poured a few Drops of Water into a little White-wine, which, with much ado, I got down my dear Milk-maid's Throat. Scarce had she swallowed them, but she began to recover her Spirits; whereupon, having rubbed her Temples and Nostrils with *Hungary* Water, till she began to open her Eyes, I got out of her Sight, for fear of throwing her into a Relapse. Then, leaving the Master of Languages alone with the Mother, I retired to a little Room just by, and there sat down in as deplorable a Condition as that my poor Mistress was reduced to. I had not, however, been there long, before my Friend came and told me, that the fair *Christina* had entirely recovered her Fit, and desired to speak with me. I could not deny that lovely Creature, tho' I went trembling, like a guilty Malefactor before a severe Judge. Wherefore, throwing myself upon my Knees at her Bed-side, — Thus prostrate at your Feet, *my adored Christina*, said I, I lie, to hear the Subject of your Alarms; and if I am so miserable, as to have been the Cause of them, I'll invent such a Method of Punishment for myself, as shall intirely convince you, That my Will had not the least Share in it.

it. I am willing to believe, *answered she*, That the blind Passion you had for me, did not permit you to consider the deplorable State to which you were going to reduce me; but then, *continued she*, Could you make Choice of none but a poor Milk-maid, I would fain know, to allay your devilish Heat? What will become of me, unfortunate Wretch that I am! And since I can't be your Wife, what will become of the Fruit of your criminal Amours! Alas! miserable Woman that I am! my Loss is irretrievable! my Wound incurable! nor will all my Tears and Despair avail, to the taking away the Stains of my sully'd Virtue! Ungrateful Man! thus to deceive me! but yes! you have deceiv'd me! And all my innocent and faithful Love is to expect no better Fate, than that of a dark, gloomy Despair! Yes, I say! and if I were not in the Condition I am in, I'd ere now have put a Stop to the Course of my unfortunate Days!----These Strokes touch'd me to the Quick, and penetrated even to my inmost Soul: But I thought it was now high time to interrupt her, and prevent the Return of a dreadful Swoon. Cease, my Dear, *said I*, thus to kill me with your cruel Complaints: Give me only the Respite of a few Moments, and Leave to inform you, that you do me Wrong, in loading me with the Crimes you have now laid to my Charge! I have now labour'd almost these three Hours, under the most extreme Grief, and have borne all your Accusations, I know not why! Tell me, therefore, at least, I conjure you, what can be the Subject of your Uneasiness; and I doubt not, but you will afterwards acknowledge, that the Evil is not yet so great, but that a Remedy may be found for't.

Have not I all the Reason in the World to be afflicted, *said she*, after what has been told me this Morning? A Woman that I know very well, as having formerly serv'd her with Milk, and who keeps a Coffee-house, came hither this Morning, and demanded to speak with the Woman of the House. My Mother and I desired her to walk in, and sit down, and ask'd her whether we could do her any Service: But as she can hardly express her Meaning in *Dutch*, I told her, that if she'd please to speak in *French*, I should understand her much better. There-
upon

upon she told me, that the Occasion of her coming was to inform herself, whether we knew Signor *Rozelli*, who kept the *Italian Coffee-house* in such a Place? for that she had seen him come into the House yesterday, in Company with another Man; and that he staid here above three Hours. I know not, *reply'd I to the Gentlewoman*, whether he that came hither yesterday, keeps a Coffee-house, or not; but I would fain know, what Interest you have in the Matter, and why you ask so many Questions? I think, *answer'd she*, that I may inform myself of the Places my Husband frequents, in order to discover the Reasons that engage him to neglect his Business at the Rate he does. How! *said I, very much surpriz'd*, is the Man you speak of, your Husband? Why! it perfectly amazes me! for as often as he has come hither, with the Man with whom you saw him yesterday, he never told me he was marry'd! Thereupon she put several Questions to me, about the Business of your coming hither, and what you had to do here? To which I answer'd her, that I knew no otherwise, than that you desir'd my Mother to let you come to her House with a Friend of yours, to manage some private Affairs that were between you. But this would not do; for as I could no longer conceal my Shame and Guilt, she easily perceiv'd it, and told me plainly, she saw but too well, that it was upon quite another account, than what I had told her, that you came so often hither; and that she knew a Method whereby to make me repent my Boldness. Thereupon she rose like Lightning from her Seat, and went out of the House raving like a Fury. For my part, I remain'd speechless and trembling for some time, so that I had scarce the Power to tell my poor Mother what I had heard. Since that, my Grief is so augmented, that, being no longer able to stand, I was obliged to go to Bed, and was talking of my Misfortunes to my Mother, when you came in. And is not this, think ye, Matter of Sorrow enough for me? And have I not too much Reason to complain? *concluded the fair Christina*. ---- Yes, doubtless, my Dear, you have too much, *answered I*; but nevertheless, don't alarm yourself with all that that unhappy Woman may have told you.

But

But the better to persuade you, *continued I*, that you have nothing to fear on that Side, I'll give you a faithful Account how Affairs stand between that impertinent Busybody and me. Thereupon I told the afflicted Milkmaid (who, in that languishing Condition, appear'd to be more beautiful than ever) all that related to *Janine*, ever since my taking her from Service; adding, that indeed she had told Truth, in saying I kept a Coffee-house; but that it was not out of a Principle of Necessity, but of Policy, and for very important Reasons, the Secret whereof I would communicate to her: I assur'd her farther, that I had not made a Fool of her; That my Love was sincere, and of an unparallel'd Violence; That nothing in the World should put by the Resolution I had taken to love her as long as I lived; That as for *Janine's* part, were it not for making a Noise, I'd take a severe Method to punish her Impudence, and from that very Day make her serve me as my Woman; but that my Interests not permitting me so to do, we must e'en take Measures to secure Her against the Insults of that Madwoman. Pluck up a good Heart then, my dear *Christina*, *said I*, and abandon your Melancholy from this very Moment: If 'tis true that you lov'd me, and that you have still the same Sentiments for me as I have for you, never fear but in a little time I'll complete your Happiness. I followed those Words with a River of Tears, with which I bath'd her pretty Hands, holding 'em in mine, and kissing 'em every Moment. Thus she made no Difficulty of believing my Sincerity; upon which Joy sat, once more, on her charming Looks. I took that Opportunity to make her receive some Nourishment; for she had neither eat nor drank that whole Day, And as Night drew on, I told her, I must return home, to dispose all Things that might contribute to our Repose. ----- What! will you leave me then, *said she, with Tears in her Eyes, and squeezing my Hand*, just when I find myself very ill, and am about to bring the Fruit of your Love into the World? ----- I don't believe, that that will happen yet a while, *answer'd I*; but, however, to satisfy you as to that Point, I'll desire the Master of Languages to tarry here all Night, and recommend it to him

to take care of a Midwife. --- I am content, *said she*, provided you promise me to come hither again To-morrow Morning, as soon as the Gates are opened; for I am sadly afraid I shall die, without the Pleasure of seeing you again: And if that fatal Hour be come, Heaven grant, at least, that I may not end my Days, without giving you, with my Embraces, the last Tokens of my Affection and Tenderness! ----- Banish, I conjure you, my Dear, *I reply'd*, all such vain Alarms! and entertain not fearful Thoughts, at a Season when you need not! Rather take care to recover from the Trouble that has agitated you all Day! and endeavour to rest well To night, in full Persuasion, that I'll see you again To-morrow by Day-break. 'Tis now time for me to return home, and the Master of Languages to go and fetch the Midwife! Let me, therefore, fore against my Will, bid you Good-night! Adieu, till To-morrow! ----- Thus having parted from my charming Milk-maid, I order'd all that had pass'd to be told to the Mother; and so we went out with the Master of Languages, desiring him to find out a discreet Midwife, and conduct her immediately to my Mistress's, and not leave her till I came again.

Being arriv'd at home, I went into my Chamber by a private Door, because none of the Company in my Coffee-Room should perceive my Concern. The first thing I did, was, to send for *Janine*, who had no sooner enter'd my Chamber, but I shut the Door, and thus address'd myself to her: Have you forgot, *Janine*, who you are, and who I am? And do you thus abuse the Kindness I have ever had for you? Ungrateful Wretch! Is this the Respect you ought to have for your Master? D'ye think I'm ignorant of your hot-headed Temerity, in prying into my Actions, and beating up my quarters? You have had the Impudence to abuse a Person whom I honour and esteem for the sake of the Man who is her Husband! You have, by your unaccountable Doings, broken the Measures I had taken, about an Affair of the last Importance, to make it known, that I am a learned Ecclesiastick of the Church of *Rome*; and that for particular Reasons! Go! Dread my Anger! and know, that I'll never forgive the Trick you have play'd me,

me, as long as I live! And if ever, hereafter, you offer to stir a Step out of the House, without my Consent, and without letting me know whither you are going, you may assure yourself, you shall never enter it again! I spoke this with an Air that made such an Impression upon the Mind of *Janine*, that she threw herself at my Feet, and embracing my Knees, ask'd my Pardon a thousand times, and protested, she would by no means rise, till I had promis'd to forgive her the Crime she had rashly committed, and that I would never abandon her. I was so touch'd with that Submission, that I immediately took her off of her Knees, and embracing her, told her, once for all, that I entirely left the Management of the House and Coffee-Room to her; but that as for my private Affairs, I desir'd her never to intermeddle, nor trouble her Head about 'em, except I had a mind she should. Thus having made up the Breach between me and *Janine*, and thereby render'd myself absolute Master over her, I order'd the Maid to lay the Cloth, and bring Supper in. Having eaten very heartily, we went to Bed, where I made use of Abundance of tender and obliging Expressions, to recover *Janine* entirely from her jealous Fit. At last, I told her, before I went to sleep, that I must get up very early the next Morning, in order, if possible, to put an End to the Disorders which she had occasion'd. I slept very well all Night, and waking about Day-break, made haste to dress myself, and run to the Gate, to the end I might be as good as my Word, and be there before it was open'd. I just nick'd the Time; but scarce had I got out of the City, but I met the Master of Languages coming to me, with such a melancholy Air, that I could not doubt, but some sad Accident had happen'd. Nor was I out in my Conjecture; for as soon as he came up to me, he told me, that poor *Christina* was brought to-bed, about Three in the Morning, of a Boy, which died soon after; and that the Midwife said, the Mother was in great Danger. I leave the Reader to judge, how that Piece of News affected me. I went into the House above half-dead, and approach'd her Bed-side, all over trembling. ---- I am here! my dear *Christina*, said I: Take Courage, my lovely Rogue; and lay not
your

your Loss too much to Heart! I am as sensible of it as you; and therefore we ought to comfort one another! Come, I hope we shall be happier for the future! At present we must take care to get you well again; for your Health is the greatest Jewel I have in the World. Afterwards I told her, that she had nothing to fear on the Part of the Person who was there the Day before, and whom I had taken care to keep in Order. Then I told her all that had pass'd between me and *Janine*. Whereupon she seem'd to be very well satisfy'd; and reaching out her Hand, and fixing her ghastly Eyes upon me, --- I am glad, my Dear, to see you here! Now I am not afraid of Death! Let it come when it will! Let it display all its Terrors, I'll yet receive it with an easy, pleasant Look! On the other Side, her Mother squeezing me by the Hands, tho' she could not make me understand her, yet convinced me, by her Looks, of her profound Grief, which dissolv'd her all in Tears! In a Word, that Chamber, at other times the Place of my Delight, was turn'd into the Mansion of the deepest Sorrow. Mean time, I found myself under an indispensable Obligation to take Courage; for I saw very plainly, that if I had given the Reins to my Grief, (which to prevent, requir'd all my Philosophy) all would be lost. Wherefore I desir'd the Master of Languages to take away the Mother, and endeavour to comfort her, and bid the Midwife get every thing ready that was requisite in Child-bed; and no sooner was I alone with her, but I thus bespoke her:

I know very well, my Dear, that you have all the Reason in the World to be as much afflicted as you appear to be to me; and that the Loss you have this Night sustain'd, is none of the most supportable: I know too, that you are very ill, and that you will be worse if you don't moderate your Grief. For this Reason banish, I conjure you, all manner of Sorrow from your Mind, and add not to the Affliction of the miserable Man, whose Life would be a Burden to him, if he must spend it without you! Hitherto I have done what I can in Opposition to the dismal Thoughts that crowd in upon me, that I might be in a Condition to relieve you, now that you have so great need of Consolation; but I must confess,
if

if you don't let me know, that you have yet a mind to live, you will soon see me sink under the too heavy Weight of my Miseries! ---- Well! let us live then, *answer'd she with a resolute Air*, since it may hinder your Death! for that's the only Reason I have to desire Life! I conform entirely to your Will; and assure you, that for my Part, I'll neglect nothing that may tend to my Recovery. ---- This said, I kiss'd her Hands a hundred times, and thank'd her for the Care she took of me: Then I call'd the Midwife, and order'd her to give my dear Milk-woman the Things which she had provided for her. After which, having desired her to compose herself to rest, ---- That's what I very much want, *said she*; but 'tis impossible for me to sleep a Wink, unless you promise to sit by me all the while. --- Yes, my Dear, *answer'd I*, I'll do that with all my Soul; and for that purpose, I'll go and write a little Note, and send it home, to let 'em know that I shall not dine there To-day. I wrote my Letter accordingly, and gave it to my Confident, desiring him to see for some Boy in the City, to carry it to my House: I also recommended it to him, to follow the Boy, and see that he deliver'd it. I had before desired the Mother to get the Dinner ready against the Master of Languages came back, in order to eat as soon as *Christina* was awaked. Then I went into the Chamber again, and sitting down in one Corner of the Room, just by the Milk woman's Bed-side, ---- Here am I, my Dear, *said I*; try to go to Sleep, for I'll bear you Company: Nor was it long before she did so, and rested very quietly for the Space of three Hours. When she waked, I found she was much better, and very easy, which fill'd her Mother with Joy. The Master of Languages return'd just at that very Instant; upon which the Cloth was laid, and we went to Dinner. My dear *Christina* said she had some Appetite, and eat the Wing of a Chicken (which I help'd her to) very heartily. I spent the rest of the Afternoon in giving the necessary Orders, as well concerning the dead Child, as for the Recovery of my dear lying-in Woman; and we agreed that the Master of Languages should lie there every Night, till she was perfectly well. All Things being adjusted, and perceiving that

the young Milk-woman was much better, I took my Leave of her in very obliging Expressions, and return'd home, where *Janine* receiv'd me coldly enough: However, as I told her, the Day before, upon what Foot I would have her live with me, I did not put myself to any great Pain upon that score.

The next Day, as soon as I had given the necessary Orders in my Coffee-Room, I went to see *Christina*, whom I found much better than she had been the Day before. Her Mother, on the contrary, was confin'd to her Bed by an Ague; tho', when I saw her before, there was no Likelihood of her being sick. I did all that I could to keep this secret from my dear Milk-woman; because I knew it was enough to have kill'd her: We told her, indeed, that her Mother was a little indispos'd, but that there was not the least Danger. Nevertheless, three Days after, about Seven in the Evening, the good old Woman paid Nature's irremissible Debt, and gave up the Ghost; but I took such Measures, that the Daughter knew nothing of the Matter till about a Week after her Mother was bury'd: And when we could conceal it no longer, my Confident and I so well concerted Measures, that when we told her the dismal News, we found Means to comfort her.

As soon as the charming *Christina* was happily got up again, I persuaded her to sell her four Cows, and what Goods she had, and to remove into the City: For this Purpose, I left it to the Master of Languages to find out convenient Lodgings, in a Place where my Intrigue would be likely to succeed without any Disturbance. As soon as he had done this, I furnish'd my dear Peasant with Cloaths and Scarfs *a-la mode*, and desir'd my Confident to conduct her, in that Equipage, to her Lodgings, whither she was follow'd by several Porters with Chests and Trunks, as if she was just arriv'd from *Amsterdam*. I likewise help'd her to a *French* Maid. Thus situated, we agreed about her Maintenance; and scarce a Day pass'd, but I went to see her; which cost the unhappy, disconsolate *Janine* many a Sigh and Tear! But I had afterwards my Share of Grief in my Turn: For about six Weeks after I had taken this Care of my charming Milk-

Milk-woman, going, one Day, to see this Lady of the new Edition, I found nobody at home; but having knock'd at the Door, a Woman in the Neighbourhood brought me the Key, and told me, that the Gentlewoman had given it her the Day before, in the Afternoon, and desir'd her to deliver it into my own Hands. Tho' I was like one thunder-struck at that News, yet I had too much Government of myself to fall under it: Wherefore I open'd the Door; and went into the Chamber, where I found the Nest, but my Bird was flown. However, casting by Chance my Eyes upon the Table, I saw a Letter directed to me, which entirely convinced me of the fair *Christina's* Escape. Having open'd it, I read as follows.

L E T T E R.

“ **T**OO long, perfidious Wretch! too long have you
 “ abus'd my Plainness and Innocency. I have,
 “ at last, discover'd what you so studiously endeavour'd
 “ to conceal from me: But this, alas! to my Sorrow!
 “ after it had cost my poor Mother her Life, your own
 “ Son his, and scarce suffer'd me to escape with mine!
 “ And is it then at this Price, vile Man, that thou pur-
 “ chasest thy filthy, criminal Pleasures! Go, cruel Par-
 “ ricide! and carry with thee for ever the poignant
 “ Thought of having basely betray'd the unfortunate
 “ *Christina*! For my part, I'll leave this detestable
 “ Abode, and hide myself from the Sight of all the
 “ World: And that I may the sooner efface thy Perfi-
 “ diousness from my Remembrance, I leave it to Hea-
 “ ven's Justice to punish thee according to thy Deserts.
 “ But this, for thy Tranquillity, I wish, that thou mayst
 “ forget me with the same Ease with which I leave
 “ thee. Adieu.”

All that read these *Memoirs* will easily imagine to what a Pitch of Madness, or rather to what a Depth of Despair, this Letter drove me! While I was agitated with a thousand dismal Apprehensions, and revolv'd in my Mind the most tragical Thoughts, I heard somebody
 knock

knock at the Door, and did not in the least doubt, but my cruel Mistress, touch'd with Remorse, was come to beg my Pardon for the Injury she had done me: I flew therefore to the Window; but, alas! how far was I out in my Conjecture! 'Twas the Master of Languages, to whom I threw the Key to let him in. As soon as he enter'd the Chamber, ---Ah! dear Friend, *cry'd I*, d'ye bring me any News from your Scholar? The poor Man was struck all of a Heap, and reply'd, that he knew not what I meant. Well, I'm ruin'd then! *cry'd I again*: *Christina* is no longer mine, but has abandon'd me in good earnest, and left me, pitiless, a Prey to my Despair. Was it thus, cruel Woman, that you must deal by a Man who has given you so many repeated Marks of the most sincere and violent Passion! Is this all the Respect I deserv'd at your Hands!---And thus I was so overwhelmed with Grief, that I had certainly done myself some Mischief, had not the Master of Languages us'd his utmost Efforts to hinder me (for which I now think myself beholden to him, and am glad I was not such a Fool) by producing very strong Arguments to allay my furious Transports. In a Word, when I had duly consider'd the injurious Letter she had written to me, I plainly perceiv'd, and was oblig'd to agree with the Master of Languages, that it was a Stratagem which she made use of, or rather a *German Quarrel* with me, the better to disguise an Intrigue which she had probably enter'd into with some Student of Quality; and that to be more at Leisure to pursue that new Conquest, she had thought fit to run away from me. These Conjectures seem'd to me to be very well grounded; by reason, in rummaging a few old Cloaths which she had left behind her, I found two Pair of Mens Shoes, and several Love-Letters, which I suppose she had dropt by chance. One of these *Amourets* ran in the following Terms.

L E T T E R.

“ **H**OW long, dear Angel, will you make me languish, for the sake of a few trifling Reflections, that you force upon your own Mind? What can you have of dangerous, while with me! Every thing
“ is

“ is ready for our Voyage ; and, your Consent given,
 “ we set out To-morrow after Dinner : I’ll be with you
 “ by-and-by, at the usual Hour. Don’t fail to let your
 “ Maid be at the Door, to give me Notice if old *Rout*
 “ be there ! In the Name of *Jove*, my Dear, let us
 “ not delay the Execution of our Project for one Mo-
 “ ment ; for I can no longer subsist under the intolerable
 “ Grief of considering myself only as a Partner of a
 “ Good which composes all my Happiness ! Think of
 “ me therefore, my dear Angel, who, in Expectation
 “ of the Pleasure of embracing you without Uneasiness,
 “ remain wholly yours. Adieu.”

There needed no more to make me forget that wicked
 Creature. Thus I recovered my former Tranquillity,
 and resolv’d to go home directly, and make up the Mat-
 ter, in good earnest, with my faithful *Janine*. Having
 made a Present to the Master of Languages of what re-
 main’d in the House, (which amounted to the Value of
 about twenty Ducats) and paid him very genteelly be-
 sides, I return’d him Thanks for his good Offices, and
 assur’d him, that I would call and see him now-and-then.
 And thus ended that Intrigue, after having cost me
 Abundance of Trouble, and above 200 Pistoles ; and
 I thought myself happy in making such a Come-off too.

When I was arriv’d at home, I appear’d much better
 humour’d to *Janine* than I us’d, and began to be more
 constant in my Coffee-Room ; which soon convinced her,
 that some Change had happen’d to her Advantage ; and
 I have since heard, that she gave two Pistoles to the Poor,
 as an Acknowledgment, *she said*, of the Favour it had
 pleas’d God to bestow upon her. And now I had no
 doubt continued in this State all my Life, had it not been
 for the unlucky Acquaintance of a degraded Monk, who
 was every Day in my Coffee-Room, and who, as I found
 by his Discourse, was no Enemy to the Fair Sex. He
 would often be at me to come and see him, which I could
 not at last refuse ; and so engag’d deep enough in his
 Company to draw myself into a dangerous Affair. In a
 Word, it was, in a short time, between him and me, just
 as it had been betwixt me and the Abbot *Borri* at *Paris* :
 Nay,

Nay, tho' I had taken a Resolution never to make use of the *Talisman* again, and tho' I was now situated in a Country where those kind of Things are very little regarded, yet I found they serv'd my Turn as well there as in *France*. But as, by the Advice of that Villain, I was amus'd with the Possession of the Ladies of the first Quality in the City, and the Husband of one of those Ladies had scented somewhat of my Design, I was told, one fine Morning, that if I did not speedily remove from *Utrecht*, I should be in Danger of my Life; for that my Ruin was conspir'd, and all the Measures taken to assassinate me. I then began to make some Reflections on my late Folly, and curs'd a thousand times over the Period of getting acquainted with that debauch'd Monk. Nevertheless, as this Matter concern'd my Life, I consider'd also, that no Time must be lost. I loaded myself immediately with all my most valuable Effects; and, without taking the least Notice of what I had heard, told *Janine* only, that I would go that Evening to *Amsterdam*, as well to buy some Things which I wanted, as to speak with a Person who was arriv'd there, for fear he should be gone before I came. This said, I wrapp'd myself up in my Cloak; and after having turn'd thro' all the By-Streets in my Way, went on board a Barque, which set out the very Moment.

Arriving at *Amsterdam* the next Morning, I landed, and went to an Inn, to rest myself till Change-time; because I had not slept a Wink all Night, which I spent in contriving Methods to extricate myself out of these new Troubles. Having therefore slept for three or four Hours, I got up, and as soon as I was dress'd, went to the *Exchange*, with Design to strike an Acquaintance with some of the *Italians*, and to see if it were possible for me to settle in that famous City. As I was a new Face in that Assembly, and affected to walk with a particular Air of Gravity, I was taken for some eminent Merchant; and immediately a Crowd of *Italians* came about me, some to offer me their Service, and others only out of Curiosity to know who I was. I got rid of all those Gentlemen as handsomely as I could, except one whom I thought fit for my Turn. As soon as I found myself at

Liberty, I assur'd him, that being a Stranger at *Amsterdam*, I us'd the Freedom to desire him, if it were not too much Trouble for him, to direct me to an Inn, where I might be well entertain'd. He did it very willingly, and conducted me to an Inn, where I pray'd him to walk in with me; and having a Desire to discourse with him in private, I order'd the Inn-keeper to lay us a Table-Cloth in some Back-Chamber. While we were at Dinner, I communicated to the Gentleman my Design of settling in *Amsterdam*: Nor could I ever have met with a Man more proper to second me in that Affair than my unknown Friend; for that very Day he help'd me to a House behind the *Heere Logement*, as convenient as could be for the Execution of my Project. I took it at first Sight, and then sent Word to *Janine*, that I design'd to fix my Abode for the future at *Amsterdam*; wherefore I order'd her to pack up all my Goods, and come to me as soon as she could, for that I could not return to *Utrecht*, for Reasons that I would declare to her as soon as she was come. And in few Weeks after this, having open'd a Coffee-house in the famous City of *Amsterdam*, my Beginning was so prosperous, that I might reasonably expect the End would be answerable to my Purpose. I took Abundance of Pains to wriggle myself into the Acquaintance of Messieurs *R . . .*, *S . . .*, and *B . . .*, eminent Bankers there, and Persons of distinguish'd Merit, and singular Probity and good Manners, and besides this they were *Italians* by Birth. I succeeded so well in my Design, and insinuated myself so far into their Favour, that those Gentlemen profess'd a great Friendship for me, and would often tell me, they could not but be sorry to see a Person of my Merit forc'd to sell Coffee; and therefore, that if I would take their Advice, I should make up Matters with the Court of *Rome*, and renounce a Profession so unworthy my Character. They assur'd me farther, that if I would leave the Affair entirely to them, they would do their utmost to obtain a Bull of the Pope, to restore me to my Employ, and to grant a general Amnesty for all that had pass'd. They repeated this to me so often, and alledg'd such plausible Reasons, that I began to yield to their Opinion, and make serious Reflections upon

upon what they told me. In a Word, those Gentlemen did at last so far prevail with me, that I gave 'em my Word, that provided they obtain'd from *Rome* what they had engaged to do, I would in every thing conform myself to their Will and Desire. It is impossible to express to my Readers the Joy and Satisfaction which those Gentlemen testify'd upon my making that Declaration to 'em: Having embraced me, they assur'd me of their Protection, and offer'd me their Money, their Credit, and their Persons: They never after that treated me like a *Coffee-man*, but as if I were already what I had formerly been at *Rome*, and what I was to be again, according to their Project. They were never satisfy'd but when I was in their Company, sometimes at one's House, sometimes at another's. On the one hand, I endeavour'd to merit their Esteem, by discoursing, in my Conversation with them, upon the most sublime Subjects. Nor were they wanting, in writing on my Behalf as well to *Rome* as to other Cities of *Italy*, where they had Correspondents, in order to obtain the most difficult Thing in the World.

For my part, I was not altogether idle at this Juncture; for tho' I did not depend much upon the Success of those Gentlemen, yet I could not but flatter myself a little with the Hopes of it. For this Reason, I began to set about a Piece of Work in good earnest, which I had often thought of before; and that was a Book, entituled, *Veritatis Speculum, adversus Aulæ Romanæ Antagonistas; Truth's Looking-glass, for the Enemies of the Court of Rome*. My Application to this Study was so great, that I entirely neglected the Business of my House for it, leaving the sole Management thereof to *Janine*; for I was too much taken up with the vast Ideas I had form'd to myself, and which I was revolving, Night and Day, in my Brain. I already look'd upon the Purple as my own, provided my Reconciliation with the Court of *Rome* took a happy Turn; and those Gentlemen frequently renewed my Hopes, by shewing me the Letters which they receiv'd from *Italy*. These too quicken'd my Diligence to make an End of my Book. I think, I may say, without Vanity, that that Work contain'd the most

strong and demonstrative Arguments in Defence of the Court of *Rome*, that ever appear'd in the World. And I hope all such as have read it will do me Justice, and acknowledge that nothing can be better written. I did not put it to the Press, for Reasons which the Reader will be inform'd of in the Remainder of my unfortunate Adventures. Some little time after, those Gentlemen having receiv'd fresh Letters from *Rome*, in a much more clear and positive Style than the former, I judg'd it high time to communicate to *Janine* the Affair that had been negotiated in my Behalf, and the Resolution I had taken to accept of it, to the end I might know what she would agree to, whether to continue in the Coffee-house, or to lead a recluse Life. One Day, therefore, I took her aside, and told her, in the first Place, the Reasons that obliged me to reconcile myself with the Court of *Rome*. Afterwards, I promis'd that I would never forget her; and that if she would resolve to embrace the *Romish* Religion, I would get her into a Convent, and perhaps, by the Interest I hoped to make in *Rome*, obtain for her the entire Direction of the Nunnery she should be in: Consider therefore, *concluded I*, what you had best do, and be speedy in your Resolutions; for as for me, I am already determin'd, and Things are so far advanced, that I cannot flinch back, without incurring the Indignation of Persons of the greatest Merit, and exposing myself to the Censure of all the World. ----- How! *answer'd Janine*; would you shew yourself so void of Sense, as to trust again to the Malice of the Priests? Have you so soon forgot the mortal Troubles their Craft has often drawn you into? And have you no more Regard to what you have already suffer'd, for being too credulous of their fallacious Promises? No, my Dear, *continu'd she*, God defend us from such a sad Misfortune! His Divine Providence has ere now favour'd me, in snatching you out of the Paws and Wefand of the Lion; and I hope it will now make me an Instrument to hinder you from running into his Mouth again: At least I'd die a thousand times over, before I'd suffer you to commit such a Fault. Are you so blind, as not to see the Snares that are laid for you, by those who would sacrifice you to their merciless

Rage?

Rage? There is not now another *Christina*, nor, to open the Doors of that gloomy Dungeon. No; there's now no Person in the World but myself, that can and will concern themselves for your Life! Renounce therefore your rash and fatal Resolution, and acknowledge the Favour Heaven has been pleased to bestow on you, in bringing you into a Country of Liberty, where you are shelter'd from the Persecutions of all your Enemies. Spend the rest of your Life in Ease, in your own Business; and as for the Cares and Fatigue it requires, leave those entirely to your faithful *Janine*; while you pass your Time as agreeably as you can, and divert yourself with your real and sincere Friends.

These Words, which I perceiv'd to flow from the Bottom of *Janine's* Heart, made such an Impression upon my alarm'd Soul, that I lost, at once, all the Thoughts inspir'd by the Advice of the Gentlemen before mention'd; and resolv'd, maugre all that they could say to me, to follow *Janine's* Counsel. I would not, however, let 'em know my Mind, till the last Resolution of the Court of *Rome* was arriv'd; for if they had not met with Success in their Undertaking, my Excuse had been ready-made, without putting me to the Trouble of telling 'em how my Mind was alter'd. But I had not such good Fortune; for about ten Days after they receiv'd a Letter, in which all my Demands were granted, and all that I could wish agreed to. Immediately they came all Three to my House, to communicate to me that important Piece of News; but were extremely surprized, when, instead of shewing myself glad of it, I said as follows:

I am sensible, Gentlemen, of the Honour you have done me, and the Pains you have taken upon my account: I am persuaded, that you have acted herein like sincere, honest Men; and that it was out of pure Zeal for Religion, that you concern'd yourselves in this grand Affair: But I very much doubt, whether your Correspondents at *Rome* act with the like Sincerity; because I have just receiv'd a Letter from an intimate Friend of mine there, advising me, if I value my Life, not only not to return to *Rome* upon any Account, but even not

to come near any *Catholick* Country. He adds, that it was already reported among several Persons of the first Rank, that I was shortly expected there, and that my Indictment was actually drawn up. Thereupon, I shew'd 'em the Letter, which I had forged myself, as soon as I understood, that the Pope's Bulls were come. Thus you see, Gentlemen, *continu'd I*, to what evident Dangers I should expose myself, if I should take your Advice; and therefore, I desire you'd let me recal my Word, since I am, by no means, in a Humour to run such a Risque; and permit me to return you my most humble Thanks for your good Will. --- And d'ye think to come off so, then? *said Monsieur S....*, *in the Name of them all*; and to put us by with an old Woman's Story? D'ye pretend thus to flight all the Springs we have set to Work, and all the Expence we have been at, to compass this important Affair? No, no, Signor *Rozelli*, this is not the Way to deal with Persons of Distinction, who have been at so much Trouble upon your score. Shew yourself a Man, and not a Woman. Every Step that we have taken in this Affair has been with your Consent; and if you are no otherwise hinder'd than by the Apprehension of losing your Life, banish, for shame, that Panick Fear. We three will engage for you, and remain as Hostages to their High Mightinesses, to answer in our own Name for any the least Injury that shall be done you; nay, for your being restor'd to your Dignities, according to Promise. I perceiv'd by this, that I was taken, and had not a Word to say for myself; so that I had, doubtless, renew'd my Promise to those Gentlemen, had not *Janine*, who listen'd at the Door, hinder'd me, by rushing into the Room, and making a dreadful Hurricane, calling the Gentlemen *Seducers*, and threatening to have them before the Magistrate, for endeavouring to betray me into the Hands of the Pope. I must needs say, it very much troubled me, to see Persons of Probity treated in that manner; and the more, because I was perswaded of their Candor and Sincerity in these Proceedings: But it was not in my Power to set Bounds to *Janine's* dreadful Passion; and so Messieurs *S....*, *B....*, and *R....*, went
away,

away, abusing me, and threatening they would make me repent the Usage I had given them.

As soon as I found myself alone with *Janine*, I reprimanded her for her Rudeness towards those Gentlemen, alledging, that I could have clear'd myself genteelly enough, without coming to such Extremities; That, however, I forgave her, because I was sensible, what she had done, proceeded from a Principle of Friendship to me; but desired her withal, to keep her Temper a little better for the future, lest she should have occasion to repent her Rashness: But this did not in the least balk her; on the contrary, she persisted to tell me, that she would use every body so, that came to speak about that Affair, repeating again and again, the Assurances she had before given me, that she'd rather die a thousand times, than see the Accomplishment of such a pernicious Intent. Thus perceiving, that I must no longer think of returning to *Rome*, I entirely laid aside that Design, and resolv'd to speak no more about it, but apply myself altogether to the Business of my Coffee-house, which promis'd very fair. You may imagine therefore, how surpriz'd and griev'd I was, about a Fortnight or three Weeks after, to find, that all my Customers had forsaken me, and that nobody came to my Coffee-house; that where-ever I went, People look'd askew on me; and that those who us'd to be my greatest Companions, pretended now not to know me. It was not very hard for me to guess from what Side that Blow came; for I knew very well, that it was the Effect of those Gentlemens Menaces at taking their Leave of me; and that they began to shew their Revenge by ruining my Credit, and aspersing me to the Inhabitants of *Amsterdam*. But as one Misfortune seldom comes alone, I had likewise the Mortification to see *Janine* taken very ill all of a sudden: And within a few Days after she had been seiz'd with a Fever, an Accident beset her, which Modesty obliges me to pass by in Silence: Suffice it to assure my Readers, that ever since that unlucky Disgrace, she has ceas'd to be a Woman, and from that time we have liv'd together like Brother and Sister. Mean while, no sooner had the Fever left her, but the Infirmary she was troubled with not hindering her from walking, she

continued to mind the Business of the House: But as I found that it grew downwards, and daily declined, I took the Resolution, by *Janine's* Advice, to let Lodgings, thinking 'twas my Interest to draw Foreigners to my House, since it was forsaken by the Citizens. Having fix'd a Bill over my Door accordingly, I us'd all my Endeavours to lure Strangers to my House; and for that purpose would often go to the Quays, to see whether any body landed or not: That not answering Expectation, I employ'd Men on purpose to direct new Comers to my House. For as *Amsterdam* is the Place of greatest Trade in *Holland*, if not in *Europe*, People are continually landing there from some Part of the World or other; and thus I now thought to retrieve my Affairs by means of the Foreigners: And indeed at first I thought my Design would have succeeded perfectly well. For, as some of those Strangers tarry'd there some time, I thought, that if I should diet them, it would secure to me a better Trade, and a more considerable and certain Profit; wherefore I and *Janine* agreed to set up an *Ordinary*; not such however as you have at Inns, but like those who keep Boarders. The Neatness with which I entertain'd such as took their Meals at my House, soon brought a great Trade to it; insomuch that I flatter'd myself with getting a great deal of Money by that Business, in which I took a particular Pleasure. My Life slid away very agreeably; and I fancy'd that nothing could now interrupt the Course of my Prosperity: Nevertheless this Happiness was very short-liv'd. Those very Enemies who had already render'd me several back Services, stuck close to me, and not content with ruining my present Business, continu'd their Hatred against me, and never fail'd to do me a Mischief, as often as they had Opportunity, tho' I had never directly affronted them. However, they thought I had dealt very basely by 'em, in disappointing their Hopes of reconciling me to the *Romish* Religion, which they had boasted of, as very meritorious, among those of the same Communion. In a Word, their great Reputation was the Ruin of mine; and I saw, for the second time, my House deserted and empty; so that I could no longer doubt but my Enemies had conspir'd my Ruin;

Ruin; for the *Italians* set no Bounds to their Malice; and especially when Religion is the Pretence. Seeing therefore that it was impossible I should succeed in a City where I was become an Eye-sore, I resolv'd to go and live somewhere else. Of all the Places in *Holland*, I thought the Inhabitants of the *Hague* enjoy'd the best Air; as well upon account of its excellent Climate, as because I flatter'd myself I should there meet with the Repose I had in vain sought in all the other Places of the World, wherever I had been. Accordingly I form'd the Design of settling there; but before I sent my Effects away, I dispatched *Janine* to get Intelligence, and to hire a House, that was conveniently situated for my Business; but this without speaking of it to any Person except *Janine* herself.

As I had nothing at all to do while this Matter was in Agitation, and *Janine* hurry'd from *Amsterdam* to the *Hague*, and back again from the *Hague* to *Amsterdam*, I sometimes took a Turn without the City. It happen'd one Day as I was thus walking, that I went through a Street which was full of those delightful Places called *Musick-Houses*, and which, as I was afterwards given to understand, was the Rendezvous for all the Prostitutes in the City: I was crossing that fine Street, when a very pretty Woman beckon'd me to come to her; I had the Curiosity to go; and as she spoke *French* very well, was easily persuaded to enter with her the House at whose Door she was standing: I found it was one of those Places of Pleasure call'd a *Musick-House*. As it was almost Night, I heard in a very little time a Concert of Organs, Violins and Bass-Viols, in the Hall whither my Mistress conducted me; which was so illuminated, that far from thinking I was in a Place of Liberty, I began to fancy myself at *Rome* again, in one of the Catholick Churches. Among Abundance of Damsels who were present in that illustrious Rendezvous, I found none so charming as her that had introduc'd me: She was indeed full of Wit, and very engaging in her Discourse. She gave me a brief History of her Genealogy, assuring me, that she was descended of one of the ancientest Families of *Brussels*: She also told me the Misfortune which reduced her to

the Necessity of leading the Life she did; adding, that it was fore against her Will, that she had pitch'd upon a Course of Life so contrary and derogatory to her Birth. In a Word, I found that Courtisan so agreeable, that I promis'd to come and see her again the next Day: I must shew you then, *said she*, where I live, which is hard-by; but as for this Place, I am only here by chance. There-upon I paid for what we had call'd in, and went with her to see where she lodg'd; nor was it far from the Place where I met her. Being come to the Door, she press'd me to go in for one Moment, which I unfortunately agreed to. I found the Rooms very handsomely furnish'd, and therefore made no Scruple to attend her to her Chamber, where there was a good Fire. As soon as I had enter'd the Room, she desir'd me to sit down, and order'd the Maid to bring up a Bottle of Wine, saying, I should taste her *Champagne*. Far from supposing myself in the least Danger, I was as easy as possible in that treacherous Woman's Company, when, all of a sudden, I heard in the next Chamber to that which we were in, a kind of confus'd Noise of Mens and Womens Voices together. Asking what could be the Matter? my new Mistress reply'd, that it was only two Gentlewomen that lodg'd with her; and that as for the Men, she suppos'd they were some Friends come to see them: But, alas! how far was this from Truth! and what a dreadful Danger did I incur, in that execrable House! I never made a narrower Escape in my Life than thence; for soon after I had ask'd that She-Devil what Men they were, five or six Cut-throats, disguis'd in Seamens Habits, enter'd the Chamber; and one of 'em coming up to me, ask'd me in *French*, but in a very surly Tone, what I did there? I answer'd him trembling, that I came thither only because that Gentlewoman had invited me to walk in; and turning myself towards her, to desire her to witness what I said to be true, she had given me the Slip, and was gone. This convinced me, that I was betray'd, and that it now only remain'd for me to recommend myself to God, and beseech him to deliver me out of the Hands of those Ruffians: And as in my extreme Confusion I cry'd out aloud,

© my God! the Fellow that spoke *French* said to me, with

an Air of Insolence, this is not a Place for thee to say thy Prayers in; thou shouldst have done that before thou hadst come hither, that he might have kept thee away; but now that we have thee here, we shall make thee pay sufficient *Import* before thou art *Exported*. With that all the Villains fell upon me, some taking me by my Hands, others by my Feet, and began to strip me. When I was as stark-naked as ever I was born, they bound me fast to a Chair; and he that spoke *French* making a Signal to the rest, out pulls each of them a butcherly Knife: At that horrid Sight I cry'd out as loud as I could bawl; whereupon five or six Women ran to see what was the Matter, and among them I spy'd the charming Milk-woman that had some time before jilted me at *Utrecht*. Is it you, dear *Christina*, cry'd I, that Heaven has so seasonably sent to deliver me out of the deplorable Condition in which you see me! How! said she, quite amaz'd; what! Signor *Rozelli* in this terrible and dangerous Situation? No; it shall never be said, that a Man for whom I have had so great an Affection, should suffer the least Injury, when 'tis in my Power to hinder it! Thereupon she took the Murderers aside, and having said something to 'em in a *Dutch*, they immediately came and unbound me, gave me my Cloaths again, and as soon as I was dress'd, went and left me alone with my Deliverer, but more than half dead.

Tho' I had still a great Fear upon me in that dangerous House, yet I thought I should come to no Harm as long as *Christina* was with me: Wherefore plucking up a good Heart once again, the Clouds of Fear went off by Degrees; and the sooner, because my *quondam* Mistress assur'd me, that for the future I might be very easy, for nobody there would now hurt a Hair of my Head. No sooner therefore had I entirely recover'd myself, but I broke Silence, and addressing myself to my tutelar Angel, --- Is it you, said I, my dear *Christina*, that I find in this Place, so unworthy your Presence! May I believe my Eyes! Is it an Illusion, or a real Truth! ---- No, 'tis no Illusion, reply'd that charming Woman, 'tis I myself, and but too true, to my Sorrow! And to let you know, continu'd she, sighing, what has befallen me, that has not

yet come to your Knowledge, I must inform you, that about a Fortnight after you had taken a House for me in the City, a *German* Lord found an Opportunity to become acquainted with me, and to declare to me the violent Passion he had entertain'd in my Behalf; assuring me, that if I would answer it, he would at once make my Fortune, and render me happy as long as I liv'd. He told me, that he was an only Son, had a considerable Estate, and was entirely at his own Disposal. I, too credulous, believ'd all that he was pleas'd to say to me; and the rather because I saw that he made a great Figure. He kept his Valet-de-Chambre, and two Footmen, and had already made me several valuable Presents. Thus, upon the Assurances he gave me that I should 'be his Wife, I resign'd myself up to his Will and Desires; and forgetting how much I was beholden to you, and the Gratitude that was consequently due from me to you, I prov'd a Traitor to your Affection, abandon'd myself entirely to him, and indeed became desperately in Love with him. Having the Tenderness for him that I had, I made no Difficulty of going with him to *Hamburg*, which he said was the Place of his Birth; and thither he pretended to carry me. The Day of our Departure was fix'd; I pack'd up all my Goods, and set out from *Utrecht* one Afternoon in a Coach with four Horses. We lay that Night at a Country-House, belonging to a Friend of my new Spouse's, about three Leagues from *Amsterdam*. The next Day we arriv'd here before Noon. My Maid *Nan* was still with me, being to attend me to *Hamburg*. We were oblig'd to stay some time at *Amsterdam*, by reason Monsieur *Baude* (for that was my Lord's Name) had sent home for some Money to lay out here. Mean time I led the most agreeable Life that could be with that young Gentleman. His Love and Affection for me was such, as I can't possibly express to you; but, in short, he us'd me like a Queen, and could taste no Pleasure but what he enjoy'd in my Company. Thus had we been eleven Days at *Amsterdam*, when, in the Evening, my Spouse fail'd of coming home at his usual Hour, which threw me into the most dreadful Fright. My Alarms increas'd proportionably as the Night advanced; and I was
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the more uneasy, because he had left all his Valets at home, whom I sent to enquire at all the Places which he frequented. But their Perquisitions were in vain. When I found, that the Night was far spent, and I could hear nothing of my Spouse, What dreadful Apprehensions came into my Mind! The blackest Despair and Melancholy took Possession of my Soul! for I could no longer doubt, but some sad Accident had befallen him. Thus I pass'd the rest of the Night in the most cruel Anguish of Mind! As soon as 'twas Day, I gave fresh Orders to my Footmen to go and look for their Master, in all Parts of the City; while I remained at home in continual Alarms, for fear of receiving, every Moment, some bad News of my dear Spouse! And indeed, about two Hours after the Valets had been gone out, growing very sleepy, (for I had not shut my Eyes together all Night) I sat myself down in an easy Chair, to take a little Rest; and just as I began to forget my Sorrow, a confused Kind of Noise, which happened in the Street, roused me. Thereupon, I flew to the Window, and found a vast Crowd of People got together, and in the midst of them one of your Coaches drawn upon a Sledge. I was very attentive on watching what could be the End of it, when I heard somebody behind me cry out, (whose Voice I knew to be the Valet-de-Chambre's) Oh! Madam! My Master is murdered! and they have brought him home in his Gore! — Judge you now, *said the fair* Christina, in what a deplorable Condition that Piece of News put me! and into how deep Despair it plunged me! I threw myself down Stairs at a Jump, and pushing thro' the Crowd, with my Hair about my Ears, flung myself upon the Body of my deceased Spouse, vainly imagining to fetch him to Life, and make him speak to me, by dint of Cries and Tears. All the Endeavours of the Men of the House to pull me away from him, proved fruitless; and thereupon, the Crowd gathered more and more: But, at last, being quite spent with Sorrow and Weakness, I fell into a Swoon upon the Body of that unfortunate Gentleman; and as it was not then difficult to take me away, they did so, and carry'd me to Bed; where I lay three Hours, without giving the least Symptoms of Life,

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notwithstanding all they could do to bring me and my Senses together again. However, as I did, at last, recover myself, they would not suffer me to go near the murdered Gentleman, but rendered me all the Service and Consolation they could. But of all the rest, the Valet-de-Chambre bestirred himself most in the assisting to bring me to my Senses again. To this End, he assured me, that tho' the Loss I had sustained was very sensible and considerable, I ought, nevertheless, to consider, that it was irretrievable; and, consequently, should endeavour to forget it, and take care not to ruin my Health, by an Excess of Affliction: And the better to encourage me so to do, he thus went on; ----- You know, Madam, that we expect, every day, the Letters of Exchange which Monsieur *Baude* had sent for: You must consider too, that he has been unfortunately murdered, without being able to convince you of the Intent he had to provide for you; so that he has left you nothing. And thus you see, that you must, of Necessity, at present, entertain other Thoughts than those of the Death of our Master, and contrive Means to get in some Money. If, Madam, you would take my silly Advice in this Affair, I dare flatter myself it would not be altogether unprofitable. ----- I must confess, (then said the unfortunate Milk-woman, breaking the Thread of her Discourse) that tho' I was extremely afflicted, yet that Man's Words made some Impression upon my Mind, and forced me to consider, that the Deceased had not left me very rich, but that, on the contrary, my Affairs were in a very indifferent Situation. What would you have me do, then? *answered I, with a languishing Air.* Do! *reply'd the Valet-de-Chambre*; Why you must make use of a Stratagem which I have invented; for otherwise, I don't see how you will come at the Value of a Brass Farthing. I can counterfeit my Master's Hand, *continued he*, so exactly, that nobody can distinguish his from mine: Thus, I must make a Deed of Gift, whereby it will appear, that the Deceased obliged himself in his Life-time, in case God should be pleased to call him to himself, before he had marry'd you, to leave you Four thousand Crowns, and all the Effects he had with him. I can do this with the better Conscience,

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added he, because he told me several times, before he died, that he designed so to do, and to marry you too, as soon as ever you were arrived at his House. The Remittances he expected, amount to Five thousand Crowns. Now you must be provided with the Writing, which I am about to draw up, to the end you may make no more ado, but seize upon your Sum. After this, you must make a very genteel Burial for the Deceased. Thus, continued *Christina*, I followed, in every thing, the Valet-de-Chambre's Advice; and gave him the necessary Orders to manage the Funeral just as he pleased. Two Days after, Bills for the Five Thousand Crowns arriving, I went immediately to receive 'em; and they paid me without the least Scruple, or putting me to the Trouble of producing the counterfeit Deed. The Obsequies were solemnized with great State and Magnificence: and thus, after I had defray'd that Expence, I had Money enough left, without computing what I had before, which amounted to about Five thousand Two hundred Florins, and to the Value of above Three thousand, in Jewels and other Effects. Mean while, the Valet-de-Chambre gave me to understand, That if he had done me any Service, it was not without having an Eye to his own private Interests; for, one Day, he took his Opportunity, when my Maid was not at home, and I was alone in my Chamber, to bespeak me in the following manner:

If, Madam, the small Services I have been able to render you, merit any Acknowledgment, be not surprized, if I make bold to demand That, which will, no doubt, seem very sensible to you. Yes, Madam, I aspire to the Happiness of marrying you. You may be affronted at what I say, because you had before much higher Views, as being designed for my Master, had not Heaven snatched him from you by an untimely Death: But, Madam, let not that trouble you! I can affirm to you, without Vanity, that my Birth is not a whit inferior to his; and tho' you see me in this Equipage, you may assure yourself, I took it upon me for no other Reason, but that I had a great Desire to see the World, without being obliged to spend so much Money, as most Gentlemen do, on that Occasion. And indeed, Madam, if you'll
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please to give yourself the Trouble of reflecting a little upon the Familiarity there was between me and my Master, you will no longer doubt, but I am descended of a good Family. 'Tis true, I cannot boast of being so plentifully provided with the Goods of Fortune, as he was; but I thank God, I have enough to maintain me genteelly. In a Word, Madam, you may perhaps make a more advantageous Choice, than if you take me; and perhaps not. But (said *Christina*, once more interrupting the Series of her History) as you seem uneasy, I'll detain you no longer, but tell you, in few Words, the Success of our unfortunate Adventure. — That Villain (then continued she) was so powerful and engaging in his Expressions of Tenderness and Affection for me, and so often repeated his Assurances of living with me till Death should part us; that, at last, I was quite hoodwink'd with the Speciousness of his fallacious Promises, and consented to marry him. Accordingly, the very Day after the Banns had been thrice published, our Marriage was consummated; and I was not a little pleased with my Choice, till one Day; that Cheat having desired me to take a Walk with some young Gentlemen of his Acquaintance, in order to divert ourselves at a Country-House, not far off; why truly, when I came back again, my Spouse was run away, like a Rogue, and had carry'd off all that I had in the World. You may easily imagine, (said *Christina*) how sensibly that Blow affected me! I had like to have fallen under the Burden of my Grief, and had certainly given myself up to Despair, and laid violent Hands on myself, had not Life been somewhat sweeter to me, than to part with it at that rate. And thus, my dear *Rozelli*, (concluded *Christina*) have I given you the Reasons that obliged me to take to the Course of Life I now lead. In the first Place, 'tis a just Punishment of the Injustice I was guilty of, in abandoning you, and so basely betraying your Love; and thus Heaven has brought us together in this Place, that you might be a Witness of the deserv'd Chastisement I feel upon that score. In the second place, what plunged me into this Disorder, and forced me to be thus naughty, was, that when that Villain had robbed me, I knew not what to do, unless I took to this Way.

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For the rest, God knows how gladly I would leave it, could I but get an Opportunity of living without it. Well! dear *Christina*, then said I, if your Sentiments are such as you profess them to be, I give you my Word, I'll do what I can to assist you in so good a Design, and furnish you with Means sufficient to maintain you very genteelly. Only tell me, where I may speak with you To-morrow, and at what time; but I assure you before-hand, that, as for this Place, I am resolved never to come to it again; and therefore you must think of some other Rendezvous, where we will take the necessary Measures to rid you of your Troubles. Thereupon, she named an Eating-house, which I pretended to know very well; and having made a thousand Protestations of Friendship to her, I put my Hand in my Pocket, and pulled out five Ducats, which I gave her, and — There, dear *Christina*, said I to her, I leave you that, as a Pledge of my sincere Intentions to meet you To-morrow. I would give you more, but that I have no more about me. Then I told her, that I would stay longer with her, but that I was obliged to go home, by reason it grew late; and so bidding her Good-night, away I went.

When, by God's Assistance, I was got safe out of that House, (which was a Harbour for Cut-throats) and come into the Street, finding myself benighted, my Imagination began to trouble me again, and I fancy'd I could not be safe, so long as I was near that detestable Part of the City. But as good Luck would have it, I met, about a hundred Yards from the Door, one of the honest Fellows that cry'd the Hours of the Night, who, as it happened, could speak a little *French*. I desired him to go home with me; and because he should not find out who I was, went all the By-ways I knew, and knocked at my Back-door. Then, having given the poor Watchman somewhat to drink, I retired to my Chamber, very well satisfied, that I had escaped so great a Danger. But far from going, the next Day, to the Place appointed, the very Thoughts of what had passed, made me tremble; and during all the time that I afterwards lived at *Amsterdam*, I never had the Curiosity to visit that Part of the City again. And this is all the Account I can give you

you of my Milk-woman, who still thought, that I lived at *Utrecht*.

The very next Day, *Janine* returned from the *Hague*, with the agreeable News, that she had taken a House in the best Part of the Village, extremely well situated for our Business; upon which I shook off the grievous Melancholy that had consumed me the Night before. However, I was forced to tarry two Months longer at *Amsterdam*, as well to wait the Expiration of my Lease there, as to get Possession of my House at the *Hague*. During that Interval of Time, Heaven took Pity on me, and seeing I had always an empty Coffee-Room, establish'd my Prosperity, in a very extraordinary manner. In a word, the Smiles of Providence upon that Occasion laid a solid Foundation for my Fortune, which has wonderfully mended upon it ever since. The Affair was this: A certain Priest, that came from the *Indies*, landing at *Amsterdam*, took Lodgings in my House. He had not been there long; before he gave me to understand, that he took abundance of Pleasure in my Conversation; and this induced me to give him a Relation of my principal Adventures, and the Reasons that engaged me to quit the Monastical Habit. Thus finding, that he was a very good Man, and a great Zealot for his Religion, I attack'd him on his blind Side, by assuring him, that notwithstanding all the Indignities and Affronts for which I was indebted to the Ministers of the Church of *Rome*; yet I still preserved my Respect and Affection for that Holy Religion, inviolable; and still continued in the Profession thereof. This won me the old Gentleman's Heart; who, taking me for as great a Bigot as himself, resolved to conceal nothing from me, but to make me the Confident of a certain Merchandize, which he did not well understand himself. In a Word, he shewed me a Box full of Gold-dust. That Sight made me simper upon the good Priest; and having asked for a few Ounces of it, which he readily gave me, I immediately went up to my Closet, put 'em in a Crucible, and carry'd 'em to a Goldsmith's, desiring him to melt that Matter for me, under Pretence that I was going to try an Experiment. As soon as it was melted, I poured it myself into an Ingot-mould; and,

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when 'twas cold, desired the Goldsmith to give me his Opinion of the Metal. He took it, and hammered it, and try'd it upon his Touch-stone; and then, smiling in my Face, told me, that he wished he knew how to make such an Experiment. I assured him, that that could not be; but that if he would promise me to be discreet, I'd come often to his House, to melt down some of the same Matter, out of which he should have his Profit. Thereupon, he engaged most religiously to keep the Secret. I paid him well for his Trouble; and went out of his House, in order to return home. By the Way, I computed with myself, and found, that, according to the Quantity of Dust which the Clergyman had given me, he had still remaining in his Box, to the Value of above Twelve thousand Florins. And as I knew very well, that that good Man was very ignorant in the Matter, I form'd the Design of taking Advantage of his Ignorance, and cheating him. The better to succeed therein, I resolved to shew him a little of my Skill in the Art of Deceiving, by persuading him, that having made a most exact Trial what Gold that Dust would produce, I found that it was scarce worth the Experiment, especially considering that I had carry'd it a great way off. I executed this Matter, just as I had contrived it; and immediately upon my Return home, told the Priest, all that I had devised by the way. Afterwards, I alarmed his Quarters, by bespeaking him (with pretended Demonstrations of Friendship) in the manner following: My dear Friend, I have this Moment heard a Piece of News, which very much troubles me, because of the most sincere and particular Esteem, which, you know, I have for you. It is, That War is just declared between *Holland* and *France*; and I am not a little concerned for you, not knowing how you will get out of this Country. What adds to my Fear, is, the Consideration of the Hazard you run, if you stay here any longer; so that 'tis time for you to think of retiring. For the rest, you may rely upon me, and be persuaded, that I will do you what Service I am able, in this and all other Concerns. But now, as you have given me to understand, that you are not very well provided with Money, I'll e'en venture to give you three Hundred Ducatoons upon your Gold-

Gold-dust : I am very sensible, that I run a great Hazard ; and that I shall never be able to make my Money of it again : But this I offer purely to render you a Piece of Service, without any Regard to my private Interest. Hereupon, he would let me go no farther ; but interrupting me, cry'd out, For God's sake, dear *Rozelli*, help me only to get out of this Country, as soon as possible ; and, as for the Gold-dust, you may give me what you please for it ; I shall think myself very happy, if I can but reach *Antwerp* : And, for the rest, I know you are an honest Man, and let me go where I will, will send me Word, if you should happen to make more of the Dust. Ay, certainly, *answered I to the Priest* ; you need only let me know where you stop, and if I get more by that Commodity, than I give for it, you shall surely have it. This said, I spurred him on to pack up his Goods as soon as he could, paid him the Sum agreed upon, and help'd him to a Man that I could trust, to conduct him to the Frontiers. Afterwards, I accompany'd him myself to the *Rotterdam* Bark ; where having embraced him, and assur'd him of my inviolable Friendship, I took my Leave, and returned home.

The only thing that now remained to restore a perfect Tranquillity to my Mind, was the Return of the Guide, with the News of his having seen the Priest as far as the Frontiers. Nor did that Uneasiness long perplex me. For while I was at Dinner, the sixth Day after their setting out, who should come in, but the honest Guide, who assured me, that he had seen the Priest beyond *Rosendaël*, where he had hired a Peasant's Waggon, to carry him to *Antwerp* ! Ah ! *thought I* ; is he thereabouts ? Why then I can no longer doubt, but the Box is mine ; and my Joy for that Conquest was inexpressible. The next Day, therefore, I took two Pound of my Gold-dust, put it into a great Crucible, and carry'd it to the Gold-smith's to be melted. I had another Precaution to mix another Drug with it, the better to puzzle the Goldsmith, and keep him ignorant. He had no sooner melted it, and poured it into the Ingot-mould, but he was struck dumb, and no longer doubted, but I was one of *Hermes's* Bastards, and had the Art of making Gold. All my Endeavours to beat that
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Notion out of his Head, proved fruitless; I could, by no Means, undeceive him; but the more I deny'd his Conjecture, the more he believed it to be true. Leaving him, therefore, in his Error, and having as before, paid him very well for his Trouble, I went directly from his House to the *Exchange*, in order to find out a *Jew* to buy my *Gold*. This was no hard Task for me to perform; because the Commodity I dealt in, was of too good an Allay. In short, I agreed with one of those *Israelites*, who promised to buy my *Gold* at the Rate of Eight-and-forty Florins *per* Ounce, and offered to take as much as I should bring him. The Bargain thus struck, I provided myself, the next Day, with a greater Quantity of my Dust, and went, as usual, to the Goldsmith's. He had no sooner melted it, but seeing six Pound of Gold in a Lump, he threw himself upon his Knees before me, and begged of me, with Tears in his Eyes, to have some regard for him, in Consideration of his numerous Family; adding, that he was very sure, God had sent me to his House, to be the happy Instrument of relieving his Necessity. I made him rise, and then told him, that I would do what I could for him; but that he ought not to expect great Matters, because I was myself embarrassed with a much greater Charge than he. However, I assured him withal, that I would come again the next Day, and give him all the Satisfaction that lay in my Power. I made him ample Amends for his Trouble, as usual, and went to the *Jew's*, to sell him my *Gold*, who paid me, for six Pound of that Metal, the Sum of Three thousand, Seven hundred and Eighty Florins, in good Ducatoons, which I sent home in a Wheel-barrow. The next Day, I was as good as my Word, in going again to the *Goldsmith's*; and, to acquit myself of the Promise I had made him, put four Ounces of my Gold-dust into one Crucible, and two Pound into an other. Being come to his House, I bad him melt down what there was in both the Crucibles, acquainting him, at the same time, that whatsoever the little one yielded, should be his own. When he had cast the whole into Ingots, he received for his Share, little less than four Ounces of Gold, for which he thanked me with an Air of Coldness, and seemed not to be satisfied with

with the Present I had made him. I pretended not to take the least Notice of it ; and having, besides, paid him for his Trouble, as before, returned home. Mean while, the *Goldsmith* was highly offended with me, and resolved to play me a Trick, which, however, would not do. On the contrary, he thereby lost what he might afterwards have gained by me ; and so incurred the Fate which generally attends Ingratitude. That Fellow, to make sure Work of his villainous Design, resolved to inform against me to the States-General, and to do his utmost to persuade their High Mightinesses to seize me ; not in the least doubting, but they would order him a considerable Recompence, when it should be known, that I was a Man that would bring immense Sums to the State. He opened himself, upon this Subject, to an Attorney of his Acquaintance, who dissuaded him from his Enterprize, alledging, that we lived in a Country of Liberty ; and that, therefore, he would lose both his Time and his Labour. Thus seeing his Hopes frustrated, he laid aside that Design, and contented himself with telling every Body, that I made Gold. This was so far from doing me any Detriment, that on the contrary, it served me as Part of Revenge for the Wrong done me by Messieurs S , B , and R For as the Goldsmith was very great at Monsieur R's, he told that Gentleman, among the rest, of my Affair ; and he soon carry'd it to the other two : And the *Goldsmith* vouched the Fact with so many Circumstances, that they all Three verily believ'd, I had found the Philosopher's Stone, and could make Gold at Pleasure ; whereupon, they could almost have hanged themselves, that ever they had fallen out with me. On the other hand, as I understood all this from one of Monsieur S's Valets, I carry'd myself as stiff and shy, as could be, towards them ; and tho' they try'd all manner of Ways to insinuate themselves with me again, they could never compass their Design. You may easily imagine, that I took no small Pleasure, in confirming them more and more in the Opinion, that I had attained the Art of making Gold ; for which I took several indirect Methods. One Day, I contrived Matters so, that one of my Ingots list, as it were, by Accident, into their Hands ;

Hands; and you cannot imagine, how splenetick they were, when after they had put it to all the Trials, they found it to be right good. Mean while, as the Time for my leaving *Amsterdam*; and coming to the *Hague*, drew on apace, I got my Gold-dust melted, (which yielded me Twelvethousand Nine hundred Florins) and having pack'd up all my Effects, and sent them on board a Vessel, I set out from that famous City, leaving the Gentlemen, who had been my Persecutors, sufficiently sorry that they ever were so. However, it was not long, before they discovered which way I came by my Gold; for within few Days after my Arrival at the *Hague*, a Letter fell into their Hands, which came from the very Priest of whom I had had it, and which let them into the whole Mystery, thereby recovering them from the Mistake, which, 'till then, they had lain under, in imagining that I could actually make Gold. This was Matter of fresh Complaint and bellowing against me: In a Word, they loaded me with all the scandalous Names they could think of, and formed new Cabals to work my Ruin; which they continue even to this Day. So true it is, that the Charms of Revenge appear irresistible to an *Italian*, from the very Moment that it first sinks into his Heart.

Being safely arriv'd at the *Hague*, I began to settle in the House that *Janine* had taken, which was situate in the *Koorte-Pooten*, near the *Plain*: That Place was like another *Peru* to me; for thither crowded Persons of all Nations and Degrees, to lay out their Money with me: I had at least a Dozen or Fifteen Basset-Tables at Work for me Night and Day; so that perceiving such a Concourse of Gentlemen, I thought of nothing but making Hay while the Sun shined; for which Purpose I went such a Way to Work as succeeded according to Wish. One fine Morning I set out for *Amsterdam*, leaving the Management of the House entirely to *Janine*: I no sooner arriv'd in that City, but I bespoke a great many different Boxes, and fill'd 'em all with several Sorts of Merchandizes; in some I put Handkerchiefs made at *Amsterdam*, in Imitation of those at *Naples*, and pasted upon them the following *Italian* Titles, *Fazzoletti di Napoli*. I fill'd other Boxes with all Sorts of Toys, as Snuff-Boxes,

Boxes, *Etais*, Scissors, Buckles, Garters, and such-like, and wrote over them, *Galanterie le piu curiose di Venetia, e di Milano*; and stuff'd the rest of my Boxes with Mens and Womens Gloves, Fans, Pomatums, and the most exquisite Essences that could be found in *Amsterdam*; all with *Italian* Inscriptions. This done, I put all these Boxes into One great one, which I had got made on purpose; and having nail'd it up, counterfeited an *Italian* Letter directed to myself, and seal'd it upon the Chest. That Letter contained, in Substance, That they had sent me from *Venice* and *Milan*, all the greatest Rarities that were to be had in those Cities, having followed my Orders, in not sparing any Charge. I had also taken the Precaution to insert in the Letter a Bill of what every individual Thing had cost, fixing the Price at above twenty times the Money they stood me in. Having thus order'd Matters at *Amsterdam*, I left my Chest in the Office, and desired 'em to send it to the *Hague* within six Days, according to the Direction. I used that Precaution, because nobody should suspect, I had purchased my Goods at *Amsterdam*, though being gone but two Days from home, my Journey was a Secret. At my Return to the *Hague*, I found, that all Things at home went still better and better. The sixth Day being come, the Chest just arrived at the happy Hour, when my House was crowded with Gentlemen. Wherefore, nicking the Opportunity, I immediately opened it, and took out all the Goods, which were snatch'd out of my Hands, and my Price given me for them, without so much as cheapening them. In a Word, what with Basset, what with my Liquors, Chocolate, Snuff, and such other Merchandize, in a little time I grew weary of telling my Money; for I never clear'd less than thirty Pistoles a Day, one Day with another. Nor indeed did the Maid often lose her Labour in sweeping the House; for most times she found three or four Pieces of Gold either in Pistoles or Guineas. There were always a great many Coaches at my Door; and the Lords and Ladies frequented my House in such Numbers, that I vended a prodigious Quantity of Lemo-nade, *Orgeat*, and such-like Liquors: So that every thing seem'd now to contribute towards my Happiness; and

and Fortune had resolv'd to make it visibly appear, that she was entirely in my Interests, especially by the Instance which I am about to mention.

I had bought * a Quantity of Snuff, which prov'd so bad, that I was oblig'd to send it back again to the Gentleman that had sold it me, who was a Merchant in *Hamburg*, tho' I lost above half of it, and kept only a Dozen Pound, to sell for almost nothing to the Lackeys and Coachmen. One Day my Lord desiring me to fill his Box with the best Snuff I had, I presented him with all the most exquisite Snuffs in my House, and desir'd him to taste 'em; but there was not one Sort that pleas'd him. The thing seem'd to me so strange, in regard I had always the best Snuff that is to be had in *Holland*, that I resolv'd to give him a Pinch of the nasty Snuff above-mentioned, which had a confounded musty-Haut-goust: Accordingly having fetch'd him some of that, My Lord, *said I*, here is a Snuff of an extraordinary Smell and Taste, but it is extravagantly dear.----Why, De'el take you now, *reply'd he*, why did not you give me this at first? Ay, this is something like Snuff! Thereupon he order'd me to fill his Box with it, and bought a Pound of the same, for which I made him pay four Guineas. In the Evening, he went to the Assembly, where having presented several of his Friends with a Taste of my Snuff, they lik'd it so well, that they all ask'd him, where he had li't of such excellent Snuff? The next Day therefore the *English* Lords made haste to my House, to buy some of the same Snuff as I had sold my Lord the Day before.---- I have so little left, *said I to 'em*, and it being a Commodity that when this is gone, I know not where to get more, I have resolv'd not to sell it, even tho' I could have ten Pistoles a Pound for't.----Well, we'll give you Eleven, if that be all, *reply'd one of them*.----Perceiving 'em so close upon me, after they had intreated me a long while, I pre-

* The principal Incidents of this Story of the Snuff, he disclaims in the subsequent Continuation of his Life, which, he says, was father'd upon him by the Editor of his Memoirs, as well as the Story of the Petition, at the End of Vol. I. and that of the Milk-maid, at the Beginning of this.

tended to yield to their Desire, rather than disoblige them; and so sold a Pound of my musty Snuff to each of those Hungerers after a damag'd Commodity, for which they paid me eleven Pistoles *per* Pound. I had now no more than five Pound of my Snuff left, which I was forced to manage so as to make it hold out till the Return of an Express which I had sent to *Hamburg*, to bring back all the Snuff that I had sent away some Weeks before, and to order the Merchant to send me some of the same Sort as often as I should write to him so to do. The Express made such Expedition, that it was not long before he return'd, and put me in a Condition to satisfy the stupid Fancy of an infinite Number of People, who came and ask'd me for that musty Snuff, which has still kept its Reputation even to this Day; the least that I have ever sold it for being three Pistoles *per* Pound, tho' it never cost me above Half-a-Crown *per* Pound; whence my Reader may judge of the Profit I have drawn from a Commodity of which I have sold so many thousands and thousands of Pounds.

After this I insinuated myself with the Ambassadors, and all other Persons of the first Rank in this most charming Village, to whom I communicated all that I had of curious; and had the Honour to sell something or other to almost all of 'em, for which I was paid in Yellow boys. And thus Affairs now went as well with me as ever I could have wish'd, and I pass'd my Time in the most agreeable manner, when Fortune, who ow'd me a Grudge, and had before so often interrupted the Course of my Prosperity, rowz'd up my old Adversaries at *Amsterdam* once more against me; who, not having yet forgotten the Affront I had formerly put upon them, took the Resolution to play me a Trick, which, tho' it cost them very dear, did yet do me a great Prejudice too in the End; and had certainly reduced me to Beggary, if I had not been so happy as to have made up my Mouth, before they sprung their Mine. But the Way those Gentlemen went to work, to ruin my Fortune, was this.

Monsieur *Benachi*, a Person who understands perfectly well all that belongs to a Coffee-house, as well as the Composition of all Sorts of Liquors, and other such-like Refreshments,

Refreshments, arriving at *Amsterdam* from *Antwerp*, with Design to settle either there, or at some other Place of the *United Provinces*, apply'd himself to my Enemies, and communicated to 'em his Design of opening a Coffee-house at the *Hague*; telling 'em at the same time, that as he had not Money enough to put the Design in Execution, he found himself under an Obligation to beg their Assistance in the Matter; and farther assuring them, that as he had contriv'd his Business, he did not question but to carry all before him at the *Hague*, and oblige me to decamp from my lov'd Abode: In saying these last Words he sufficiently recommended the Proposal to those Gentlemen, who were so bent upon my Ruin, that they look'd upon this Affair as a favourable Opportunity, put into their Hands by Providence, to accomplish my Destruction, and satisfy their cruel Revenge.---Yes, yes, Monsieur *Benachi*, said they to him, you shall have our Assistance, and we'll fix you in such a Coffee-house, that nothing like it has ever yet been seen in the *Seventeen Provinces*. Only go to the *Hague*, and endeavour to find out a House fit for your Business, and for the rest leave it to us. ---Monsieur *Benachi*, quite transported with Joy, came therefore to the *Hague*, and after Abundance of Intrigue, took a House in the *Spuystraat*, and fitted it up with that Neatness and Magnificence, that it was indeed fit to entertain Kings and Princes. Never was the like seen, in any thing of that Kind, at the *Hague*, and I must do Monsieur *Benachi* the Justice to say, that there are very few Persons of his Profession that can do what he did. The House being in Order, he open'd his Coffee-Room; and immediately all the World crowded thither, out of Curiosity to see that illustrious Place of Refreshment. In short, the Number of those who went to *Benachi's* Coffee-house increased daily in such a manner, that the Street was sometimes barricado'd with Coaches, and it was a difficult Matter to get by. This, join'd with the great Noise there always was in his House, soon caus'd Disorder, which brought about the Ruin of all the Coffee-houses, and particularly of mine. For it fell out, by some Accident or other, I know not what, that some young Gentlemen lost prodigious Sums

at his House; whereupon the Magistrates forbad Basset, and other such-like Games. Some time after, his Neighbours finding themselves incommoded and disturb'd with the Coaches, and the great Noise in his House, apply'd themselves to the Magistrates of the Village, and succeeded so far in their Petition, that Monsieur *Benachi* was order'd to remove somewhere else, tho' he had laid out above twelve thousand Florins upon the House he was then in. My Neighbours, in their Turn, and in Imitation of *Benachi's*, took likewise the Resolution to complain, that the Coaches which stood at my Door were a great Hindrance to their Shops; and so obliged me too to leave my Quarters, and take a House upon the *Plain*, for which I gave Twelve hundred Florins a Year. But the Game of Basset being, as I said before, forbidden, I found that it gave a terrible Damp to my Business, which began to flag, and has ever since dwindled in such a manner, that from the Conquest of the *Low Countries* I also date mine; I mean so far as concerns the Business of my Coffee-house. Mean time my Enemies, not being in the least daunted at the Disgraces which had befallen their Tool Monsieur *Benachi*, and still resolute to break my Back at any Rate, soon found out a more convenient Place, fix'd him in a House on the *Binnen-Hoff*, and put his Wife in another upon the *Plain*; and thus they shar'd between 'em all the Company still remaining at the *Hague*. But Monsieur *Benachi*, to go through stich with his Work, went farther yet, and set up a Tent upon the *Voorhout*, whither he order'd all Sorts of Liquors to be carry'd: And this Method he still continues every Summer, which brings him in more than his Coffee-house.

Perceiving therefore that I now got nothing in my Coffee-house, but on the contrary daily ran out, I set my Wits to work, to find out some new Expedient, whereby to retrieve a little the ill Condition of my Affairs. I had not study'd long, before I thought of a Thing which succeeded to Admiration for a considerable time, and by which I got as many Pistoles as in some measure repaired the Loss I had otherwise sustain'd: I took a Fancy, during an ugly Fit of Sicknes that seiz'd me, to read a Book
which

which compriz'd in it Abundance of Secrets; among the rest I li't of one for curing the Gout, which seem'd to carry so much of Probability in't, that I determin'd in its Favour, and resolv'd to make Trial of it, if it pleas'd God to restore me to my Health. I can't say, whether it was because my Distemper left me that I found Ease, or whether it was my earnest Desire to put my Project forthwith in Execution, that contributed to my speedy Recovery; but 'tis most true, I became so well in few Days, that I forsook my Bed, and making shift to creep to my Closet, went immediately to Work upon the Project which I had invented during an Illness that I once thought I should never have conquer'd. It was with this Imagination that I had made my Will, by which I left most of my Estate to *Janine*, and bequeath'd the rest to *Janotte*, a very faithful Servant-Maid, whom I brought from *France* with me. I had also design'd a fine Harpie-col, and a Parcel of old Cloaths of no great Value, for an honest *Italian*, who has done me signal Services upon several Occasions: He came with me from *France* into these Countries, on purpose to oblige me; and indeed I was the Occasion of his quitting a Post at *Rennes* in *Britany*, which brought him in a pretty Revenue. 'Tis but doing him the Justice I owe him, to acknowledge, that I am very much obliged to him: And if I have not done so much for him as he could hope or expect, it is not to be attributed to a Principle of Covetousness or Ingratitude in me, but only to my Fear of spoiling him: For there is nothing more common, than to see a Man deliver'd from Misery or Poverty, or the like, immediately forget those who reach'd out their helping Hand to him; it has therefore ever been a constant Maxim with me, to do Good with Moderation, that the Persons I serve may still be tractable and good-natur'd; whereas should I put 'em in a Condition to live without me, 'tis great Odds but they would grow proud, and despise me. In a Word, I concluded my Testament with ordering, that after my Death they should put me in a leaden Coffin, so well folder'd, that no Air could penetrate through the same; this they were to cover with another Coffin made of stout oaken Planks, four Fingers thick, and nail'd well to-

gether: After which three *Fishermen* of *Scheveling*, to whom I bequeath'd forty Ducatoons for their Pains, were to carry my Body thus inclos'd about eighteen Leagues out to Sea, between *England* and *Holland*, and there throwing me over-board, sink me to the Bottom of the Deep. I am aware, that Abundance of Gentlemen, whose Heads are for the most part filled with Speculation, would fain know the Reason of so odd a Funeral: But I desire such to spare themselves the Labour of fatiguing their Brains upon that score, inasmuch as they shall not know it till I am dead; and then they will find it in some Manuscripts, which I have order'd to be printed after my Death. But as it has pleas'd God to spare me my Life hitherto, let us return to my Remedy, and the wonderful Effects it has produced.

By that time I had made an End of preparing this incomparable Medicine; I happen'd myself to be taken ill of the Gout; and one of my Feet swell'd very opportunely; That dreadful Distemper seiz'd me, upon a Sprain that I got in coming down the Steps at my Door. I wrapp'd up my Feet well with Linen Rags and Skins, and pretended to be in the most violent Pain with it: But to give a better Grace than all this to my Illness, I got a Morning Gown made me of blue Damask, lin'd with a yellow Satin. In this Equipage I came down into my Coffee-Room, leaning upon *Janine* and *Janotte*, who serv'd for my Supporters. There having seated myself in an easy Chair, and put on as grave a Countenance as if I would have been taken for a Patriarch of *Muscovy*, all my Acquaintance came and congratulated my Recovery from so dangerous an *Disposition* as I had been laid up withal; condoling with me, at the same time, upon the Attacks made by the Gout against my poor Carcase on the Side of my Foot. After having return'd the Gentlemen Thanks for their Civilities, I made them Answer in general, that I did not question but to rid myself very speedily of that disagreeable Companion, by means of an infallible Remedy which I had against my Distemper, and which I prepared myself; adding, that I had never undertaken the Composition, were it not for my own sake, by reason it was too expensive. But there was not one of them,

them, but look'd upon what I said, concerning my Remedy, as a fond Notion, and thence took Occasion to ridicule and banter me. However, I bathed my Foot well at Night with *Hungary Water*, and having bonnd it up hard, went to Bed. The next Morning I took a small Dose of my Remedy, which sweated and purged me very well. This first Essay succeeding, *Janine* made it her Business to entertain all the Gentlemen that came to my House, with the wonderful Effects which my Sovereign *Elixir* had wrought upon me, assuring them, that that admirable Secret promis'd me a perfect Cure. In a Word, as soon as my Sweat was pretty well over, I put on my Night-gown; and my Foot being much easier, and the Swelling quite asswaged, by the Care I had taken the Night before, I thought myself well enough to go down into the Coffee-Room, and blazon the Miracles wrought by my *Panacea*. Fortune, who still continued to favour my Designs, threw some Days after a Fluxion of Humours into one of *Janine's* Legs, which still returns upon her once a Year: Now what could have happen'd more opportunely, than this swell'd Leg of *Janine's* did, for my present Purpose? For as it never lasts her but six or seven Days at the most, I did not mention a Syllable of her Illness till the fifth Day, when, after *Janine*, supported by the Maid, had unwrapp'd and shew'd me her Leg, in the Presence of all the Gentlemen in my Coffee-Room, (as she and I had agreed upon before-hand) I affected a very serious Air; and as if I had been *Esculapius* himself,-----Come, never fear, my Dear, said I, but my Remedy sets you upon your Legs again before To-morrow Noon; only go and sleep well To-night, and I promise you, you shall walk To-morrow as well as ever you did in your Life. The next Morning early I made her take a Dose of my *Elixir*, which operated so well, that by Eleven o'Clock she was well enough to come down into the Coffee-Room without the least Swelling in her Leg.

My Remedy having by this time gain'd no small Reputation, a certain *Carpenter*, whose Name was *Van Putten*, had heard of its Fame; and thereupon sent his Wife, about Three o'Clock the same Afternoon, to tell

me, that he desir'd me of all Loves to come and look upon his miserable Condition. I went up to my Closet immediately, and having provided myself with the Remedy in question, went to the said *Carpenter's*, in Company with Monsieur *P* I had no sooner enter'd the Doors, but I heard my Patient crying out like a Madman, so intolerable was the Pain in both Legs, from his Knees to the very Ends of his Toes. The first thing I did was to order them to take away great Part of the Wrap they had put about his Legs; after which I gave him a Dose of my *Panacea* in a Dish of Tea, and having seen him cover'd up very warm, I took my Leave, and went about my Business. Nevertheless I must needs say, I was in the greatest Consternation imaginable, when about three Hours after I had left this *Carpenter*, his Wife, holding a Child by one Hand, came into my House, and taking hold of one of mine with the other, could utter nothing but Exclamations and Interjections!--- Well, good Woman, *said I to her*, how does your Husband find himself? ---- Oh! Sir, *answer'd she*; he is got up, and is now sitting by the Fire-side as free from Pain as ever he was in his Life, and walks without a Crutch, or any other Support. As good Luck would have it, there were above twenty Gentlemen in my Coffee-Room, at the same time that the *Carpenter's* Wife brought me this Account; which contributed very much to the Reputation and Establishment of my *Panacea*. The next Day I gave him another Dose of the same as before, and in the Afternoon he came himself to return me his most hearty Thanks for the wonderful Cure I had perform'd, declaring to the whole Company, what extreme Pain and Anguish he had been in but two Days before. And indeed I thought it was now high Time for me to begin to sound forth the Praise of my *Panacea*, and to assure People what an infallible Remedy it was, not only against the Gout, but also against all Sorts of Rheumatisms. Thus, in a short time, I made a world of Experiments upon divers Wretches who had the Misfortune to fall into my Hands, of whom however the greatest Part were miraculously cured, and only two or three died in the Operation. On the other hand, this did me no manner of
Prejudice;

Prejudice ; for, as I knew well enough, how to give a good Turn to the Matter, People appear'd very well satisfy'd with my Reasons ; and the new Wonders that my Remedy daily wrought, dissipated the Clouds rais'd by a few Disappointments. But the better to remove all Suspicions that the World might entertain of my *Panacea*, I gave a considerable Sum of Money to an old Soldier, whom I had pretended to cure, but which I could not perform for the Blood of me ; and so engag'd him to keep away from the *Hague*, according to my Desire : But as for the rest, all succeeded to Admiration.

The Fame of the amazing Cures wrought by my *Panacea* being now spread all over the Village, People crowded to me from all Parts, to demand my Assistance in giving Ease to poor Souls groaning under the most exquisite Pain and Misery : Nor was I backward in yielding to their Demands ; and that too, without taking a Farthing of Money of such as were poor, according to the Declaration I had at first made against it ; assuring them from the Beginning, that the Poor should have my Remedies *gratis* ; but as for the Rich, I declar'd, that they must pay me well for it, by reason Gold was one of the Ingredients of which my *Elixir* was compos'd, and consequently, it stood me in a great deal of Money. Now the better to insinuate into Peoples Minds the Belief, that I did actually make use of Gold in preparing my Medicine, I prevail'd with Monsieur P . . . (whom I knew to be an egregious Rattle) to carry a good Quantity of Sovereigns and double Ducats to a *Refiner's*, and desire him to refine 'em out of hand. This Thought succeeded also according to Wish ; for the next Day I was told by above twenty Persons, that I had sent such a Quantity of Gold to be refin'd ; and these had it from Monsieur P . . . , who reveal'd the pretended Confidence I had repos'd in him. This first occasion'd People to give my *Panacea* the Name of *Potable Gold*, tho' at the same time, it was nothing else but an Extraction from certain Roots of a sudorifick and cathartick Quality. However, such were the Cures perform'd by my universal Remedy, that the Great began now to give Credit to its Virtues, as well as the Small : Of the former, my Lord

Marquis of *B* led the Van, and was soon follow'd by Monsieur *de V*, who would never swallow a Drop of my Remedy, except I would take it myself before his Face at the same time. You must needs think, that this did not hinder the Sale of my *Panacea*; for I was so good-natur'd as to purge and sweat for Company, tho' I had no manner of Occasion so to do. I sat in an easy Chair in the same Chamber with that Lord, and what with him, what with me, such a curst Stink exhal'd from our Bodies, that once could scarce bear the Room: And thus it serv'd us for very good Diversion, to observe the four Looks and Grimaces of the Domesticks, whenever they were call'd into the Chamber. The Baron *de C* resolv'd also to take my *Panacea*, upon my repeated Assurances, that it would infallibly rid him of the Gout; and that after he had taken it three times, he should be able to turn his Neck which way he pleas'd: And an infinite Number of other Lords, Ladies and Officers, follow'd the Example of these first, in Hopes to find Ease for their dolorous Distempers. Mean time I must ingenuously confess, and that to my great Confusion, that the Number of those cur'd by my *Elixir* is so small, that 'tis not worth mentioning. Nevertheless that was ever so far from balking me, that on the contrary I always found out new Methods to raise the Reputation of my *Panacea* yet higher: Among other Inventions which I made use of for that purpose, I gave out, a little while before-hand, that I was sent for into *England*, to cure several Noblemen of that Kingdom of the Gout; and perceiving that my Business dwindled more and more in these Parts, I had resolv'd to go thither in good earnest, in order to settle there. And to give the greater Weight to this Report, I thought it convenient to send *Janine* before, as well to put off my Remedy there, as to see if there was any Place fit for our Setting up, and which would promise Success in that Undertaking: This Thought no sooner came into my Head, but I immediately sent away *Janine* for *London*. She had not been long in that celebrated City, before she wrote me an Account (as I had order'd her) of the Effects of my Remedy; and that the Cures wrought by the same

were

were no less wonderful in that great City, than they had been here at the *Hague*. During the time that *Janine* tarry'd in *England*, I liv'd a very easy Life in my Coffee-Room, where I had seldom above five or six Gentlemen at a time, and those *Jews* of my Acquaintance, with two of whom I was almost always playing at *Primero*, (a Game very much us'd in *Italy* and *Spain*) which I brought up some time after Basslet was forbidden, and at which I won a great many Pistoles; particularly with *F..... R.....*, of whom I can safely say, without telling a Word of a Lye, I won at *Primero*, in thirteen or fourteen Months at least, four hundred Pistoles. While I was spending my Time after this manner, *Janine* came back from *England*, crown'd with the Bays she had gather'd in that Country during her Stay among the *English*. The rich Ornaments which she wore about her Neck and Fingers, consisting of a Diamond Cross, and a Ring of prodigious Value, were as so many Trophies of my *Panacea*; tho', at the same time, those Jewels serv'd for no other End but to deceive the Publick: For instead of being, as I pretended, Presents made her in *England*, upon account of the Cures she wrought by my Medicine there, I had got 'em made at the *Hague*, during her Absence, of some Jewels which had been pawn'd to me, and which became my own, because they were not redeem'd within the Term limited. I have got a great deal of Money by this Trade of lending upon Pawns, and do still get a great deal every Day. My Way of managing this Commerce is thus:

In the first Place, I lend to any Person whatever, provided they bring me equivalent Pawns, whether in Gold, Silver, Jewels, or such-like other Things; but I always take the Precaution not to lend 'em much above half the Value of their Goods: After which I oblige them to sign the following Note:

“ **I** Whose Name is under-written, do acknowledge,
 “ that I have sold Signor *Lucio Rozelli* a Diamond
 “ Ring, of such or such a Make or Fashion, for the
 “ Sum of ten Pistoles; and if by such a time I do not
 “ repay him the said Sum, I consent that the said Signor

“ *Rozelli* dispose of the Ring, as he shall think fit.
“ Done at the *Hague*, &c.”

Some time after *Janine* was return'd from *England*, the Marquis *de V....* arriv'd at the *Hague*; and coming one Evening into my Coffee-Room, after having shewn him all the Respect due to his Rank, I had the Honour to enter into Conversation with him. But the better to insinuate myself into his Favour, I began to sound forth the Praises of the illustrious Family he was marry'd into, the Fame of his Lady's Ancestors, their Estate and Lordships, with all which I was very well acquainted. Afterwards I shew'd my *Adresse*, in nicely shifting my Discourse from that Subject to my *Panacea*, in Praise of whose Virtues I could never say enough. Conjunctions could never have fallen out more favourably for my Design than they did then: For it happen'd presently after, that the Marquis was seiz'd with a most violent Cold, attended with a Cough, which tore him in Pieces, and would not suffer him to rest Night nor Day: The Consequence of these was a Fever, and that confin'd him to his Bed. His Distemper growing daily worse and worse, and no Physician having as yet been able to give him Ease, he resolv'd at last to take the Advice which I had daily given him, and try what my *Panacea* would do. If ever I knew what Fear was, doubtless that was the time; for scarce had the Marquis swallow'd my *Elixir*, but he was seiz'd with such an extreme Weakness, that he had hardly any Symptoms of Life: Nevertheless the Physick work'd as it should do; and that Lord voided downwards certain Matter capable of infecting a whole City. All this while he grew visibly worse and worse, and, in the Judgment of all the Physicians, had not many Moments to live: This gave me, I confess, the utmost Alarms; and as I perceiv'd I had the Frowns of all that were in the Marquis's Chamber, I thought it most advisable to leave it, and return home, which I did in the most profound Melancholy that ever penetrated into a Man's Heart. As soon as I came home, I shut myself up in my Closet, and bad 'em tell all Persons that should ask for me, that I was not at home. Then, in that solitary Place,

Place, I began to reflect on the Folly I had been guilty of, in entertaining such a Conceit of my Remedy ; and particularly on my unaccountable Fancy, in applying it, with equal Assurance, in all Sorts of Distempers, without any other Experience of its Virtues, than what I had gain'd rather from Effects produced by mere Chance, than from its own Efficacy : But that which redoubled my Concern was, that I foresaw, should the Marquis happen to die, I should be undone to all Intents and Purposes : For not to mention the great Character which he had obtain'd in the World, and the particular Esteem with which all the Confederate Powers honour'd him, his Lady was an *Italian* Princess, who lov'd him even to Folly, and would have found Means to revenge the Death of her Lord, tho' I should have fled to the End of the World. While I was making these ungrateful Reflections, *Janine* came into the Closet, and seeing me overwhelm'd in such a profound Melancholy, took me by the Hand, and-----Come, don't trouble yourself, my Dear, *said she* ; the Marquis is much better, and desires to speak with you.-----Ah ! God be thanked ! *cry'd I* ; you have brought me News that has given me new Life. -----Thereupon I dress'd myself forthwith, and went to the Marquis. Scarce had I enter'd his Chamber, but holding out his Hand to me,---Come hither, my Friend *Rozelli*, *said he* ; I believe your *Elixir* has frightened away my Fever, for I find myself much easier, and methinks I feel, that, notwithstanding all the Pain I have gone thro', I shall entirely recover my Health. ----I am extremely glad, my Lord, *answer'd I*, to see you better ; and the more, because my Enemies began already to form Cabals to ruin me, and to tell all the World, that my Physick had kill'd you.----Well, well, *then said that good Lord*, to clear you from all their malicious Aspersions, I'll give you, before I go from this Place, a Certificate written with my own Hand, to let all the World know, that your Remedy did certainly cure me. ----Thereupon I made the Marquis a low Bow, and with Submission return'd him my most humble Thanks for his Civilities ; and having had the Honour to discourse with his Lordship some time longer, I took my Leave, and

and left him very quiet and easy as to his Health. I went from the Marquis's directly home, in order to get ready several things which that Lord had bespoke of me, against he should set out from the *Hague*: For you must know, that before ever I had engaged him to take my Remedy, and while he was yet in Health, I had play'd my Cards so well, as to sell him Part of all the Rarities in my House. In the first Place, I had sold him a Tortois-shell Cane, which I made him believe was the greatest Rarity in the World, tho' it is a common thing in *Italy*. Nevertheless I had had the Assurance, about two Years before, to ask some curious Persons who cheapen'd it, two thousand Pistoles for it; but out of the particular Esteem I had for the Marquis, I sold it to him for two hundred Pistoles. Afterwards I sold him likewise one of my Cylinders for the Sum of fifty Pistoles; and, for twenty Ducats, some Syrup of Maiden-hair, together with several other Liquors; so that I had great Reason to shew the Respect to his Person which I did, tho' he had not the same Obligations towards me; for he was no sooner arriv'd at *Brussels*, but going to make some little Trial of his Cane, which had cost him Two hundred Pistoles, it snapp'd in two. I must needs say, I was extremely sorry to hear that News; and the more, because I assur'd him, when he paid me for it, that his Cane would never break, let him do what he would with it.

As soon, therefore, as I had got ready all that I was to sell him, I went to his House, to give him Notice, that he might have them when he pleas'd: And as his Health grew daily better and better, he took the Resolution to leave the *Hague* forthwith, and return to *Brussels*, desiring me to go along with him, to bear him Company in his Journey. But I had too much Reason not to expose myself to fresh Dangers in Catholick Countries; and therefore excus'd myself, and presented him, in my room, with a skilful *French* Physician, as well to bear him Company, as to take care of his Health, in case of Need. The next Day being the Time appointed for his Departure, he set out accordingly. For the rest, to do all the Justice to the Merit of that Lord, which is so lawfully its Due, I am obliged to acknowledge here, in Praise of his

his extraordinary Generosity, that he rewarded me like a King, as well for the few Remedies which he had of me, during the Time of his Illness, as for the Meals which he was pleas'd to take at my House. Nor did *Janine* and the Maid fail of receiving likewise sufficient Marks of his liberal Disposition, worthy even the Dignity of Kings.

And this, *dear Reader*, is the last of my Adventures which I thought so well worth thy Curiosity as to make publick; and therefore with it I shall conclude my *Memoirs*. For the rest, before I bid thee finally adieu, I must yet inform thee of one thing more; and that is, that I am sensible Abundance of People rack their Brains to find out what Religion I am of: And as I have some Bowels of Compassion for those Kind of Persons, I am willing to let 'em know, and at the same time advise 'em to set their Minds at rest as to that Point; for they trouble themselves about a Thing which they shall never know as long as I live: But if this be a Subject which seems to them so worthy their Curiosity, they have some Reason to make themselves easy, in regard they shall be satisfy'd after my Death, in a large Treatise, which will then be made publick. Mean time such as shall read these *Memoirs*, will before-hand make a very shrewd Guess at it.

Such, *kind Reader*, has been the Course of my Life, from my Birth even to this Day: And I solemnly protest to thee, that throughout the Account I have given thee of it, I have neither impos'd Falshood nor Disguise upon thee. To conclude, if those who read these *Memoirs*, shall take Warning by my Misfortunes, that's the only End I propose to myself in committing them to the Press.

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And now I am ready to do all of my duty which I thought to have done in the past, as regards the Government and the people, and I am ready to do it with the same spirit and energy as I have shown in the past.

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1990



A N
A P P E N D I X
T O T H E
L I F E
O F
Signor *R O Z E L L I*.



Thought to have put an End to my Memoirs, by the Adventures that had befallen me ; and had even taken a Resolution so to do, which I little thought of departing from. Nevertheless, I must confess, that human Vicissitudes have made me change my Mind: Tho' it is with no other Design, than to promote the Good of my Neighbour. I know this to be one of the fundamental Rules for a right honest Man to walk by. Perhaps you will tell me, I have not always followed the Steps which true Honesty has traced out ; but the Cause thereof is solely to be attributed to a Bent in Nature, which is invincible after all one's Efforts, or a strong Desire of making one's self easy, so that one need not fear being exposed to the Hardships of cruel Misery.

It was with this last View, that I have now and then made use of my Cunning and *Finesse*. I will therefore begin to relate some of the Accidents of my Life since the publishing of my last Memoirs. If you think any Persons abused, you are not to impute it to my Craft, but altogether to their own Obstinacy. I found this very predominant in a Person of great Distinction and Character. What seems most surprizing, is, that he is a Lord of profound Learning, and endowed with excellent Parts. He was so well persuaded of my Skill in the Science of the *Cabala*, that he would needs consult me about the Success of a secret Expedition which was well known to him, I mean the Siege of *Toulon*. He took especial care not to give me the least Hint thereof, and talked at such a Distance, that it was impossible I should turn my Thought upon the Point in Question. The Situation of Affairs made me, however, conjecture, That there was a Design upon *Suxa*, a Town seated at the Foot of the *Alps*. I forged two *Latin* Verses, insinuating, enough at random, That Kings should fight with their Teeth upon Mountains; and, that the least should gain the Victory and a Place. I took my Pen, and having made a Circle upon Paper, I drew Lines from one side of the Circumference to the other diametrically thro' the Centre. I placed thereon the Signs of the *Zodiak*, and the Planets intermixed with Numbers. For this End, I set down an Alphabet with the Quadruple Numbers upon the Vowels, and shew'd how the Answer was to be drawn out. The Surprize of my Lord was extraordinary great; and the Exactness of my Answer entirely persuaded him of the Truth of my Science. Nevertheless, had he once called to mind the Supposition, that it was the Rabbi at *Venice* who initiated me in the *Cabalistical* Art, he must have concluded, that the Answer ought to be in *Hebrew*, and not in *Latin*. But when once a Man is set upon a Thing, he is past Reasoning. As for me, I reaped all the Advantage of it, being rewarded with a good Number of Pistoles. The Siege of *Toulon* having miscarry'd, and *Suxa* falling into the Hands of the Allies, my Lord entertained such a Conceit of my *Cabala*, that he came to me for Answers about Affairs that personally concerned himself.

I drew

I drew up flattering, but equivocal Answers, which brought me in a fine Harvest of Guineas: Nor did our Traffick stop there. A Colleague of my Lord, who was going upon a Commission to *London*, and who now makes the Third in the Congress at *Utrecht*, had also a Mind to penetrate into Futurity by means of my *Cabala*. I made use of the same *Addresse*, which turned hugely to my Advantage. As the Secret was very strictly enjoined me, I should have taken care not to speak of it in this Place, had my Gentlemen kept it on their part. But one of them shewed my Spheres and Alphabet to a Person who was well enough skilled in those sorts of Gimcracks, and who immediately discovered to him my whole Composition, and discoursed me concerning it. As I endeavour'd to defend the Veracity of my Science, he contented himself with telling me, he knew more in his Sleep, than I did waking. Whereupon, I desired him not to expose me; which he generously promised me, and has been as good as his Word.

There was a *Jew* here at the *Hague*, who went by the Name of the Baron *de Suasso*; a Person, in good Truth, who made a noble Figure, as he might very well afford to do, you'll say; for he left behind him, at his Death, at least Ten millions of Livres. Nevertheless, he was tainted with that original Sin of the *Jews*, not to live in any Proportion to the excessive Bulk of his Income. I am free to own, I left no Stone unturned, to ease the Baron of some Superfluity of his Estate. He took such Delight in my Conversation, that I can by no means doubt but he loved me. Yet all that I was able to do, was not sufficient to move him as to two Articles upon which I daily pressed him close. One was concerning the *Cabala*, which he had more Wit than to give any manner of Credit to, and said, That if ever that Science was among those of his Nation, it was now lost. The other Article regarded my *Expulsive Sudorifick Remedy*. As he was very subject to frequent Fits of the Gout, I promised him an infallible Cure; but could never prevail with him to make the Trial: And so the Distemper advancing upwards, at last suffocated him. He was otherwise, indeed, very much of a Gentleman; and
I protest,

I protest, as I have resumed my Design of continuing at the *Hague*, I very much regret the Loss of him.

While these Things happened, *Janine* was gone to *London*, to put off my Remedy there. She met with the desired Success, and returned handsomely loaded with Gold, besides a certain Jewel which had been presented to her. She was so teased to return into *England*, that her Stay with me was but short. Her first Voyage had been too well recompensed, not to be tempted to go a second time, in quest of the Golden Fleece. Soon after her Departure, an Affair befel me, with which, were it only for its Singularity, I shall divert my Friends. There lives not far from my House a Widow who has three Daughters, and lets Lodgings ready furnished. The youngest, who was just come from a Boarding-School, at *Delft*, where she had learned *French*, is a very pretty Girl. I saw her every Day, and observed her to look very melancholy. She seemed to me to be yet too young, for Love to be the Cause of her apparent Grief: Neither was it, indeed, from that Fountain she derived it. All this while, I durst not venture to put a Question to her; tho' I perceived she had a mind to speak with me. In short, one *Saturday* Night she told me so in the Street. I asked her, whether she could not come to my House the next Day while her Mother was at Church, when she might have an Opportunity to say what she pleased. She told me, That she could very well, and that she would come without fail. At two o'Clock in the Afternoon, I kept a good Look-out. It was not long before my Patient came, and I conducted her into my Chamber. I then asked her what it was she had to say to me. She began with shedding a Flood of Tears, insomuch that I could hardly make her refrain; which when she did, her Sobs would not suffer her to speak. After having cheered her, she told me, she would intrust me with an Affair which almost broke her Heart. It was, That her Mother was continually scolding, and telling her she would always be a Beast. She added, That these cursed Prognostications of her Mother were of that Efficacy, that sure enough she expected no better than to become a Beast indeed; for that already the Hair began to appear
about

about a certain Part, which Decency shall prevail with me to pass over in Silence. With that, she renewed her Tears, crying out, she had rather die a thousand times, than that her Body should grow all over hairy. I must acknowledge, so much Innocence touched me to the Quick. I embraced her, and assured her, That I had a Remedy which would hinder the Predictions of her Mother from taking Effect; but, That above all Things she must keep it secret, which she readily promised to do. However, as she affected to be thought very religious, I made her swear upon the Bible, That she would never speak a Word of it to any Person living: Nor did she hesitate to lay her Hand upon that sacred Book to take the Oath. Then I told her, That my Science did not go so far, as to make that vanish which was already come up, but only to prevent the spreading of it any farther. I added, that I must perform a small Operation of three or four Minutes, which would perhaps prove a little painful to her. She answered with an extraordinary Courage, That were I to cut off one of her Fingers, she would patiently undergo it. Seeing this hopeful Disposition, I made no more ado but viewed the Place she complained off. Oh what Charms did I there discover! The Absence of *Janine* for some Weeks, and the good Cheer I had indulged myself, made me as vigorous, as if I had been but thirty Years of Age; besides that the Presence of that innocent, but lovely Girl, was no small Addition to my Strength. Nevertheless, I had I know not what Reluctancy to abuse the Credulity of the tender Victim I was about to sacrifice to my lascivious Ardors. However, being an old Sinner, I suffered myself to be overcome by my fornicating Nature. In short, I robb'd her of her Honour. She underwent the Operation with an admirable Constancy, uttering only a few Sighs, which tended to animate me the more. Afterwards I regaled her with some Sweetmeats, and People being now almost ready to come from Church, I let her go; but first engaged her to come and see me several Sundays after one another, to repeat that sweet Operation, which I persuaded her was necessary to the End she desired. Nor did she fail to pay me Visits six more Sundays successively, pursuant

pursuant to my Advice. At the Expiration of that Time, I told her, it was enough. Not but that I wish'd with all my Soul to continue longer that young thing's Doctor; but I had just receiv'd Letters from *Janine*, wherein she gave me to understand, that she was embarking for *Holland*. The Wind having since blown from the South-west, I expected her Arrival every Moment, and so was obliged to break off that charming Commerce, to prevent the Discovery of it by that jealous-pated Creature. Since my last Return from *England*, I have, indeed, seen that deluded young Beauty; but instead of speaking to me, she withdrew from my Sight, blushing. Hence I concluded, she had learnt more Wit, and that she was now sensible how basely I had imposed upon her Ignorance. My Expectation of *Janine's* Arrival was not frustrated, it happening the next Day. She had done Wonders in *England* with my Remedy, and brought over with her 150 Guineas all clear Gains, besides a fine Diamond Ring, and other small Jewels. This extraordinary Success made me long to go myself into *England*; and in about a Fortnight's time I put that Design in Execution. *Janine* had scrap'd an Acquaintance in that Kingdom, as well with Persons of the greatest Distinction, as with some among the lower Ranks. I went on board the Packet-boat, and the Wind being fair, was but sixteen Hours at Sea. It is true, I was very much out of Order during that quick Passage; but I had no sooner landed at *Harwich*, than I found myself as well as ever I had been in my Life. Being arrived at *London*, I went to see the Acquaintance *Janine* had picked up. They rejoiced at my Arrival; and I soon grew in Vogue for my Remedy. Tho' this brought me in a World of Money, yet having miscarried upon two or three Occasions, I attributed the Cause thereof to the Patients Way of Living, in not following the Method I had prescribed to them. And thus I resolved to make some new Acquaintance.

Count *Gallas*, the Emperor's Ambassador, was then at *London*. That Gentleman, who kept a noble House, was pleas'd, with his Protection, to honour me also with his Favour. As his Table was every Day publick, and
there

there generally resorted divers great Lords, he brought me into the Acquaintance of most of them. And among the rest, I easily contracted a fast Friendship with a *Roman* Secretary he had with him, who was a Person of Wit and Intrigue.

The Count *de Tarouca*, Ambassador of *Portugal*, was then also at *London*; nor did I meet with much Trouble in being introduced to that Gentleman.

This considerable Acquaintance made me resolve to quit the *Hague*, and live at *London* for good and all. But to execute this Design, I must necessarily return to the *Hague*, to dispose of my Affairs. As the Count *de Tarouca* was departing for *Holland*, I endeavoured to go over with him; and when that Gentleman was at the *Hague*, I waited upon him at least once a Day. He spoke to me of some *Barbadoes* Water; and as I knew a *German* at *London*, who counterfeited it so nicely, that it was impossible to distinguish it from the true, I offered that Count to send for some for him. Accordingly, I wrote for forty Pint-Bottles full, and sold him thirty-six at the rate of a Guinea per Bottle; tho', to tell the Truth, they did not stand me in a sixth Part of that Money.

Before the Tour I had just made to *London*, I had taken into my Service a young Man, to assist *Janine* and *Janotte* in the Business of the Coffee-Room. I had even bought a very fine Billiard-table, to draw Company to my House. However, upon my Arrival at the *Hague*, I found that my Antagonist *Benachi* had inveigled my Boy to serve in his Coffee-Room, which enraged me to the highest Degree; and as Revenge is natural to those of my Nation, I resolv'd to play him a Trick after his own Fashion.

Designing to quit *Holland*, I proposed to *Janotte*, the Maid I brought with me from *Bourdeaux*, to settle her in my own House; assuring her, that I would well enable her to hold it, but withal, that I had a mind to see her disposed of, and would for that End have her marry the Boy *Benachi* had enviegled from me. *Janotte* embraced the Proposal: She knew all the Mixtures and Making up of my Liquors as well as myself, and was there-

therefore very capable of succeeding me in the Business. In short, I sent a *Maitre de Langue*, named *Picot*, to *Benachi's*, to tempt the young Man, who without much Hesitation also came into the Matter, and quitted *Benachi's* Service. I made him marry *Janotte*, and gave 'em the Billiard-table, and divers other Moveables; so that now they are very well settled, and have Children.

After having disposed of my Affairs, I and *Janine* set out for *London*, where at last we joyfully arrived; for we were obliged to wait above three Weeks at *Helvoetsluys* for a Wind. We had not been that Space of Time in *London*, before I was told by an Officer who was just come from *Holland*, that an *Italian* named *Bonmassari*, and one *Levinston* a *Lorrainer*, had been seized there. It was indeed matter of Surprize to me, that the States of *Holland* did not take them up before. I knew them both very familiarly, by reason they had frequented my House; and I found they were two Adventurers, who stay'd at the *Hague* upon no other Account than to send Intelligence to *France*. The former gave himself out to be a Count of *Verona*: But as Signor *Lewis Mocenigo*, who had been Ambassador of the Republick of *Venice* at the Court of *Great Britain*, made, in his Return, some Stay at the *Hague*, Signor *Imberti*, his Secretary, assured me, that he was the Son of an obscure Notary only. He was at the *Hague* almost at the Beginning of the War, living by his Wits; and pretended, that he was banish'd his Country for running away with a Nun, who being of a good Family, her Relations hinder'd the granting him his Pardon, and kept him from enjoying his Estate. He insinuated himself with Monsieur *Matucos*, Ambassador of *Muscovy*, and thereby introduced himself into the best of Company, which are called *Clubs*. In a Word, from the Figure he made, you would not have thought him in the Condition of a Fugitive. He had even the Impudence to report, that his Republick thought fit to make use of his Service. When the Marquis de *Torcy* went to the *Hague*, to settle the Preliminaries, in the Year 1709, he pretended Business with that Marquis, to whom he said he deliver'd a Letter on the Part of his Republick; nevertheless there was no such thing: The States

States had discover'd his Art a good while. As for *Levinston*, he was no otherwise known than by his being one of the Descendents of *Adam*. Mean while, they had neither of them the Precautions necessary for Persons of their Business; but upon all Occasions spoke aloud in favour of *France*. Wherefore they are still actually in Prison, whence they will scarce be discharged till after the Peace. I mention those Gentlemen, because I have some Concern with them, they both owing me Money for Chocolate and Snuff; and because I would willingly bestow what they owe me to purchase Ropes to hang them withal.

I hired a House in *England* not far from the Court; but did not design to keep a Coffee or Chocolate-house: There were already too many in my Neighbourhood, kept by Persons well vers'd in that Business. Wherefore I set up for a Physician. I furnish'd my House well, and took a Foot-boy; and by that time I had been in *London* three Months, my Reputation of an extraordinary Man in Physick brought me every-where in Vogue: Mean while, it was not in all Places that I apply'd my Liquor. I was sent for to visit Persons in the most dangerous Condition; and to such as I thought capable of overcoming it, I gave my sovereign Remedy: To others I signify'd, that they must stay some time first; and to others I boldly pronounced the Sentence of Death. But among the Sick I visited none, except those who gave me my Fee of two, three, or even four Guineas at a time; insomuch that I remember I took seven-and-twenty in one Day, which sufficiently intitled me to the Degree of Doctor of Physick.

Under the Shadow of this new Character, there befel me one Day an unhappy Accident. I was sent for to visit a sick Lady, whose Name they told me was my Lady *Young*: It was hard by *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*. They conducted me into a Chamber very well furnished, where I was receiv'd by a young Lady who could not be above one or two-and-twenty at the most: She told me in good *French*, that the Lady who was desirous of consulting me upon an extraordinary Malady, did not live there; but that she would come in a Minute, for that she

had sent her Footman to inform her I was there. Physicians Visits are not generally tedious; so that to tarry too long in a Place, would be to derogate from that genteel Character: But I dispens'd with this Punctilio for once, because the Person with whom I had to do appear'd to be extremely beautiful and witty. She discours'd me very agreeably concerning my past Adventures, which she had read in the first Edition of my Memoirs, that were translated, and publish'd in *English*. I perceiv'd, that while she launch'd out in my Commendation, she had wriggled her Seat quite close to mine; which gave me the Resolution to change the austere Countenance of *Cato*, which I affected: In short, I made no more ado, but attack'd her vigorously, and met with no more Resistance than just serv'd for Sauce to such a Ragoû. I must own, I thought myself in that Rencontre the happiest Mortal upon Earth. Soon after the Lacquey return'd quite out of Breath, and told his Mistress, that my Lady *Young* could not possibly come then, but desired the Doctor would give himself the Trouble to call the next Day. I readily promis'd to wait upon her, and so took my Leave of the fair one: I return'd to the Coach, which waited at the Door, and went upon other Business. At Night, just as I was going to Bed, I mis'd my Purse, in which there were thirty-three Guineas and nine Half-guineas. I could not imagine how I had lost it; but my Suspicion fell upon the *Lincolns-Inn-Fields* Lady. Scarce could I take a Wink of Sleep for the Impatience with which I waited the Dawn of Day: *Janine* perceiv'd my Uneasiness and Concern; but to keep her in the Dark as to the Cause, I had the Precaution not to go out till it was full late: It was indeed near the Time appointed for my Visit to Lady *Young*. When I came to the House where I had been the Day before, my Foot-boy was told, that the Lady who had hired furnish'd Lodgings for two Days, was gone from thence. Thereupon I no longer doubted, but my young Lady was an Adventurer, and had possess'd herself of my Purse during my Eagerness to convince her of my Ardour. I did not take the Loss of my Guineas much to Heart, because in the Space of three Months I had clear'd above Three hundred

hundred and fifty : But that which I most regretted, was the Loss of a Cornelian Stone there was with them in my Purse, on two Sides whereof were engraven certain Characters: I had purchas'd it of a *Jew*, who assured me, that it was a *Talisman*, and that if I ty'd it to my naked Arm, with that Side towards the Flesh, whereon was engraven the Character of *Venus*, and so wore it, I should attract the Love and Admiration of the Ladies; and by tying the Reverse to my Arm, should become invisible. As great a Curiosity as I have had ever since I was born, for such kind of Things, I did not credit a Syllable of what was told me concerning this *Cornelian* Stone; however it being offer'd to me a very good Bargain, I bought it, in Expectation of meeting with some credulous Dupe or other, who would pay thro' the Nose for it, as the Saying is. There was at that time in *London* an *Italian* Gentlemen blinded with the Conceit of this kind of Trifles, to whom having cry'd up the Virtues of my pretended *Talisman*, he offer'd me a hundred Guineas for it; but being resolv'd not to part with it under a hundred and fifty, I had certainly handled that Sum, but for the Misfortune I have just related to you. As the Proof would have gone near to belye my Account of this rare *Cornelian*, I had before-hand acquainted the *Italian*, that some Ceremonies must be perform'd to appropriate it to his Person, and that these were very difficult to be perform'd, at least without Time. This Mention of making one's self invisible, brings into my Mind a very diverting Adventure which happen'd to me at the *Hague*. I had got Acquaintance with a Person of Distinction, who being entirely perswaded of the Possibility of such a Change, I once insinuated to him, that I had obtain'd the Secret. His Spouse, who heard our Discourse, was, I know not with what Design, very curious to make the Trial: She did nothing but tease her Husband to press me to do it in their Presence; and one Evening, after I had supp'd with them, they both attack'd me with so great Vigour upon that Article, that at last I made believe I was inclinable to do it; but withal insisted, that the Lady must not be by, for that it would frighten her out of her Senses. This sufficiently heighten'd the Gentlewoman's Curiosity, who promis'd however not to persist in her De-

mand of seeing the Experiment. I took a lighted Candle in my Hand, and bad the Gentleman follow me. The good Lady came creeping behind her Husband, stooping to his very Bum to conceal herself from me. I led him down into the Cellar; and tho' I perceiv'd his Wife behind him, yet making as if I did not, I began a short Discourse to my Friend: I told him, he must not frighten himself, if in attending this extraordinary Experiment, he should happen to see some terrible Apparition. I insisted much upon this, not in the least doubting. but it would work the Lady into a dreadful Fright: Nevertheless, holding fast by her Husband's Coat, she thought herself secure enough. Then I told the Gentleman, that above all things, he must promise me not to say a Word of it to his Lady: The more I enlarged upon that Article, the more they both expected to see the Effect of my Invifibility. At last, to unriddle the Plot of this merry Farce, I desired the Husband to take particular Notice of what I was going to do. Then I commanded him to look at me well, because I was jnst about to become invifible: With that, clapping my Hand to the Candle, I whipt it topsy-turvy in the Candlestick, and being in a damnable dark Place, ask'd him, whether he saw me. Finding how they were banter'd, they both groped their Way up Stairs out of the Cellar, while I laugh'd aloud till my very Sides were fore again. We all return'd into the Chamber, where some others of the Family were, who being inform'd of what had happen'd, could not give over, for a long time, diverting themselves at the Expence of the poor credulous Gentleman and his Wife.

Mean while, to make myself Amends for the Loss of my *Talisman*, and Purse of Guineas, I made up certain little Pills, to which I ascribed incredible Virtues. I would not, however, give them to any *Englisman*, because the *Englisb* were already too much imposed upon by those kind of *Quackeries*; but I cry'd them up to Foreigners, and especially to the *Italians*. There was then at *London* a noble *Venetian*, Son of a Procurator of St. Mark: Hearing his Name mention'd at the *Venetian* Ambassador's, I fell upon his Neck, and assured him, that

that his Father was a Gentleman to whom I had infinite Obligations; especially for the Protection he had afforded me during my Abode at *Venice*. As a Token of my Gratitude, I presented him with two little Boxes of my Pills: I flatter'd myself indeed, that, generous as the *Venetians* are, I should have finger'd a good Number of *Sequins* for them; but he went away without giving me a *Sous*. Not that the young Noble was a Farthing in Debt when he left *England*, for he had Bills of Exchange to a very great Value; but he fancy'd it would be an Affront to offer me any Present. However, I gave him to understand, that he was erroneous in his Opinion concerning me. Hearing that he was arrived in *Holland*, I drew a Bill of five Guineas upon him, and sent it to *Janotte's* Husband to be receiv'd. It is true, the Secretary of the Republick of *Venice*, who was then at the *Hague*, was highly offended at my Proceeding in this Case, and was going to insert it in some of the printed Gazettes, in a manner altogether disadvantageous to me; but I must own, I should not have much concern'd myself about it, as long as the noble *Venetian* had paid my Bill:

It did not suffice me to pass for an extraordinary Doctor in Physick; my Ambition put me upon scraping an Acquaintance with the Learned, to let them see that I was a Scholar, and an entire Master of the Fathers of the Church: But whatever Pains I took to make them understand me, and to understand them myself, I could do neither for the Life of me. I found that those Gentlemen understood *Latin*, in which we convers'd, perfectly well; but the Difference in our Pronunciation was so great, that it was impossible for us ever to understand one another: Else I had indeed taken a wonderful Delight in their Company; for, to give them their due, the *English* Clergy are for the most part profoundly learned. However, I happen'd in Company of a Prelate of Distinction, who having in his youthful Days travell'd into *Italy*, spoke the Tongue of that Country tolerably well; and therefore it was, that during my Abode in *England*, I frequented that Person's House more than any other's. You will easily imagine, that

he being one of the Pillars of the *Church of England*, we soon discours'd upon the Subject of Religion: Perceiving that he had a mind to convert me, I made use of Arguments which put his Lordship into a Sweat: Nevertheless, having entertain'd a Design of ending my Days in *England*, I at last resolv'd to conform to the Establish'd Religion of that Kingdom, and to fix, once in my Life-time, upon that which I intended to profess. In short, I saw nothing in the *Church of England*, which could give just Offence, especially to one whose unhappy Principle it has always been, to hold an Indifference for all the Religions in the World. Wherefore, yielding to the Arguments and Exhortations of that Prelate, I was upon the Point of embracing the *English* Faith.

This good Design was travers'd by the worst Misfortune that ever besel me during the long Course of my Life. I had given some of my *Sudorifick Liquor* to a *S--tch* Lord, who shall be nameless; and my Remedy had wrought upon that Viscount the desired Effect: But he thinking himself cured of certain dangerous Distempers which hung about him, return'd to his Debauches after so excessive a manner, that he spoil'd all, and died at the End of six Weeks. His Relations, prompted by my Enemies, gave out, that my Remedy was the Cause of his Death; and my advertising against that Report met with as ill Success, as my doing it upon another Occasion; for say what I would, I was after all reckon'd an Impostor. I quoted all the Examples of those I had cured, who were ready to attest it; but Truth could by no means prevail over Envy. However, all this had signify'd little, had not the *College of Physicians of London*, to fill up the Measure of my Sufferings, taken Cognizance of what pass'd, and decided against my Remedy; and tho' they knew nothing of its Composition, forbid me the Use of it for the future.

It is a Privilege which that *College* has throughout *England*, to lord it over all such as pretend to give Drugs for the Health of Mankind. I made Inquiry, whether, notwithstanding that Prohibition, I could not go on in the Course I had begun; but consulting Men of the Law upon that Point, they unanimously advis'd me not to pretend

end to stand out against the *Faculty*. Wherefore, in the Despair to which I was reduced by this Incident, I compos'd a *Latin Book* to serve as an Apology against the Imputations of that *Faculty*, and especially as to the Lord T----t's Death. Nay, I got it printed, and distributed about all the Corners of the City and Liberties of *London*, without reaping any other Advantage from it, than the Compassion of my Friends, who told me, I deserv'd better Fortune.

I was persuaded by one of my Well-wishers, to set up for a *Fortune-teller*. He assured me, it would be a Means of repairing the Loss of what I might have got by my Remedy; and represented to me, that there was not a Country in the World, whose Natives are more credulous as to that Article; and particularly the Fair Sex, who turn the least natural Accident into some Pre-sage for the future; whereof he nam'd to me an Infinity of Examples. I had indeed heard Talk concerning those *Calculators of Nativities*, but was inform'd, at the same time, that they were the most ignorant and miserable Cheats in the World, and that there were a great many of them dispers'd up and down: Besides, it seem'd to me derogatory from the Countenance I had affected of a Man of the severest Wisdom. Moreover, being vex'd at what had happen'd on the Part of the *College of Physicians*, and fearing some Insult from those who concern'd themselves with Predictions, I found no Inclination in myself for this new Trade, howsoever profitable it appear'd to be. *Janine* in vain supported the Arguments of my Friend: To induce me to undertake it, she related an Adventure that had befallen me four or five Months before, and contributed very much to the Establishment of my Reputation as a *Fortune-teller*. You must know, that one Morning about Ten o'Clock, a Person of the Female Sex came disguis'd like a Citizen's Wife, and knock'd at my Door. She demanded to speak with me, and being conducted into a Parlour, I went to her there: As much as she had disguis'd herself, I knew that Person, who was a Lady of the first Rank: A Friend of mine had indeed shew'd her to me once at St. James's Chapel; however, I did not give

the least Intimation that I knew her, but shew'd her the utmost Civility I was capable of. After Abundance of Windings and Turnings about the Nature of divers Dis-temper, she told me, that she knew me to be a good Astrologer, and that I had an extraordinary Skill in penetrating into Things yet to come. She added, that she had heard her Mistress speak of it, who had receiv'd her Information from the Earl of M-----. I assured her, that I was not so skilful in those kind of Matters, as perhaps she might imagine. Nevertheless, she came to the Point. Since you will have me, Madam, (*then said I to her*) shew you some *Item* of a great Science, permit me to tell you, you are come hither, thinking to deceive me: I do not mean, that you would cheat me of Gold or Silver; but I mean, that you would pass for quite another Person than you are: Glancing only upon the bare Features of your Physiognomy, I perceive, Madam, you are exalted to a very high Degree: You make the whole World venerate and respect you; and indeed with some kind of Reason: Thus you see, I am aware of your Disguise; and this fallacious Enterprize of yours hinders me from telling you any thing farther. She changed Colour, and appear'd in the greatest Surprise imaginable; from which being in some measure recover'd, she own'd that she was somewhat more than she seem'd; but that the Desire of knowing what might befall her, put her upon so disguising herself, in regard the Habit could by no means contribute to the Effects of the Influences of the Stars. Of what Rank soever I am, pray tell me, Signor *Rozelli*, whether you can discover what the Fates have destin'd me: I have the most dismal Apprehensions, which make me so uneasy, that I would fain know what heed I ought to give to such Prognostications. Thereupon I examin'd her Hand. I had formerly, you must know, been very well vers'd in Chiromancy; but was so often convinced of its Uncertainty, that I had quitted the Study of that Art. I also view'd her Face with the utmost Seriousness and Diligence. Besides that I had read several Books which treat of *Metoposcopy*, I had particularly study'd that of *Liro Spontoni*. Nevertheless, I could not perceive in that Lady's Face the Lines of the

seven Planets, which *Spontoni* would have one observe. After all these Grimaces, said I to the Lady, You are threaten'd, Madam, with a sudden Reverse of Fortune: You are now, indeed, on the highest Spoke in her Wheel; but you have a Rival, who, notwithstanding what she owes to you, ungratefully endeavours to precipitate you from it, because, to be plain with you, you do not use her well. I have Reasons not to say more upon this Head. As human Prudence is above the Stars, your Conduct may prevent the Fatality of Destiny. You love Superiority; you love to domineer: In short, you love Money too, too greedily, and hence arise to you a great Number of Envious. You are rich and powerful enough: Get rid of your Avarice; be affable, and above all things, don't be so haughty in thwarting and spurning against those whom Providence, you must acknowledge, has placed even above you. Believe me, Madam, if you can once gain the Victory over these dangerous Inclinations, however deep they are rooted in you, you shall yet appear triumphant: But if you go on in the Career wherein you have hitherto acted, you must expect to swallow many a bitter Draught. The Truth is, I am afraid it is already too late; but go, Madam, neglect no Means; and if you think I can serve you in any respect, you may lay your Commands upon me. Her Grace then began to put other Questions to me, which I declined to answer. The next Day a Maid-Servant brought me a little Packet, wherein I found thirty Gnieas, with a few Lines to let me know, that to be satisfy'd I had receiv'd that Acknowledgment, I should wear for three Days a narrow black Ribbon ty'd in the sixth Button-hole of my Coat, which I did accordingly. My Predictions proved but too true, tho' I must confess this was not in the least owing to my Science; but as I knew the Lady in Disguise, and had heard Persons of Intelligence discourse concerning the Situation of her Affairs, it was an easy Matter for me to prognosticate the Fall which threaten'd her; and the rather, because Men had already begun to sap her Fortune.

Since I am speaking of these kind of Affairs, I shall not omit the Curiosity I had to see certain Writings of

the *Cabala*, which made a great Noise at *London*. They belong'd to a Painter of *Brest*, who had been a great Traveller, and retired many Years ago into *England*: His Name was Monsieur *Philippe*. The Person who mention'd him to me, could not enough extol the Science which this Painter had in the *Cabala*. I met with some Trouble in introducing myself to him who had those Writings in his Possession; but was made amends by the Perusal of a whole Chest-full, which I read with a wonderful Curiosity. I found that Monsieur *Philippe* had establish'd a particular System, which he call'd the *Astronomical Terrestrial Cabala*. He had run thro' the whole Bible, and had reduced to the Twelve Signs of the Zodiack, the Words of such Verses as answer'd to the same: For Example, the Words of the first Verses of every Chapter, as well of the Old as of the New Testament, to *Aries*, the second to *Taurus*, the third to *Gemini*; and so of the rest. In short, there appeared a certain Harmony in them, which would have surpriz'd any one but myself: But, alas! this whole Contrivance, and an Infinity of Figures which that Author had drawn, tended to nothing in the World but the Discovery of the *Philosophers Stone*. He pretended by those Astronomical Figures to have penetrated into the most essential *Arcana* of Nature, and all the Operations for the attaining of the *Elixir Philosophorum*. I must confess, there were very curious Fancies, which, however, were no otherwise so, than for their Novelty. I made diligent Inquiry, whether that Painter left great Riches behind him; and was assured, that he died in the most extreme Poverty. Thereupon I cry'd out, that that was the ordinary Fate of your Hunters after an Artificial *Peru*. This was in the Presence of four Persons, with whom after I had had several Discourses, which it would signify nothing to repeat in this Place, I left their Conversation. One of the four, however, ran after me, and ask'd me where I liv'd. I very readily satisfy'd his Curiosity in that respect, and he told me he would do himself the Pleasure of making me a Visit; to which I answer'd, that I should be very glad to see him.

He did not fail to come to my House the next Day about Three o'Clock in the Afternoon, the Time I had acquainted him he might certainly find me at home. For you must know, I dine every Day exactly at One, after the Custom of my Country, and then sleep from Two to Three o'Clock. When I awake, I either apply myself to Reading, or to the Dispatch of some Domestick Affairs. I received that Gentleman with the utmost Civility; and he assured me, That tho' he had been twenty Years in *England*, he was as great a Stranger there as myself. To this I made him not a Word of an Answer, nor troubled myself to ask him any Questions. After we had been some time silent, and done nothing but look'd at each other, my Gentleman began to sigh. I knew not what to make of that Prelude; but at last, he opened his Mouth, and told me, That the Study of Nature was become so despicable, that not a Soul would now give the least Attention to it. He added, That he had observed the Day before, that I had entertained the same Prejudice against it, or at least that I had acted my Part cunningly enough to give ground for such his Suspicion. But to tell you the Truth, dear Signor *Rozelli*, said he; I am of Opinion you disguised the Matter to me: I have heard of your famous Remedy, and am satisfied, it must be a Portable Gold; and certain it is, none but Adepts can reduce that perfect Metal to a radical Dissolution. I come to let you know, That I am almost a Brother of Philosophy. If I have not attained to the last Point, it is for want of Time only. I am entirely Master of the Matter so highly esteemed among the Philosophers. I understand the Purification of it, and will not fail to make an Experiment for its Boiling. I come to you, as to my Oracle, to be satisfied concerning one only Doubt which perplexes me. Do not refuse your helping Hand to a Son of Wisdom, just as he is arrived in Sight of his Port. The great God, who dispenses his Favours by Weight and Measure, would not that his Treasures be shut up from those who have almost penetrated to their Source. Take me into the Number of your Brethren, and dissipate that Cloud of Darkness which hinders my Eyes from discerning

clearly. This Declaration, which I was very far from expecting, since the Faculty had so imperiously decided concerning the Insufficiency, not to say Malignity, of my Remedy, was very surprizing to me. I fell a laughing, and told my Gentleman, he had done me an Honour to which I never durst aspire; adding, That I too was only a Novice in the Philosophical Art; That indeed I had read *Geber, Rasis, Flamel, Philalethes, Trevisan, Zacharius*, the *Cosmopolite*, and a great many more Authors of the same Strain; but, That I had principally apply'd myself to the Remonstrances of Nature of *John de Mehum*, and more to the incomparable *Peter Bonus of Lombardy*. As I am no Admirer (concluded I) of the new System of Philosophy broached by *Descartes*, I was in Love with *Peter of Lombardy's* Treatise concerning *precious Pearl*, because I fancy'd I was reading the Works of that Father of the Philosophers, the learned and inimitable *Aristotle*, whose Follower I am. Thereupon, with a Sigh from the Bottom of his Heart, he cry'd out, Alas! *Peter* was the only Author that gave me palpable Lights.

Before I launch any farther into the Particulars of the Conversation I had with that Searcher into Nature, I must advertise those into whose Hands these Memoirs shall fall, That if such kind of Matter be not to their Taste, they have nothing to do but to skip it over, without reading. But I am persuaded, I ought not to pass it by in Silence, because it may happen among the Curious, who will thank me for giving them so particular an Account.

To return to my Gentleman: He told me, the same *Peter of Lombardy*, who agrees with *Zacharius*, gave him one Difficulty which was indeed to him a *Gordian Knot*. It was about the Time of the *Philosophical Infant's* Birth, which was fixed to a Minute. I asked him what he meant by *Philosophical Infant*; and he answered, It must be that blessed *Land of Leaves*, wherein Gold is sowed to be radically dissolved, in order to its Putrefaction, and Regermination in a Fixation which has Power over its Brethren the imperfect Metals, and makes them like itself. To induce him to go on, I began now to contradict him, after having heard his Sentiment of the Gold which is dissoluble, and which he did
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not scruple to say was the Common Gold. Nay, he was so conceitedly obstinate, That he declared all those to be ignorant, who were not informed of that Truth. I endeavoured, nevertheless, to prove the Contrary. I told him, I believed he would agree with me, That Gold was the most perfect Composition in Nature. Now, said I, this Composition proceeds from such an Union of the Parts together, that neither Time nor Fire could alter them. It was therefore impossible to separate them, because such a Separation was repugnant to its Perfection ; for if they were separable, the Composition could not be said to be perfect. I added, That I was very sensible, how conceited Men pretended to reincrudate it in the Universal *Menstruum* ; but, That that Reincrudation seemed impossible, for the Example I was going to produce. A Grain of Corn, which is reincrudated in the Earth, is in its State of Vegetation ; but if one was to take this Corn, when 'tis ground into Meal, made up into Dough, and baked into Bread, that Reincrudation would never be. It was the same thing with respect to common Gold, which being no longer in its State of Vegetation, as one may say, wherein Nature had placed it, since it has been separated, melted down, and martyr'd thro' divers Operations, cannot do what the Chymists expect. To make use of familiar Examples, Cheese that is several Years old cannot, by all the Artifice in the World, be reduced to its first Condition of Milk, whereof it is made, and of Curd, which reduced it to another State. It was the same thing with regard to common Gold. Wherefore we must conclude, (said I) That when the Philosophers mention their Gold, it must be a Gold in its first State, and not when Men have separated it from its Tree, melted it down, and try'd it on the Fire. The Sperm of a Cock, which is in an Egg, and renders it capable of becoming, by Putrefaction, in a State of Generation, does not proceed from a Cock that has been killed, roasted and divided into a thousand Pieces. It is just the same with human Seed, as well as that of other Animals, which must be full of Life and Vigour, to give the Faculty of Generation of their Species to the Female Seed. We must therefore conclude, said I, That the Philosophers Gold

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must be somewhat alive, gathered from its Root, which in that Condition of natural Life, puts in Motion the Female Matter of Metals, which is of the same Nature, and advances it to the high Degree of Perfection, by Help of the Artizan. That which Art does here, added I, is, to imitate the Husbandmen, who reap the Corn, and then thresh it, to separate it from the Chaff, and make it fit to be sown pure in the Earth, which serves it instead of a Matrice. This is called Purification, and to this the Artist ought to apply himself in his first Operations. It is performed by Sublimation only, which, indeed, alone separates the Pure from the Impure; but that Sublimation is not the common Sublimation, tho' it is somewhat like it. I perceived my Gentleman was talked quite out of his Senses; and I had proceeded in my Discourse, had it not been for a Message that was sent to me on the Part of a Person of Distinction, who wanted to speak with me that very Moment. My Visitor was therefore obliged to leave me, which he had no sooner done, but I repaired to the Rendezvous appointed for me.

Three Days passed, before I saw him again; but however, come he did, and we had Discourses too long to be inserted here. As I perceived somewhat extravagant in that Philosopher *à la mode*, I must confess to you, his Conversation grew irksome to me; from which I was delivered by an Accident, which (God be thanked) placed him at some Distance from me.

One Afternoon, I had four Friends at my House, who were Men of excellent Qualifications, and profound Literature. We had accidentally fallen into Discourse, touching the *Wand of Divination*, when the importunate *Counsellor-monger* entered, and concerned himself with our Conversation. He who first started the Subject of the Wand, was giving an Account of the Effect of that, by which, some Years ago, a Murderer was pursued and taken even upon the Water. He related the common Examples mention'd by *Agricola*, and confirmed by daily Experience for the Discovery of the Sources of Waters. We examined the Causes thereof, which were mentioned with enough of Uncertainty and Obscurity; but it was agreed to be a Virtue given to such as were born when,

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the Sun was in *Aquarius*. After a great many fine Things, which my Friends very learnedly alledged in relation to this Article, our troublesome Philosopher broke Silence, and said, he was born when the Sun was in *Aquarius*, and was possessed of that same Virtue, whereof he had made divers Experiments. He even added, That it was not true, that those Wands ought to be made of Hazle ; and asserted, That common Wood, of any kind whatsoever, was full as good as that of Hazle. He went farther yet, and offered to shew us an Experiment of it upon the Spot. Thereupon, he ordered some Wands to be brought him ; which being done, he cut two Pieces of an equal Length, and very much alike, and made forked Ends to them. He desired us to put a Piece of Gold under a Sheet of Paper upon the Table, and a Piece of Silver under another Paper ; assuring us, That by the Help of those Wands, he would guess which was the Gold. I put upon the Table a Guinea under a Sheet of white Paper, and a Shilling under another ; but, like a Blockhead, I had put the Guinea under that next to our Philosopher, so that he might well enough perceive it thro' the Paper, and the Shilling under the farthermost. However, I made shift very dextrously to convey away the Guinea into the Shilling's Place, and to substitute the Shilling in its Room. My Gentleman takes the Wands, places one in each Hand, with the Bottom against the Ball of his Thumb, and the two forked Ends leaning against one another ; and thus advancing between the Papers, the forked Ends constantly fell towards his own Side, where he thought the Guinea was. Having performed this Ceremony thrice, and thrice met with the same Success, he cry'd out, with good Assurance, 'Tis this, fancying it was the Gold. So saying, he took off the Sheet of Paper himself, and perceiving it was the Shilling, he added, with a lower Voice, which betrayed his Confusion, *is the Silver*. You will easily guess at our Laughter upon this Occasion, which, I do assure you, was very loud. The Philosopher, being in the utmost Confusion, endeavoured to vindicate his Wands of Divination, by alledging, That they turned on his Side, because he had in his Pocket a Piece of Substance of the *Philosophers Stone*, which went

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beyond Gold itself, and had even attracted the Wands. The more he said, the more he was laughed at. He went away, therefore, not a little angry; and thus I got rid of his Importunities, for I never saw him since.

Having entered upon these kind of Divinations, I can't forbear relating an Affair which befel me at that time. Two Pieces of Plate being missing in my House, *Janine*, who, I must needs say, was always very careful, was almost out of her Wits for Fear she should never have them again. Her Suspicion could fall upon nobody but the Wench and Lacquey who were our Servants. She pump'd and examin'd them with her utmost Cunning, without being a jot the wiser. She said it could be no Stranger that had taken them, since only those belonging to the House had been in the Chamber where the Plate was, and that neither was the Door opened, nor the Windows broken. Having often heard me say, that Thieves might be discovered by the turning of a Sieve, she persecuted me to discover by that means who it was that had robbed us. I had perfectly in my Memory the Manner of keeping the Scissors fixed in the Hoop of the Sieve, and the Words which must be said, as I had read in *Agrippa*. As we held up the Sieve by the Handles of the Scissors fixed in the Marks, each with our right Hand, I repeated the six Words, and named, in the first Place, the Maid. *Janine* grew pale to see, that notwithstanding all her Strength, the Sieve would turn by Jerks directly opposite to her Desire. She was forced to let it fall; but as, after such kind of Surprizes, People grow familiar with that which they think Evil, she took Courage, and we try'd it over again, naming our Man. Nor did the Sieve fail to turn. We no longer doubted therefore, but that our two Servants had committed the Robbery. Nevertheless, we durst not accuse them, because we had no other Evidence than the rolling of the Sieve. The next Day, *Janine* happening to look behind a Table, found there the Plate we had lost. Thereupon, we concluded, that upon the Questions *Janine* had put to them, those Wretches had considered better on't, and had laid the Pieces in the Way to be found. I was

confirmed in this Opinion, by calling to mind, that I had once seen this Piece of Sorcery try'd with Success, and to my great Astonishment. The Truth is, this is the only Thing I met with in *Agrippa*, to which I give the least Credit, except it be to one other, which I have likewise frequently try'd, and always found right. It is, to know whether or no a sick Person will die of the Distemper he has upon him; or whether a great-belly'd Woman is with Child of a Boy or a Girl. This is also to be found in the famous Art of the said *Agrippa*. Yet, after all, the Turning of the Sieve is very equivocal. The least Motion of the Hand, that is perhaps occasioned by the Pulsation of the Artery, will give a Force to the Sieve, which may appear hard to withstand. I say thus much, to the end that those who concern themselves with these kind of Things, may not be deceived, if it should so fall out, that the Sieve turns the wrong way.

To return to my Affairs; I persisted in the Resolution to go back into *Holland*; that Country having been too favourable to me, not to have gained all my Affection. Wherefore I set about making Preparations for my Voyage.

As I had placed divers Sums in the Exchequer, I went to receive the Interest of them, which comes there to a good third Part more than is paid in *Holland*. I had also put 500 Pounds Sterling into the Lottery of 1711, besides 300 into that of 1710. I delivered my Tallies and Notes into the Hands of a sure Friend, and sold two rare Harpsicords, by which I cleared above 160 Pounds Sterling. Having afterwards disposed of my Effects and Moveables, the Transportation whereof would have been more Cost than Worship, I set out with *Janine*, and it was not long before we arrived safe in *Holland*. I felt my Heart jump with Joy at our Arrival upon the Coasts of that Country. Going without Delay to the *Hague*, I there renewed my old Acquaintance, and procured new. Among the rest, I was overjoyed to meet Count *Gallas's* Secretary there, whom I had known in *London*; and as he is a *Roman* by Birth, and a Gentleman of Wit and Vivacity, I passed many Hours very agreeably with him.

I was

I was at first very irresolute about the Course of Life I should take. I considered, that I had wherewithal to live very genteelly, and at my Ease ; and therefore took a House to do so, in a Row of Gardens, one of which was pretty enough to furnish out abundance of Pleasure to a Man.

Janine, however, was by no means satisfy'd with that idle way of Living ; which may be attributed to a sort of Greediness natural to her. She undertook to persuade me to take a Coffee-house again, to which I was not without great Difficulty brought to consent. The Reason was, because my Antagonist *Benachi* had got a Concourse of all the Persons of Distinction : But yet I reflected, that as Change is as Sawce to those Gentlemen of Leisure, I might possibly bring them back to my House.

That which most staggered my Resolution in this Point, was, That the Congress of Peace being opened at *Utrecht*, *Benachi* was gone thither, and had contracted with one who keeps a Coffee-house for two Rooms, which he furnished. Thus he became immediately in Vogue, and set up Tables for playing at Basset. However, the Burghers of *Utrecht*, who likewise sold good Coffee, complained, That Foreigners set up and drove a Traffick there, contrary to the Orders of the Magistrates. Thereupon, the Magistrates, who are Men of great Wisdom in that City, did not only forbid *Benachi* to sell any thing for the future, but sent him an Order to depart the Town. As that Fellow came and set up at the *Hague* on Purpose to traverse my Designs, I frankly own I was not sorry for what had befallen him upon this Occasion : But I was concerned, that I had not myself kept my Burghership of *Utrecht*, which I had renounced ; for in that Case I might have settled there, and perhaps thriven as hastily as I did at my first establishing myself at the *Hague*. As it was, however, in vain to think of any such thing now, I looked out, in this last Place, for a House fit for my Turn, and found one at length in the Middle of the Square called the Plain. It was formerly the *Imperial Coffee-house*, and has a large handsome Room proper for that Business. At the Solicitations of *Janine*, I hired it, tho' dear, for the Space of six Years ; and the Front
making

making but an indifferent Figure, I engaged to build a new one, upon which Men are actually at work, while I write this.

I must confess, I have Apprehensions, That the *Hague* being in a manner destitute of all the Ministers, the Concourſe of People will not be great : But upon certain Occaſions, we muſt fortify ourſelves with Reſolution, and leave ſome things to Chance.

While this Houſe is repairing, I have endeavoured to put myſelf in a way to get a ſmall matter. One of my Friends had given me a Commiſſion from *London*, to purchaſe ſeveral Toys in *Holland*, to the Value of 200 Guineas, or thereabouts. They were for a Songſtreſs of *Bruffels*, who is under the Protection of a certain Earl. Having bought them myſelf, I ſent a Valet to *London*, to deliver them. As it was a Commiſſion, who would have doubted of the Succeſs of my Man's Voyage? for he had nothing to do, but to deliver the Goods, and to receive the Money for them. It is true, for my Pains in procuring them, I did think to have gained about a good Quarter-part ; but could hear no News of my Valet's Return. I was afraid, that having received the Money, he was tempted to run away with it. At laſt, however, I received a Letter from him, wherein he gave me to underſtand, he could not perſuade the Lady to take the Things I had entruſted him with ; and, That at laſt ſhe had declared to him, that ſhe would have none of them. Wherefore he deſired to know what he muſt do in this Caſe ; for he had now been two entire Months in *England*. Whatever Subject I had of Vexation, becauſe the Valet's Journey and Abode in *London* coſt me ſome Money, I thought it was better to have my Merchandizes, than to hazard the loſing them, or to give Credit for them, and ſo be obliged to ſpend two Months more in running ſter the Money. In ſhort, therefore, I wrote to my Valet to return with my Effects ; for that I knew well enough how to diſpoſe of them. My Deſign was to commit them to the Truſt of an honeſt *German*, who was going thro' the *Hague* to ſee the Ceremonies of the Congreſs of Peace at *Utrecht*. Accordingly, about a Fortnight after I had written to my Valet as above, he returned, to my great Joy ;

Joy ; for 'tis much better to have those Things without Gain, than to lose both the Profit and the Capital. And indeed, before a Month had passed, I disposed of Part of them, by which if I did not gain, at least I was reimbursed the Journey and Abode of my Valet at *London*. As for the rest, I took the Resolution to go over into *England* with them myself. That which induced me to undertake this Voyage, was, the Hope of making a fine Penny of a Harpsicol with three Keys, which I had just bought. The Person who sold it me, was in Streights for Money ; so I made my Advantage of his Necessity, and had it a very great Pennyworth ; the Sum I gave him for it, amounting but to 140 Livres. I laid out about 20 Livres more in Repairs, and, as it was one of the old Pieces of *Antwerp*, fixed the Price at 1000 Crowns. I must not forget to tell you, That I ordered a Case to be made, fit to carry it over in.

While I was preparing for my Voyage into *England*, *Fanine* reviv'd her ancient Jealousy upon the Score of my frequenting a certain House, wherein lived two pretty Girls without Father or Mother. They were not much burthened with Riches ; and as I am naturally greedy of Gain, I must do myself the Justice to publish, that I am also naturally very charitable. I could produce a great Number of Examples of my Love towards my Neighbour ; but I must confess, it did not always proceed from a pure Inclination to fulfil that Law of Nature. *Fanine*, to whom both those Qualities of mine are thoroughly known, understanding that I had given some Money to those two Wenches, to relieve their pressing Necessities, entertained a Conceit, that I did not exercise that Liberality without certain Views. She durst not, however, explain herself to me ; and therefore fell foul on the Girls, said a thousand hard things to them, and threatened to have them put in the *Espinebuys*, or House of Correction, like *Bridewell* in *London*. As I knew not a Syllable of this Step of *Fanine*, I was strangely surprized one Day, when entering the Doors of those poor Wenches House, they begged of me, with Tears in their Eyes, never more to come near them. This Alteration made me immediately suspect some Extravagance on the Part of that jealous-
pated

pated Woman. I desired them to tell me ingenuously, whether the Tears I saw trickle down their Cheeks, and their Refusal to admit me again into their House, were not occasioned by some cursed Flight of *Janine*. As they durst make me no Answer, their Silence confirmed me in my Suspicion. Thereupon, I intreated them not to conceal from me an Affair which so sensibly concerned me; and they confessed the whole Matter. Having taken my Leave of them, I returned home, and began to rattle *Janine* as she deserved. I must observe to you, That those two poor Girls were extremely honest, at least as far as I know; for indeed I had put them to the Trial: But their Virtue, tho' contrary to my Inclinations, did not a little heighten my charitable Sentiments for them. I represented to *Janine* the Hatefulness of her foolish Jealousy; and told her, she had so frequently irritated me against her upon that Score, that I could no longer bear with such Fits of her Frenzy. The Tone in which I said this, quite stunned her; for I did not look as if I was in jest, but put on all my serious Air. As I added, That I had at last resolved to abandon her to her Caprice, and to get away from her, or put her away from me; this mortify'd her to such a Degree, that she fell upon her Knees, and begged my Pardon. Neither would I grant it her, but upon Condition she should go and do Justice to those poor honest Wenches. She had read in my angry Countenance, that I was not dallying with her, and wisely promised to obey me. In effect, she went to their House, and told the Girls how sorry she was for having so unjustly and brutishly abused them; adding, that she desired the Continuation of their Friendship. The good Wenches forgave her, and we have since lived in a very honest and neighbourly Amity; which, I hope, will continue during my Absence, for I am this Moment setting out for *England*, where I wish nothing may befall me, nor after my Return, which may give me farther Occasion to entertain the Publick.



A
CONTINUATION
TO THE
L I F E
O F

Signor *R O Z E L L I*.



NOT long since, the World was entertained with my History, or a Book wherein I am supposed to give a publick Account of all that ever happened to me, during the Course of a Life full of Variety, and strange Accidents. I must needs own, that a great Part of those Memoirs is true ; and as far as to my Arrival in *Holland*, I confess myself the Author : But I cannot agree, that he who took upon him to continue them from that Period, has done me Justice. For that Writer has entered so little into my true Character, and has made me play a Part so different from my Temper and Inclination, that he certainly mistook the Aim of my Book ; which was to prove, that it was not a Spirit of Libertinism that excited me to quit the Monastick State, and abandon my Religion, but the Fatality of my Stars, which ever persecuted me, in whatever Condition of Life I found myself.

How

How impertinent is the Harangue he supposes me to make to the Burgomaster at *Utrecht*, at my Arrival there, in demanding his Protection in this Country, which is the only one in the World where I might live according to my Fancy! Could any thing be added to this, but the ridiculous Amour of the Milk-maid, in which my Master of Languages serv'd as a Pander, and in which he makes me do Actions unworthy not only of a Man of Sense, but even of the greatest Profligate? Was it likely, that I, who have aspired to Queens, and Ladies of the first Rank, should fall in Love, and that to Distraction, with a silly inconsiderable Country Wench, whose Jargon I could not understand, to have any Conversation with her?

Beside, this Author seems but very little acquainted with the Women of *Holland*, and especially the meaner Sort. They never give themselves up to Strangers so easily, but insist upon tying the indissoluble Knot, which I was not capable of doing, not for fear of my Maid *Janine*, whom I have always kept upon that Footing, and never suffer'd her to controul me in my Pleasures, or give Law to my Passions; but because of a Resolution I had made, not to enter into any formal Engagement, having always design'd to reconcile myself to the Church, which I could not do without the greatest Injustice to my Wife, and the Children I might have by her.

If this Writer had known ever so little of my Nature, or had had Wit enough to find it out by those *Memoirs* I wrote myself, he would not have render'd himself ridiculous, by endeavouring to make me so: He must certainly have judg'd of the Folly of great Men by his own, when he makes me sell musty Snuff for forty Livres a Pound, which cost me but Ten-pence, because it happen'd to please an *English* Lord, who infected all the Quality at the *Hague* with his ill Taste; and when he pretends, that by this nasty Snuff, and Tortoise-shell Snuff-Boxes, which I sold for a hundred Pistoles apiece, I got above Twenty-thousand Crowns.

When I retired into *Holland*, to avoid the Fury of my Spiritual Persecutors, I chose the Business of a Coffee-man, as agreeing best with my Designs, and natural Curiosity.

riosity. In this Occupation I had the Pleasure of seeing once a Day those of the best Fashion in the several Places where I resided; and when the Reader shall have gone over some Passages in this Volume, where I touch upon what I heard and saw in the Way of my Business, he will judge whether a little Coffee-man may not sometimes be capable of giving Advice, which the greatest Minister of State may be glad to receive.

To pursue then my Story, I must begin from my Arrival at *Utrecht*, which was in Autumn of the Year 1698, having left *Nantes*, as not thinking myself safe there; being, as I have before related, discover'd at *Bourdeaux*. I knew how inquisitive the *French* are: They are for prying into every Man's Affairs; and where they cannot come at the Truth, they supply it with Imagination, and invent some romantick Tale or other, of which they make you the Hero.

Holland was the Retreat the most agreeable to my Humour, which was ever mild, and averse from meddling. The *Dutch* have too much Business of their own, to concern themselves with Strangers: This was the Reason I rather chose *Holland* than *Constantinople*, where I once thought of ending my Days. As soon as I came to *Utrecht*, whither I was accompany'd only by *Fantine*, and a Maid of *Bourdeaux*, who would needs follow me, I endeavour'd to find how far the Humour of the People agreed with mine.

To this end I frequented the Coffee-houses and Churches, where I might best inform myself, as well of the Religion, as the Customs of the Country; and in these two different Kinds of Assembly, I made an Acquaintance with a Merchant, a Native of *Pavia*, who was at that time at *Utrecht* on the Account of Trade; his Home being at *Geneva*, where he lived in good Circumstances. As he knew me to be an *Italian* by my Accent, we soon enter'd into a Friendship, which is natural to People of the same Country, who meet in a foreign Part. We separated from one another, with a Promise of meeting again; and he having seen me home to my Lodging, and acquainted me with his, we parted for that Night.

The next Morning he made me a Visit, and after I had treated him with Chocolate, propos'd a Walk out of Town, in which we began a very particular sort of Discourse. I know, said my *Genevan*, you are an *Italian*; but may I ask what Part of the Country you come from? I was a little surpriz'd at his Curiosity; but having told him I was of *Sicily*, We are a great way distant, said he; for I am of *Lombardy*, born at *Pavia*. He had scarce pronounced the last Word, when he burst into such a Flood of Tears, and made so many Exclamations, that I thought he was either mad, or had left something behind him extremely valuable. We continu'd both for some time speechless; but at length, breaking Silence, I begg'd him to confide in me, and assured him, if he thought me capable of assisting him any way, he should find me very ready to serve him. He received my Offers very civilly, and having sworn me to Secrecy, began in this manner the History of his Misfortunes:

You see, said he, in me, the most unhappy of Men. I am by Birth a Gentleman: My Parents, having a numerous Family, at Ten Years of Age forced me into a Convent; I need not tell you of what Order, it not signifying any thing to my Story. At Sixteen, the Age prescribed by the Council, I made my Vows, without knowing what I did. I had very good Success in my Studies, and distinguish'd myself from all my Fellow-Scholars; and having taken Orders, and become a Priest, I apply'd myself to Preaching, as what would soonest get me Reputation, and in a short time made myself fit for the best Pulpits in *Italy*.

In this Employment I signalized myself so far, that I look'd upon the Mitre as the least Reward that was due to my Labours. This, and my good Humour, made me the Darling both of the Great and Vulgar; and I heard a thousand Blessings pour'd out after me where-ever I went. How mistaken, thought I, is the World! and how infinitely short are all its Delights, of those which a Clergyman of true Merit and Reputation enjoys! Pleased as I was with my Fortune, I knew not that this Calm would be so soon succeeded by the most violent Storm,

Storm, in which it is more than a Wonder that I did not perish; as you yourself will presently be able to judge.

A Lady of the first Quality had obliged me sometimes to visit and entertain her with Moral Discourses: She was persuaded, she told me, that I practised the Things I preach'd, and that my Order, tho' not the most austere, must needs be perfect, since it could produce a Man like me. This kind of Flattery, pronounced in the tenderest Accent, and accompany'd with the most enchanting Looks, allow'd me but little Room to doubt of her Meaning; which, however, I pretended not to understand, but putting on an affected Simplicity and Humility, always withdrew from the fair Seducer, without coming to an Explanation. We continued in this Situation above a Year, when, at length, considering the Danger I expos'd myself to, I resolv'd to see the Lady no more; and in order to pursue my Resolution, I took the Opportunity of the Provincial's Visitation to beg him to assign me some other Convent to live in, seeing I could stay no longer at *Pavia*, for the continual Visits I was obliged to pay and receive.

The Provincial for some time oppos'd my Design; but came into it at last, I having assured him it concern'd the Welfare of my Soul. I went away in two Days time, without taking Leave of any Friend, not even of my nearest Relations; and as I had the Choice of what Convent I pleas'd for my Retreat, I pick'd out a very solitary one, that I might the better follow my Studies. I had already begun upon a Set of Sermons for *Lent*, which I design'd to preach at the Court of *Rome*, where I had several Friends, and even a Relation of great Note, and where I doubted not but I should so distinguish myself, as not to fail in a little time of some considerable Dignity.

Some Days after my Departure, the Provincial paying a Visit to the Countess *Bernoli*, after several pious Matters had been handled, the Conversation turn'd upon the Effect my Preaching had had in the City. 'Tis true, said the Provincial, Father *Ambrose* is a most extraordinary Genius, and 'twas with the greatest Regret I gave him Leave to change his Convent; but I was forced to

yield to his Importunity, and he went away two Days ago for *Pietra Sancta* in *Tuscany*.

The Countess was extremely surprized at this News, and continued for some time under the greatest Consternation; but at last her Fear of the Provincial's taking Notice of her Concern brought her to herself, and she dextrously shifted the Discourse to some other Subject, till he went away, and left her at Liberty to pursue her Reflections.

She presently guess'd at the true Motive of my sudden Departure; and conscious of her Charms, knew it was from them that I fled with so much Precipitation. This was no sooner thought of, than she resolved to punish my Flight, and only waited for an Opportunity to make me feel the utmost Effects of her Power. She had a Foster-Sister, who had been brought up with her, and in whom Nature and a good Education had join'd to make one of the wittiest Girls in *Pavia*. The Countess trusted her with her Secret, and begged her to make me a Visit in the Habit of a Hermit, to see what I was doing, and whether I had not some new Mistress in my Retreat: *Rose* (for that was her Name) soon consented; and in order to take away any Suspicion of her Journey, pretended to go into a Convent; and having made all things ready, set forward, with a Letter from the Countess, which, as near as I can remember, contain'd these Words:

L E T T E R.

“ I AM concern'd at your hasty Departure, and the
 “ more, in that I know not what to attribute it to.
 “ I sometimes cannot help thinking I am the Cause; but
 “ this Imagination is perhaps only the Creature of my
 “ Vanity. However, I send *Rose* to you in this Dis-
 “ guise, to be satisfy'd whether I deceive myself or not.
 “ After so extraordinary a Step, I need not tell you how
 “ agreeable it would be to me, to find myself in the
 “ right; and as I shall be under the greatest Uneasiness
 “ till her Return, so I shall certainly die with Grief, if
 “ I do not find you as I desire. Read this Letter again
 “ and

“and again; consider what I do for you, and then I
 “am sure you cannot be otherwise than what I would
 “have you. *Adieu.*”

Ah, Sir, cry'd I, how passionate are the Expressions in this Letter! How could you find in your Heart to abandon a Lady of so much Wit, and who loved you so tenderly! Have Patience, reply'd the *Lombard*, and you will soon wonder more at the Cruelty of my Fortune. *Rose* found me at *Pietra Santa*, at a time when I enjoy'd a perfect Tranquillity of Soul; and when, having divested myself of all Passions, I had devoted myself wholly to Study. I never went out; and the Convent being without the Town, was very little frequented. I was as private as I desired to be, having always declined Preaching, whatever Instances were made to me, under Pretence that I came thither only to study. In this Situation, it was one Day told me, that a young Hermit desired to speak with me, and that he had a Letter which he was to deliver to me alone. I was presently curious to know what this might be; and going to the Gate, I found indeed a young Friar with a black Beard, and cropt Hair, looking very demurely. Reverend Father, said he, with an Air of great Submission and Modesty, I am sent by our Community to consult you on an extraordinary Accident that has lately happen'd to us: But as this Place is too publick, and the Case will take up some time to lay before you, to which I must beg your Answer in Writing, that it may serve as a Rule for our present and future Conduct, I desire you'll be so good as to let me speak with you in your Chamber, where I will detain you no longer than just the Affair requires.

I could not foresee what would happen; and who indeed would have thought it? 'Twas an Action which Love alone was capable of inspiring. Having return'd the Civilities of my holy Hermit, and brought him into my Chamber, where I desired him to sit down, and to tell me what he had to say, he drew a Letter out of his Bosom, which while I was reading, he took off his Hood and his Beard, and expos'd the beautifullest Face, the fairest Skin, and finest Eyes, that Nature ever form'd.

Doubly surpris'd with the Terms of the Letter, and the strange Metamorphosis before me, I was some time in doubt what to think or say. I found myself assaulted at once by two different Passions; but as I had no time to reflect, or prepare for Resistance, on a sudden all my Virtue left me; a new Flame, a Fire till then unfelt, seiz'd on my Soul: The Countess and her Letter were immediately forgot; the Charms of the present Object occupy'd my Mind, and I gave myself entirely up to a Passion for the most desirable Person in the World. The Return I had was fully to my Desire; and we presently took Measures together for an Union which was to last for Life.

I had been made Cashier of the Convent, and had at that time five or six hundred Pistoles in my Keeping. This was a convenient Sum, and I resolv'd to take it with me; but as the Prior of the Convent had one Key to the Chest, and myself another, it could not be open'd without both were together; so that I was some time at a Loss how to get at it; but at length Love furnish'd me with an Invention, which was to make a Hole in the Bottom of the Chest, which with much labouring for two Nights together I did. In the mean time, I desired my holy Anchorite to wait for me in a neighbouring Village, and with some Money which I had given her, to buy a Horse, which might carry us in a few Days out of *Italy*. Some Days after, I pretended to make a Trip to *Pisa*, which I had a Desire to see; and having got an excellent Horse under me, which belong'd to the Convent, away I went to the Village where my young Hermit stay'd for me. We lost no Time, but made the best of our Way toward *Switzerland*: It was then the Midst of Summer; and we made such Haste, travelling all Night, and resting by Day, that in twelve Days time we arriv'd at *Geneva*. I had before provided myself with Cloaths fit to appear in at *Bologna*, and had made *Rose* resume her Woman's Dress, in which I found her a thousand times more charming, than she had appear'd to me under her Disguise.

As soon as we came to *Geneva*, we got ourselves marry'd, and pretended to be both *Sicilians*, which nobody

body attempted to contradict us. I had no Design to turn Preacher, or to be known for what I was : Therefore, when they examined me as to what I had been in my own Country, I told them I was a Merchant ; that I came thither to follow Commerce, to live under the Protection of the Republick, and to conform myself to its Laws, Customs, and Religion. In this manner, Sir, I left my Country; for which I continually feel a Remorse, which must proceed from something else beside Prejudice.

I have lived thus ten Years with my Wife, and have so much Reason to be satisfied with her, that I would freely give all I am worth, which is more than an hundred and sixty thousand Livres, that I could possess her without any Allay of Conscience, which poisons all my Delights, and haunts me so continually, that were it not for the Love I bear my Daughter, the Issue of our Marriage, I would return to the Church, whatever Punishment attended my Reconciliation.

But what became of your Countess ? said I to him. I am going to tell you, answered he ; and I believe you will not be a little surprized at the rest of my Story. You may think, that my Affair made no little Noise in the World. My Relations were extremely concerned ; and my Mother, who was then alive, could not forgive herself the being, as she thought, the Occasion of my eternal Loss. She wept continually, and grieved so much, that my eldest Brother, who could not bear to see her in that Condition, took it in his Head to find me out ; flattering himself he should be able to bring me back to the Church, if he was so happy as to discover me. To this end, he travelled all over *Swisserland* ; made some Stay in all the principal Towns, and went to Sermons, in Hopes of finding me among the Auditors ; thinking, no doubt, that as I went away with a Girl, I must needs have abandoned my Religion, and he should hear of me among the Protestants.

After having gone thro' *Swisserland*, with a Resolution to travel all *Europe* over, but he would find me, he came to *Geneva*. My Wife saw him go by our Door, and immediately gave me Notice ; and for fear I might not

have Power to resist the Impressions of Nature, locked up my Cloaths, and swore, I should not stir out till she was entirely free from all Apprehensions of Danger. To this end, she set a Spy upon my Brother, who was to watch, and give her an Account of every Motion of his. My Brother took a great deal of Pains to inquire me out; he described me to every one he met, but all in vain; nobody knew me by his Description; and it was impossible to think of me, in my present Disguise, by the Picture he made of me.

In a Fortnight's time, my Spy brought me Word, that my Brother was gone away for *France*; and then my Wife and I, having recovered from our Fright, began to think of some Business, by which we might live and increase our small Stock.

I took to Jewelling, as being most to my Fancy, and wherein I could always carry my Estate about me in a small Compass. I was the more encouraged to follow that Trade, from a very extraordinary Accident which happen'd to me at my first setting out: One Day, walking out of Town, full of the Thoughts of my Condition, and in doubt whether I should return to *Italy* or not, a poor Man came and begged an Alms of me; he told me, he had not always been a Beggar, but that an Affair of Consequence had obliged him to quit his Country; his House having been invell'd by the grand Provost, and he forced to save himself by private Ways, travelling only by Night, and having purposely torn his Cloaths, the more to disguise him. That he had saved nothing in this Wreck of his Fortune, but one rough Stone, which had been in his Family above four hundred Years, and which, in pursuance of a successive Order from Father to Son, had never been sold, but constantly transmitted to the Eldest of the House; but that now (giving a deep Sigh) he saw the Time was come, when he must part with it; for that else, he had no means of living, and the Price of it might put him into some Way of getting his Bread.

I told him I was sorry for his Misfortunes; bid him take Comfort, and assured him, that if I could help him, I would; not only to live, but to live happily. He thanked

thanked me, and taking out the Stone he spoke of, I soon saw it was a rough Diamond ; but, as I did not perfectly know the Value of it, I asked him if he knew what it was. He told me, that it had never been shewn to any body out of his Family, into which it came, according to Tradition, and a Family Chronicle, by the following Means : An Ancestor of his, in the Reign of King *John*, having been taken Prisoner, with his King, at the Battle of *Poitiers*, by the Prince of *Wales*, and carried into *England*, walking one Day on the Shore of the Isle of *Wight*, thinking on the Means of his Escape, and how to return to *Poitou* his native Country ; an Eagle, that was hovering in the Air over his Head, let drop this Stone from between his Talons upon the Brim of his Hat, which fell with such Weight, that it pierced the Hat, as a Musket-ball would have done.

My Ancestor, said the *Frenchman*, tho' extremely surprized at the Accident, took up the Stone ; and by its Weight and Beauty guessing it to be of great Value, hid it carefully, and kept it till his Return ; when, being visited by several Persons of Distinction, and among the rest, by a Gentleman who had travelled, and was very knowing in Jewels, he advised my Grand-fire to keep it private, and not to part with it, but in the utmost Extremity ; it being the finest of its kind in *Europe*. Thus, Sir, this Stone came into our Family, in which it has continued ever since, and has always distinguished, and given a kind of superior Nobility to the Eldest of our House by its Possession. Few People know the Story ; and they that do, believe it was long ago sold to a *Jew*, and is no longer in our keeping.

I knew not what to do in such a Conjunction. I was in some Apprehension of the Eloquence of the *French*, who have the Art of putting off Glass for Diamonds ; but then there appeared so much Ingenuity and Truth in the Discourse and Looks of that poor unhappy Man, that I determin'd myself to offer him a hundred Pistoles for his Jewel. I told him, that I had no great Fancy for the Stone ; however I would give him that Sum for it, in order to lay the Foundation of his future better Fortune. Then, without giving him Time to answer me,

I told out the Money in *Spanish Pistoles* ; and whether the Sight of the Gold dazled him, or my lucky Minute was come, he took the Money, and left me the Stone ; then clapping his Hat to his Head, with an Air of Despair, and sending forth a most lamentable Cry, without saying another Word to me, or accepting the Offer I made him to give him some Refreshment at *Geneva*, away he went as swift as Lightning, and left me in a real Astonishment.

When I got home, my Wife saw that something extraordinary had happened, and took Notice, that I laugh'd and talked to myself. She could not imagine what should occasion so particular a Humour, but begged me to let her participate in my Mirth. I love my Wife, and may say, she has a great deal of Discretion. I told her the Story, with which she was mightily pleased, and thought as I did, that the Stone was worth a vast deal ; the only Doubt we had, was how and where to sell it. To this Purpose we resolved to go for *Holland* ; and having procured Letters of Recommendation, we set forward for *Amsterdam*, and arrived there in two Months.

In that famous City there are all sorts of Traders ; and I can take upon me to say, that tho' the *Jews* are generally accused of unfair Dealing in Business, yet the *Portugueze Jews* are far from deserving that Character ; nay, there are some of them, in whom you may find, not only a perfect Honesty, but even the Height of Generosity, and Greatness of Soul. I speak this, on the account of a Merchant of that Nation, to whom I addressed myself, and shewed the Stone ; he asked me, Whence I had that Diamond, and what Angel had put it into my Hands ? I then pretended to act the Lapidary, and told him, it signified nothing to him to know where I got it ; but that I was recommended to him, as to a truly honest Man, to sell it for me. He told me, he would buy it himself, if I pleased ; and offered me Twenty-five thousand Crowns ready Money, and Ten thousand Crowns in other Stones, some set, some not. The Greatness of the Sum surprized me ; I had no Time to reflect ; the Bargain was immediately struck ; the
Diamond

Diamond and Money at once exchanged, and the whole Affair did not take up an Hour in transacting.

I never was so pleased with my Fortune as that Day. I returned to my Lodging, and gave my Wife Joy of our good Luck ; and after having given repeated Thanks to God for it, we resolved to associate his spiritual Members in our Commerce, and to participate with the Poor, in all Advantages we should make. Soon after, we returned to *Geneva*, where I had ever since carry'd on the same Business ; and that with so much Success, that I can attribute it to nothing but the especial Blessing of God on my Alms, and the Relief I have ever been ready to give the Poor. I came to *Holland*, now, this second time, upon an Affair which a Friend of mine engaged me in with the Republick ; but it having failed of Success, I intend to return next Week, with the greatest Impatience, to see my Wife, whom I can never too much esteem. But now for your Story, my dear Country-man : Have you nothing to tell me ? Surely, you did not come so far from home for nothing ! What do you intend to do ? Can I any way serve you, either myself, or by my Friends ? You seem to me to have something extraordinary in you ; and without pretending to be a Conjuror, I cannot but think you have, as well as myself, very much the Air of one of the Pope's *Militia*.

I shifted off the Inquiries of the Jeweller as well as I could, and told him, it was chiefly a Curiosity of seeing strange Places, which had made me travel over the best Part of *Europe*, and had brought me to that Country : That I was of all Trades and Professions ; in one Place a Coffee-man, in another a Perfumer, in a third a Jeweller, sometimes an Antiquary, and sometimes a Picture-broker : That Curiosity was my predominant Passion ; that I had neither Wife nor Children, and my Religion agreed with all the Religions of the World ; that I had so much Philosophy, as to resolve to be happy as long as I had so live ; to divest myself of all Prejudice, to think freely, to do Good, to avoid Evil, and to laugh at the Folly of Men, who load Life with imaginary Burdens, and make a Trouble of every thing that happens to them. This, Sir, is my System. And a very happy one, reply'd he, it is: Na-

ture has favoured few People with such a Genius. He was just going to take Leave, when I desired him to tell me what became of the Countess *Bernoli*, and how she digested the Affront her Foster-Sister had put upon her.

She conceal'd, reply'd he, as much as possible, her Resentment; and only endeavour'd to find out my Retreat: After which, she resolv'd either to bring me back to perish in the Inquisition, or to destroy me in the Place where I should be found. To this end, she disguised her cruel Designs with the Mask of Charity, and told the Provincial, that as she feared she had in some measure been the Occasion of my Flight, she was willing, in order to save my Soul, and regain me to the Church, to reimburse him the Money I had taken away; which she would do, as soon as he should give her any Intelligence where I was.

The Provincial propos'd this in full Chapter, and promis'd a considerable Reward to whoever would take the Pains to find me out.

There was one among the Friars, who, out of a particular Spite to me, and in Hopes of the Reward, undertook the Employ; and after having received his Instructions from the Countess, and disguised himself in a secular Habit, he came directly to *Geneva*, where he suspected I was; and apply'd himself to the Minister of the *Italian Church*, to be instructed and received into the *Calvinist Religion*. Those good People are very fond of Profelytes, and look upon them as so many lost Sheep restored to the Fold by the good Shepherd; and our *Lombard* was so docile, that receiving their Instructions as fast as they gave them, in eight Days time he was presented to the Consistory, as a new Convert. In the mean time, he frequented the daily Prayers and Sermons, and pretended to so much Zeal, that it was look'd upon as very extraordinary, and caus'd him to be the more taken Notice of.

The Minister who had the Instruction of this pretended Profelyte, hearing I was indispos'd, came one Evening to see me: And after some Discourse concerning the Irregularities of the *Romish Church*, and of the continual Acquisitions the Reformation had made, by the Conversion of some of the most learned Doctors, and most celebrated

celebrated Preachers of that Communion ; There is lately, added he, come over to us, a Friar of such an Order, who is so penetrated with the Piety of our Doctrine and Manners, that he seems to be in an Ecstasy whenever he speaks to us on that Head.

The Minister had no sooner named the Friar and the Order he was of, but I felt a strange Emotion at my Heart. I told him, it would be but prudent in him to examine the Spark a little, and look into his Behaviour at Church ; that this extraordinary Zeal might be only counterfeit, and perhaps his Business at *Geneva* was not to change his Religion, but to find out somebody that was imagin'd to be there, and to have so done. Tho' I said this in a very cool and indifferent manner, it made such an Impression on the Minister, that he resolved to do as I had advised him ; and the next Day, having placed himself so in the Church, as to observe the hypocritical Friar, he took Notice that he never gave the least Heed to the Service or Sermon. After Prayers, he dextrously persuaded him to go home with him ; where having him in his Power, he sent for a Magistrate, before whom he accused the pretended Convert of being an Impostor and Spy ; And perhaps (added the Minister) he is come here upon some worse Errand than we have yet imagin'd. Immediately, without giving him Time to look about him, they laid hold on him, and searching his Pockets, they found about him a Pair of Pistols, a Dagger, and a Box of Poison. Upon the Sight of these unlawful Arms only, they took Occasion to send him to Prison ; and a Week after, having put him to the Rack, he confessed his abominable Design. He told them, I was the Object of his Search ; that he had undertaken to kill me, as the greatest Piece of Service he could do for his Benefactress, the Countess *Bernoli*, to whom he had sworn my Destruction, either by Violence, or secretly ; and that he would certainly have performed what he had sworn, if he had found Opportunity.

His Imprisonment made a great Noise in *Geneva*, and came to my Ears, with all the Circumstances. I could not but be concerned at the hearing my Name mentioned, which I had never discovered to any body there. My
Wife

Wife was extremely frightened, and asked the Minister, and our other Friends; who were then talking of this Affair, what would be done to the wicked Wretch? He will be put to Death, answered they, in the same manner he would have murdered his Countryman and Fellow-Friar. Holy Scripture pronounces his Sentence, where it directs Eye for Eye, Tooth for Tooth, &c. So, he will only have his Choice of the three Sorts of Death he would have inflicted on another; that is, either to be stabbed with the Dagger, shot thro' the Head with the Pistol, or to swallow his own Poison.

Notwithstanding the Reason I had to be glad of the Destruction of so dangerous an Enemy, Compassion prevailed over my Fears and Resentment; and I remembered, that the greatest Sacrifice that we can make to God, is forgiving Injuries. I was so possessed with this Christian Notion of Pardoning, that I forgot that I was then a Jeweller, and no longer a Preacher. I undertook to answer the Company; and as if I had been in the Pulpit, established the divine Doctrine of *Forgiving our Enemies*, with the same Vehemence and Eloquence, as had formerly acquired me so much Reputation: So that my Auditors began to suspect I was another sort of a Person than I had appeared to be, and perhaps was the very Man the Friar came to kill.

With such Reflections as these, the Company went away; but left my Wife and me under no small Concern and Perplexity. We formed a hundred Projects for our Conduct, which fell to nothing as soon as made. We sometimes thought of coming to live in *Holland*; but the Remembrance of our dear Country, and some secret Presage of something yet to happen, forbade our removing so far from *Italy*. At length, we resolved to stay at *Geneva*, and that I should go to the Magistrates to beg their Protection, and declare myself the Person who was sought after to be murdered. This I did, and my Name being known, I was presently distinguished by the Honour my Preaching had done me at home. They offered me Employment in the Church; but that I absolutely refused, under Pretence that I had lost all my former Ideas; tho' in reality it was, because I had no mind to preach that
which

which I did not think the Doctrine of Truth. For not to lye to you, I have no Esteem for the *Calvinian* Sect. I see something in them so opposite to the Gospel, and so different from the Purity of Primitive Times, which they pretend to have revived in their Reformation, that I wonder how so many People of good Sense can give themselves up to Opinions, as they do, lightly, and without Examination. Nothing is more surprizing to me, than that, for sixteen hundred Years, the Church, as well *Greek* as *Latin*, should agree in Opinion, concerning the Eucharist and Transubstantiation; and at last, the Error should be revealed only to such an one as *Calvin*. I do not understand neither, how a Woman can be capable of interpreting the Holy Scriptures, and of judging and deciding in sacred Matters. You know, my dear Country-man, *St. Paul* is expressly against this Practice, and enjoins Women Silence in these Things.

I interrupted my *Lombard*, and asked him, if he had heard nothing more of his Friar, or of his Countess *Bernoli*? He began to wonder at my Curiosity, and suspecting I might have some Acquaintance with the Countess, he told me he had not Time to entertain me longer, being obliged to prepare for his Departure; but that it was not impossible but we might meet again, when we should have more Leisure to give one another an Account of our Adventures. Upon this, making a low Bow, and giving me the *Buon dì a Vosignoria*, he left me very much surprized.

I must own, his abrupt Way of leaving me made me suspect he was not what he pretended to be. I did not know, but he might be some Spy set upon me, to discover what I was, and what I came to do in *Holland*; so that when I got home, I told *Janine* the Story, and asked her Sentiments, which I had often experienced to be very just, on the Matter. She, tho' she had had but an indifferent Education, had very much improved by the Lessons I had given her; and the natural Genius I saw in her, encouraged me to explain things to her, and to put her in a Method of thinking justly; so that she soon attained to a way of reasoning, and solving Difficulties, which few People are capable of.

Having

Having reflected a little on what I had said to her, she told me, that my Conjectures might be true; but that, on the other hand, it was as possible they might be false; for that, as far as she could see into the Customs of the People of *Holland*, they were far from making use of Spies, since any body, of what Religion or Profession soever, was welcome there: That this *Lombard* might really be what he described himself, and might have no other Motive to tell me his Story, but his Curiosity to know mine; but, as he saw me reserved upon that Head, and still very inquisitive to know what concerned him, he might resent it, and that might occasion his leaving me in the manner he did. But you, continued *Janine*, have one sure Way of knowing what is become of the Countess *Bernoli*; inquire of your *Cabala*; that has never failed you yet.

I took her Advice, and going to my Chamber, went to work to discover who my Jeweller was; and having stated my Question, and writ the Names which agreed with the Answer I expected, I found by the Numbers and Combination of the Letters, that I was right, and the Jeweller had told me the Truth. I found likewise, that the Countess *Bernoli* was of *Naples*, and Daughter to Prince *T-----*, my dear Marchioness's Father.

I was under the greatest Astonishment, when I called to mind the Idea of my dear Sister, and form'd to myself a hundred ridiculous Imaginations. Sometimes I thought it was the Marchioness herself, who, having recover'd from her Illness at *Tivoli*, had changed her Name, and was come to settle in the extreme Part of *Italy*; but then, thought I, my Sister is not of that cruel Nature as this Countess *Bernoli*, and she could not be married again, since her Husband the Marquis *P . . .* is still living. Nevertheless, I found myself press'd, by I knew not what Motive, to see that Countess; and as I went out of my Chamber full of those Ideas, and very pensive, *Janine* took Notice of it, and ask'd me whether my *Cabala* had put me out of Humour; if so, she begg'd me not to conceal any thing from her, and she would endeavour to make me easy.

I thought:

I thought I ought to refuse nothing to so much Kindness, and therefore told her the whole Matter. I begg'd her to consider of it, and to give me her Opinion on a Design I had formed, but which I was too passionate to think on coolly, and as I ought. Tell me, then, said that kind Wench, what is your Design? Perhaps, it agrees with my Thoughts of the Matter. I told her, my Design was to go disguised into *Italy*, to inform myself in a Thing which I shall never be easy till I know. If, in the Countess *Bernoli*, I find my dear Sister, the Marchioness, I am at the Height of my Desires; for I must own to you, that nothing in the World is dearer to me than that amiable Person; if I find myself mistaken, I will immediately return. You may stay in the mean time at *Utrecht*, and prepare our Liquors: I shall not be above a Month or six Weeks from home; if, in that time, I do not return, you may conclude, that either I am dead, or the Countess *Bernoli* is the same with my dear Sister the Marchioness P-----. *Fanine* knew too well the Violence of my Resolutions, to oppose any Design I was so set upon; she, therefore, pretended to enter into my Sentiments, and instead of opposing them, encouraged me with a thousand good Reasons, which she invented; so that I fixed upon that Day seven-night for my Departure.

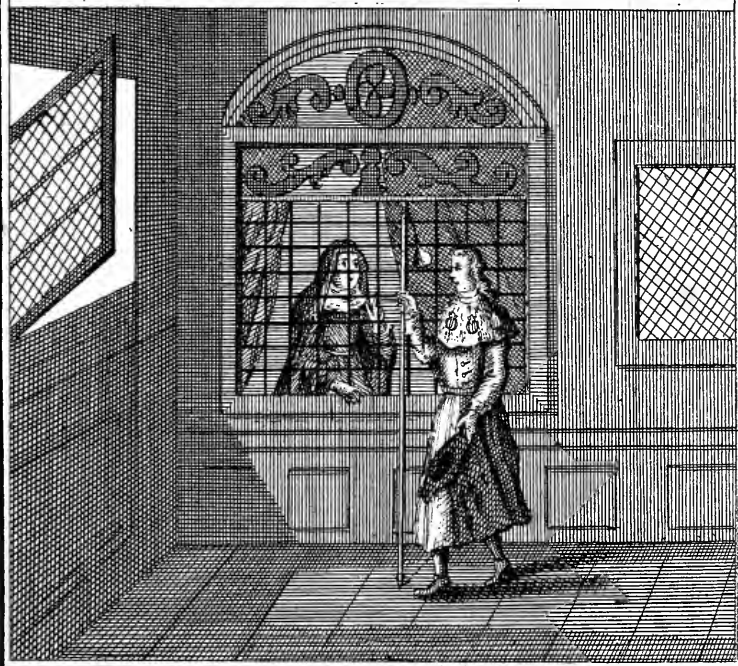
I went away Post, and made such Haste, that I arriv'd at *Turin* in ten Days; there I disguised myself in the Habit of a Pedlar, and bought a Box, which I filled with fine *Hollands*, *Mecklin* Laces, which I brought with me, and some very rich Ribbands which I had bought at *Lyons*. In short, my Pack stood me in a hundred Pistoles; and I was pretty sure my Merchandizes would fetch me my Money again, beside paying the Charge of my Journey.

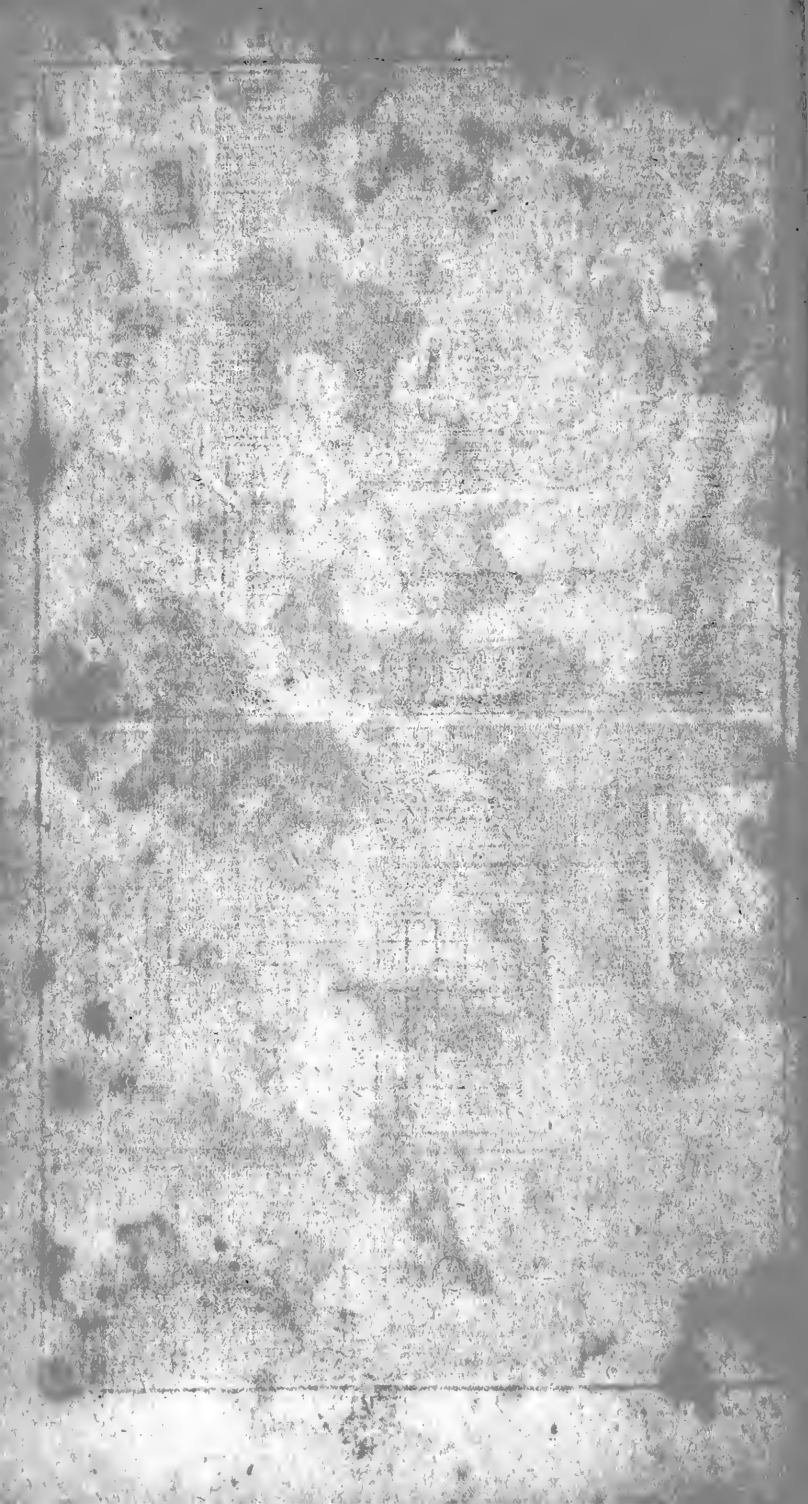
The first Day, I travelled but about six Miles from *Turin*, and went to lie at a Mill, where I was made very welcome: The Miller was but newly married, and was very fond of his Wife. He asked me whence I came? I answered him in a broken kind of Gibberish he did not understand; he asked me, if I could not speak *Italian*? I answered him by Signs, No; so that he was not cautious
of

of saying any thing before me ; and while we were at Supper, I was entertained with a very diverting Scene.

Houfewise, says he to his Wife, are not you ashamed to play these Tricks with me ? Pray how came I to have fix Eggs for my Breakfast this Morning ? Had I deserved them ? Do not you remember the Bargain we made ? *Diavolo*, I believe the Hermit we took in last Night, slept into my Place, while I went out to see that nobody turned the Water off the Mill into the Meadows. Faith, I know nothing of the Matter, said the Wife ; but in the Dark, you know any body may mistake ; all I remember is, that I was afraid our Hens would not lay Eggs enough, to make good the Promise I had made. Oh ! the poor Innocent ! says the Miller, You know nothing of the Mater ; and Hermits are harmless poor Souls ; that don't know a Girl from a Boy ; but 'sdiggers, Mistresses, I don't understand these Doings ; I should be well help up, to keep a Wife for the Convenience of that sort of Gentry : No, no, no more sanctified Frocks within my Doors. But, *John*, reply'd the Wife, why, you put yourself in a Passion, as if it was really the Hermit ; why, what a duce should not I have felt his Beard ? I tell you, Wife, you are a Slut, and I'm a Beast ; so let's eat our Supper, and say no more of it ; but I won't be served so another time. I'll eat no Eggs but what I earn. I would not, for a good deal, that this Stranger understood what we have been talking of ; he appears to be a good honest Man ; when we have supped, pray go and make his Bed ; for he seems to be very much tired.

So I was indeed, and was thinking of nothing but how to get as soon as I could to *Pavia*, to satisfy myself in what I so ardently desired to know. The Inquiry I had made by the *Cabala*, had assured me, that my dear Mistress was still alive, and that her Death had only been reported, to conceal her from the Jealousy of *Queen Christina*. This Thought gave me the utmost Impatience, and made me travel with so good a Will, that I arrived at *Pavia* the third Day after my setting out from *Turin*. I was equipt after the manner of *French* Pedlars, having under my Arm two little Boxes, one fill'd with Toys, and t'other with





with fine Laces and *Hollands*. When I came to my Inn, I pretended to speak very little *Italian*, and jabber'd a kind of Gibberish, which made my Landlord believe I was an itinerant *Haberdaſher* of *Flanders*. He ask'd me, if he had not gueſs'd right: And I confirming him in that Opinion, he, to ſhew himſelf a good Subject of the King of *Spain's*, gave me all the good Words imaginable. The *Lombards* are the beſt qualified for Publicans of all the People of *Italy*; nothing can be more obliging, than theirs and their Servants Behaviour; and you would believe, by the Reception they give you at firſt Sight, that they had known you Thirty Years.

After I had ſounded my Landlord's Diſpoſition, and found him to be one that was fit for, and would undertake any thing for Money, I ventured to talk with him. To that end, pretending to be ſomething out of Order, I bad them lay the Cloth in my Chamber, and invited my Hoſt to bear me Company, telling him at the ſame time, he ſhould be no Loſer by it. He was very glad to do me that Pleaſure, and I engaged him the more in my Intereſt, by preſenting him with a Crown-Piece. This ſo pleaſed him, that he knew not which way to expreſs his Gratitude to me; he committed a thouſand Follies, talk'd in Proſe and Rhyme, and ſwore he would ſpend the laſt Drop of Blood in his Body to ſerve me; nay, he was ſo ſilly, as to whiſper and tell me, he was ſure, by my Air, that I was no Pedlar; and that he believed I was ſome Prince, who travell'd in that Diſguiſe to ſee the Country. I then began to repent of my Generoſity; but endeavour'd to perſuade him he was miſtaken; and to turn the Diſcourſe upon the Nobility of *Pavia*, I ask'd him if he himſelf was not the Son of ſome Gentleman, and had been changed in the Cradle; for I ſaw in him ſuch an Air of Grandeur, and ſuch genteel Inclinations, that I could not but very much ſuſpect it. He appear'd ſomething diſorder'd at this, and without poſitively owning it, would, by his Silence, have given me to underſtand, that I had gueſs'd very right. As I ſpoke a ſtrange ſort of Jargon, he did not very well underſtand me; but would have enter'd upon his own pretended Hiſtory from his Birth: But I was not willing to loſe
Time,

Time, in attending to a Parcel of Lyes, which the *Italians* of the lowest Degree have always at hand. I therefore once more put him upon giving me an Account of the Nobility, and People of Quality, at *Pavia*; and desired him to tell me, who were the most likely to take my Wares off my Hands.

Sir, said he, if all your Business at *Pavia* is only to dispose of your Goods, you need not stay here two Days; here is one single Lady will buy all you have. She is a Widow, has no Children, and enjoys above Twenty thousand Crowns a Year Estate. You, no doubt, have heard of her Name; for who has not? She is known all the World over, for her Generosity, and for her _____. But I need not tell you what she is; if you go and wait upon her, you'll soon know. How do you call this Lady, said I? What, Sir! reply'd he, did you never hear of the Countess *Bernoli*? Sure you have been but little conversant in the World; for fifteen Years, that she has been at *Pavia*, she has done more Mischief than all the Women of *Lombardy* put together. I could pardon her Amours; but I can never forgive her being the Occasion of our losing one of the best Preachers in *Italy*. She was not, indeed, altogether the Cause; but she was necessary to his running away; and the poor Father will certainly be damn'd, for he is turn'd as great a Heretick as *Lucifer*.

I was ready to burst with Laughter at this Discourse of my Host's, and soon found that my Jeweller at *Utrecht* was the Man he spoke of; therefore, inquiring farther of him, he told me his Name, Family, and the Order he was of. I was not a little surprized to find, that this Monk had formerly been my Pupil at *Naples*; and as I presently recollected his Face, and the Tone of his Voice, I wonder'd I should not know him in *Holland*. I remember'd, that when he was under me, he was often sent for by a handsome young Lady, that lived at *Naples*; and I thought that perhaps that Person might, by some Chance or other, remove to *Pavia*, and might be the Countess *Bernoli*. I was the more impatient to see her upon this; and therefore desired my Landlord to let the Countess know, that there was a foreign Mercer who begg'd to have

have the Honour of shewing her his Merchandizes; he went immediately, and brought me an Order to be at the Countess's Palace at Ten the next Morning. I went at the appointed Time, and found her a very handsome and deserving Person: I knew something of her Face, but remember'd not in what Part of the World I had seen her.

I shew'd her all I had that was valuable in my Pack, and being employ'd in gazing upon her, took so little Care of my Goods, that they might all have been carried away for me. This, and my out-of-the-way Answers, when she ask'd me the Price of any thing, made her fix her Eyes upon me, and find some Resemblance in me with my dear unfortunate Mistress, the Marchioness; so that she ask'd me, if I was an *Italian*. No, Madam, answer'd I, I am a *Fleming*, and came into *Italy* to look after something that is left me by an Uncle, who died at *Naples*, in the Viceroy's Service. You are very like, said she, an unhappy Lady of that City, whose Story is of the most tragical Sort; but why should I lament her? Her Fall was my Rise, and 'twas the Justice of Heaven to our Family. You seem to be moved, Madam, said I; surely that Lady did you some very great Wrong. Yes, Friend, reply'd she, that Lady was the Occasion of my being bred and put to Labour, as a poor Peasant's Daughter, in the Country, till I was Twenty-five Years old, while she enjoy'd my Fortune. Ah, Madam, said I, you are only pleas'd to try how credulous I am; your Wit and Air bespeak you to have had an Education agreeable to your present elevated Condition, and very different from what you speak of. Friend, reply'd she, you compliment; but it is as I tell you; and if I should give you my whole Story, you would think me a Heroine of the strangest Adventures that ever happen'd; but let us talk of your Merchandizes, and tell me what you will have for all together. Madam, said I, they cost me Two thousand Livres; and since they please you, I desire no other Advantage by them, than the Honour of furnishing you with some of the most perfect Works in their Kind. You are a very generous Merchant, said she; but I ought not to be out-done by you in Generosity. So,
going

going into her Clofet, she took out Twenty thousand Livres, and added Thirty Pistoles to them for my Profit; so that I got that Morning a Hundred and thirty Pistoles, and made, besides, a good Progress in the Business which was the only End of my Journey.

When I return'd to my Inn, I gave my Host a Pistole, who was ready to die with Joy. Having sold my Wares, I had no farther Pretence to go to any body, or to stay any longer at *Pavia*; but as I mightily desired to enter into the Confidence of the Countess, I ventured to ask Leave to receive her Commands before I went away, which she very graciously granted.

Madam, said I to her in my counterfeit Jargon, your Generosity has so charm'd me, that I should think myself guilty of the greatest of Crimes, if I had gone away without your Orders. I am now returning to *Flanders*, and shall pass by *Geneva*, where I am acquainted with a Jeweller, who is very knowing in his Business, and has the best Choice of Jewels, set in the nicest manner; if you have a Fancy to any thing in his way, I shall be very proud to execute your Commission, and will myself advance the Money, with the only View of rendering your Ladyship some small Service.

The Countess, surprized at the Generosity of my Offer, was for some time silent; at length, *Fleming*, said she, I could be glad to bear you Company to *Geneva*, to look for a Jewel I have been robb'd of; but my Time is not yet come, tho' I hope it is not very far distant. In the mean time, I must tell you, I know not what to think of you: You told me, you was going to *Naples*; and now you are going back to *Geneva*: For aught I know, you may be some Villain, who have introduced yourself into my House, in order to perpetrate some great Roguery. What Jeweller is that you speak of? what's his Name? and where did you come acquainted with him? what Kind of Man is he? Tell me quickly, or I'll have you stabb'd immediately, as a Rogue that was employ'd by your pretended Jeweller to assassinate me. I was now obliged to exert my Imagination, to extricate myself out of this Difficulty; so I forced a Smile, and told her, Madam, I perceive the Man I spoke to
you

you of, has deserved your Anger by some very heinous Crime he has committed: But to shew you how sincerely I have devoted myself to your Service, give me but three Hours time, to make use of my *Cabala*, and I engage to force the Man you speak of to throw himself at your Feet, and ask your Pardon: You shall find, Madam, that as simple as I look here, I can do more than the powerfulest Monarch of the Earth! Ah, *Fleming*, answer'd she, are you really Master of that admirable Art the *Cabala*? Do but what you say, and ask me any thing in my Power. Am I Master of that Science, do you ask? Yes, Madam, said I, I am; and if you please, you shall immediately see a Proof of it: You shall see a Hundred Spirits dancing here in your Apartment. Nay, were it not that a secret Inclination to serve you, prevails on me above all other Considerations, I swear by *Uriel*, *Alaciel*, *Eononiel*, and all the Hundred thousand *Genii* submitted to my Power, that---Here the Countess began to be frighted; for I made most terrible Faces, and foam'd at the Mouth; so that she begg'd me to defer making use of my Art till I was out of her House; for she was apt to be very fearful. She told me, she allowed me not only the three Hours I required, but all that Day and Night. She offer'd me Money, which I refused; and, in short, suffer'd me to go away, of which I was not a little glad; for I had been as much frighten'd by her Threats, as she had been by my pretended Inchantments.

I leave it to any body to guess whether I lost any Time in getting away from *Pavia*. As soon as I came to my Inn, I desired my officious Landlord to get me a Post-Chaise ready at the *Milan Gate*; and when Night came on, I set out with an inexpressible Joy, and by seven the next Evening, arrived at *Turin*; where I stay'd no longer than four or five Hours to rest me, and in three Days after arrived safe at *Geneva*.

The People of that City are very civil to Strangers. Itold my Landlord, who was a *Lyonnois*, that I was a *Spaniard*; that I wanted to speak with a Jeweller in that City, whose Name I did not know, nor where he dwelt; but remembering the Story of the Monk, I mention'd it to him;

him; and as that Affair made a great Noise, he knew the whole Matter, and told it me with all its Circumstances; and said, if I pleas'd, he would go and bring that Jeweller to me. I let him know, he would do me a Pleasure in it. So he went, and soon after came back with my old Acquaintance. It was some time before he knew me, I wearing a great Pair of Whiskers; but at last he embraced me with a great deal of Joy, and told me it was a great Satisfaction to him to see me in that City. The Landlord left us to talk over our Affairs; and then seeing myself at Liberty, I took him again in my Arms, and ask'd him if he had quite forgot his dear Master of Philosophy at *Naples*? Never was Man more transported than he, when he recollected me. You shall not stay here, said he; we shall be more free at my House; and my Wife, who is the best-natur'd Woman in the World, will be infinitely glad to see a Countryman, such as you. So telling my Landlord that I was one of his dearest Friends, away he took me to his House.

I was received by his Wife with all imaginable Civility; and we pass'd the Time till Supper, in discoursing of indifferent Things. After Supper, my Friend sent away his Servants, and then with Tears in his Eyes broke out as follows: Ah! Father *Colli*, is it you I see here, and was it you I met unknown at *Utrecht*? What a Grief it was to me to hear of your Troubles, and how thankful am I to God, for delivering you from them, and restoring you to the Land of the Living! But tell me, I pray you, what could bring you back to *Italy*? Sure it must be something of the highest Concern, that could make you expose yourself, as you have done, to the most exquisite Torments. Do you not know, that your Picture has been sent to every City in *Italy*?—I know it well enough, answer'd I; and I have lately escaped one of the greatest Dangers that ever threaten'd me. I come from *Pavia*, where I spoke with the cruel Countess *Bernoli*; and 'twas to let you know the Barbarity of her Intentions that I came to *Geneva*. 'Tis true, that was not the only End of my Journey; I thought I should learn of her something concerning my dear Mis-

tress

treſs, the Marchioneſs P but I dared not inquire any thing of that infernal Fury. She threaten'd to ſtab me, and had certainly done it, if I had not put on the Air of a Conjurer, and promis'd her, by my Science of the *Cabala*, to oblige you to throw yourſelf at her Feet. But you, my dear Pupil, for ſo I muſt call you, can you tell me nothing of what I ſo earneſtly deſire to know; and yet am afraid to hear? You was, without doubt, at *Naples* when my Troubles came upon me at *Rome*; can you tell me no Particulars of that ſo dear Siſter? Is ſhe dead, or does ſhe ſtill live, as my *Cabala* informs me? Give me, I conjure you, this Satisfaction, and keep me no longer in doubt for her deplorable Fortune. At this, the Jeweller's Wife, Donna *Roſa*, with an Air of Concern, answer'd me; What! ſaid ſhe, is Father *Colli* alive, and free from the Dungeons of the Inquiſition? Sure, ſome Angel deliver'd you; for after ſuch Crimes as you was accuſed of, none ever ſaw the Light again that ever fell into their Power. As to what you inquire after, nobody can inform you better than myſelf.

The Marchioneſs P was not really the Daughter of Count T He never had any Child by his ſecond Wife. One Daughter indeed he had by the firſt, to whom my Mother was Nurſe, and ſhe and I ſuck'd the ſame Milk. My Mother was hired to report the Death of this Child, and to impoſe another on the Count, as his Child by his ſecond Wife, whom he married ſoon after the Death of the firſt; this was never known till the Death of my Mother, when the Marchioneſs was no longer to be found.

It is needleſs, continu'd ſhe, to tell you, Father *Colli*, who was the Marchioneſs's Father; that nobody ought to know better than yourſelf. But I can tell you what few People have heard: Your Miſfortunes, as well as thoſe of your Siſter, were known at *Naples*, and were related with ſuch frightful Circumſtances, that nobody pity'd you. The Marchioneſs's Eſcape created a great deal of Trouble; her Husband was imprifon'd by Order of the Viceroy, and it was about that time that my Mother, falling into her laſt Sickneſs, diſcover'd firſt to her Confefſor, and afterward made a ſolemn Declaration upon

Oath, before the Bishop and Magistrates of *Puzzuoli*, That the Daughter of Count *T* by his first Wife was not dead, as had been believ'd; and that the other, which he was supposed to have had by the second, was not his, but was born a Year before Marriage. I had (said my Mother) the Heiress of the illustrious Family of *T* to nurse; when one Day a Gentleman of a noble Mien and Air came to my House, and gave me a Child to bring up, which he very much recommended to my Care; and the more to engage me, he gave me thirty Pistoles, with a Promise of as much every three Months. His Generosity indeed so affected me, that I thought I could never do enough for him, to deserve it. I took the Child, which was a small tender Creature; whereas the Count's Daughter was a very lusty healthy Child. Soon after, the Countess *T* being dead, the Count married Madam * * * ; and then the same Gentleman who brought me the young Foundling, and who paid me regularly the thirty Pistoles every Quarter, came to see me. He proposed to me, to give out that the Count's Child was dead, and to keep her in the room of my own, whom he persuaded me to send away for some time.

He was so lovely, and such a Master of the Art of Persuasion, that I could not resist him. I sent away my own Child, and remained with my two Nurslings. In the mean time, I gave out, the young Countess was dead; I put a Wax Baby in a Coffin, and bury'd it, and took care to get a Certificate of the Burial; this I sent, with all the Circumstances of the Child's Sickness and Death, by a Friar, one of my Friends, to the Count, who examin'd no farther into it. In the mean time, the new Countess pretended to be with Child, and at her due Time was supposed to be brought to bed of a Daughter, which was sent to me to nurse.

About seven or eight Months after, I was order'd to bring the Count's Daughter to *Naples*; and then the same Gentleman, who had brought the little Stranger to me, came again, to give me my Instructions: He told me, it concern'd my Life to be very secret in the Affair, and order'd me to carry the little *Incognita* for the Child which the Countess had pretended to be deliver'd of.

Never

Never any wicked Intrigue succeeded better. I was received at the Count's Palace with all Acclamations of Joy, and he himself seem'd almost out of his Wits at the Sight of his supposed Daughter: He danced, sung, nay wept for Joy, and committed a thousand Follies, which my present Condition will not allow me to tell you. 'Tis true, the Child was of a very delicate Make, and small; which made it the more excuseable in him, not to know a Girl of a Year and half old from one of seven or eight Months. I have not Time to tell you any more; only I beg the Gentleman to acquaint the Count, that the Marchioness *P* is not his Daughter, but the Child of his Wife before she was married to him; and let him know, that she whom I have brought up for my own Daughter, is his by his first Wife; for a Proof of what I have said, only search the leaden Coffin, and there you will find the whole Story confirm'd.

My unhappy Mother, continu'd the Jeweller's Wife, lived but a few Hours after this Declaration; of which Count *T* being inform'd, he came immediately to *Fuzzuoli*, with a great Number of his Friends and Relations; where having first read my Mother's Affidavit, they open'd the little Coffin, and found nothing in it but a Wax Baby. Then the Count, with a great deal of Joy, acknowledg'd his true Daughter; and having made her change her Country Dress for one suitable to her Birth, he took her to *Naples*, and me with her; we having lived for so many Years together as Sisters, he would not part us, but put us both into a Convent for Education; and some time after, my Lady marrying old Count *Bernoli*, I went with her to *Pavia*, where we lived for ten Years together, and loved like Sisters. In about eight Years time Count *Bernoli* died, and then the Countess began to receive the Visits of Father —, now my Husband, who at that time conquer'd all Hearts with his Behaviour and Eloquence: I was present at all the Entertainments he had with my Lady. I lov'd him passionately, and resolv'd, by some Means or other, to get him from my too happy Rival: Love furnish'd me with an Opportunity, when, after his Retreat to *Pietra Sancta*, I went to him in Disguise with a Letter from the Countess.

rels. My Husband has already told you how that Affair passed: I shall only add, that I believe the Countess would give all she is worth to satisfy her Revenge upon us; but we are out of her Power, and in a Place where she will never have the malicious Pleasure of hurting us. But now, as to your Sister, who is believed to be dead, but is still living, she is in a Convent in a little Town called *Ciutat*, near the Sea-side in *Provence*. You will wonder perhaps to hear that she escaped, after the Order Queen *Christina* gave to deliver her up to her Relations; but that Order was never executed. The Cardinal, who took the Charge upon him, fell in Love with the Marchioness; but finding an unexpected Resistance in her, he resolved, if she would not yield to his Love, to make her feel his Resentment. So having first sent *Rosalia* away, he embarked the Marchioness in a Felucca bound to *Naples*, and saw her depart, without any Regard to her Tears and Complaints: But Fortune was favourable to that illustrious Sufferer; for the Felucca was scarce out of the Mouth of the *Tyber*, when a strong South-East Wind arose, and drove them toward the Coast of *Genoa*. The Sailors endeavour'd, but in vain, to make some Port; all their Art and Labour was fruitless, till after having run an extreme Hazard for three Days and three Nights, they were driven upon the Coast of *Provence* near *Ciutat*.

The Mariners being extremely fatigued, went ashore, to refresh themselves, and the Marchioness with them; who seeing herself somewhat at Liberty, address'd herself to the Woman of the House, and told her some Part of her Misfortunes, and withal what Danger she ran, if she return'd to *Naples*. The Landlady was moved with her unhappy Story, and whatever Pains the People of the Felucca took, they never saw her afterward. They search'd indeed, and made their Complaints; but they were only told, that they should have taken better Care of their Charge; for in *France* nobody was answerable for the Liberty of another, and it was but natural for every body to free themselves from Trouble or Servitude, when they found Opportunity. The Master of the Felucca, being a Man of some Sense and Generosity, con-

tented himself with this Answer, and with the first fair Weather pursu'd his Voyage.

The Marchioness had been eight Days with her kind Landlady, when she was inform'd, that she was at Liberty to do as she pleased. She asked if there was no Convent of Nuns in that Town; and being told there was one of *Ursulines*, she desired to be carried thither. The Abbess was extremely pleased with her noble Air, and engaging Deportment; and having a general Licence from the Bishop of *Marseilles* to receive whom she pleased, she, at the Marchioness's Desire, admitted her as a Boarder: She lived so for two Years, in a most virtuous and exemplary manner, and gain'd so upon the Affections of the Nuns, that they strove who should serve her. She had told her Story to none but the Abbess, whom she assured, that she would take the Habit of her Order, as soon as she knew she might do it safely: To this End she begg'd the good Mother to send somebody to *Naples*, to get some Information of her Husband. A Hermit in the Neighbourhood, who was a Man of Sense, and understood the *Italian* Language, undertook the Employ; and the Marchioness could very well bear the Charge of his Journey, having reserved 10,000 Crowns-worth of Jewels about her, beside 500 *Spanish* Pistoles, which she had sew'd up in her Cloaths. This Affair was communicated to the Great Vicar of *Marseilles*, the Bishop not being there; and the Hermit having received his Instructions, away he went; and in three Months time return'd, fully inform'd of what he went to know. The Marquis, your Sister's Husband, had, at his Inlargement from Prison, taken the Habit of *St. Francis*; and thro' an Excess of Humility, would be no other than a Lay-Brother of the Order. The Hermit went to visit him, and was entertain'd by him with the whole Account of his Misfortunes, and the Troubles his Wife's Infidelity had brought on him; but that what he once thought the greatest of all Misfortunes, *viz.* his Wife's Death, had prov'd his greatest Happiness; for it had open'd to him the Way of Heaven, and brought him into a State of Life perfectly easy to him, and in which he was free from all the Vanities and Vexations of the World. Your

Resolution, reply'd the Hermit, is highly approvable, and was certainly directed by the Hand of God ; but how could they receive you to the Habit, without authentick Proofs of your Wife's Death ? She is dead, without doubt, answer'd the Marquis ; and we have had repeated Accounts of her dying at *Tivoli* by Poison : The Divine Vengeance overtook her there, and punish'd her for her Wrongs to me. Her Waiting-maid wrote us an Account of it, and nobody doubts it. Notwithstanding all this, said the Hermit, she may be still in being, and these Reports of her Death might be only to conceal her while living. Brother, reply'd the Marquis, whether my Lady Marchioness be living or dead, 'tis all one ; we are now separated for ever, and shall never see one another more, till we come before the Tribunal of the Almighty. After more Discourse of this Nature, the Hermit having what he came for, took his Leave, and returned to *Cioutat*. The News he brought, determin'd the Marchioness to take the Habit ; but fearing some Change in her Husband, she did not absolutely make her Profession ; but has continued ever since in that Convent, to which she is a great Benefactress, and where she has acquired the highest Respect for her eminent Virtues.

At this Relation of Signora *Rosa's*, I could not forbear shedding Tears, and deploring my unhappy Sister. I immediately resolved to go to *Provence*, to see once more that dear lovely Marchioness ; but the Jeweller's Wife interrupted my Thoughts, saying, I have not yet done with my Story : The Marquis has seen his Wife, they knew one another, and have sworn an eternal chaste Love to one another, and engaged themselves by the most solemn Vows to preserve an inviolable Friendship, but never to unite more in this World. This the Marquis himself told us at his Return from a Pilgrimage he made to *Provence*, to visit the Relicks of *St. Magdalen* ; in which it pleased God he should meet with his Wife, which happen'd in this manner :

After he had accomplish'd his Pilgrimage, he came to *Marseilles*, and there embarked in a Tartane for *Naples*, which Tartane touch'd at *Cioutat*, to take in some Goods there for a Merchant of *Leghorn*. The Vessel lay a Fortnight

night before that little Town, the Goods not being ready. One Day, the Marquis going to hear Mass in the *Ursulines* Chapel, out of Devotion, offered to serve it. As they knew him to be an *Italian*, who did not understand one Word of *French*, they called the Sister of St. *Januarius* to him, to talk with him in the little Parlour of the Sacrify. They presently knew one another, but could not speak for some time for Passion. At length, with a Flood of Tears on each side, they came to an Explanation, and then swore an everlasting Friendship for one another, and to entertain a mutual Correspondence by Letters, but never to come together again till they met in Heaven. For the Confirmation of their Resolutions, they sent for a Notary, who drew up formal Contracts, which they exchanged, and by which they reciprocally engaged to embrace a religious Life; after which, they parted with a pious Esteem for each, and with the highest Consolation imagine. This, Sir, said Donna Rosa, is the Account which was sent to us at *Pavia*, with which the common Report agrees; and you may give the more Credit to what I say, I having had an Opportunity to see all the Relations of this Affair, which were written to the Countess *Bernoli*.

As soon as I retired to my Chamber, what Reflexions did I fall into upon what I had heard! Am I, said I to myself, the only one condemned by Heaven to die in a State of Reprobation, and shall not all that Providence has done to bring me to myself, affect me? Shall a Woman outdo me in Courage, and go before me in the Ways of Repentance? Shall a Libertine, a Man of Pleasure, make a right Use of the Afflictions God has sent on him, quit his Opulency, and the Delights of the World, to attend to his Salvation, while I, miserable abandoned Wretch, go on to my Perdition? All Night my Mind was agitated with a Thousand Thoughts; and I took a Resolution to go immediately to *Provence* to see my dear Mistress. I communicated my Design the next Morning to my Friend, who, as well as his Wife, opposed it; but in vain; for I stay'd but two Days with them, and then set out by way of the Mountains of *Dauphiné* for *Provence*.

I was in some Perplexity, what Disguise to appear to my charming Marchioness in; for to go to her directly in my then Habit, I thought would not do so well; so I bought me a Pilgrim's Gown of a coarse gray Linnen, with a Rochet of Furr, adorned with Cockle-shells; and with a Pilgrim's Staff in my Hand, away I trudged by the way of *Toulon* to *Cioutat*, and went directly to the Nunnery to ask Charity. It was in the Month of *September*, about Three in the Afternoon, when I came thither; and who should the Portress be, that answered me, but my own dear Mistress? I knew her immediately by her Accent, and the Tone of her Voice; for having spoken to her in *Italian*, she answered me in the same Language, and told me very civilly, if I pleased to walk into the Parlour, she would there discourse with me; for she had a great Pleasure in talking with her Countrymen. I obey'd; but, good God! what a Condition was I in, as soon as I saw her! The Tranquillity she enjoy'd, had restored all her Charms, and under that Habit which uses to deform the most beautiful, the Marchioness *P*----- seemed to me as handsome as an Angel. She was surprized at first to see my Trouble, but much more so, when she found in me her dear long-lost Brother: She was no longer Mistress of herself; but giving a Spring, as if there had been no Grate between us to hinder her rushing into my Arms, the rugged Iron repulsed her, and extended her senseless on the Pavement. The Noise alarmed the Nuns, who immediately ran to help her, and brought her to herself, desiring me in the mean time to go away, and come again the next Day; but the Marchioness recovering, would not permit me to stir; and then they leaving us, we began a Conversation so passionate and tender, that I shall never, while I live, lose the Memory of it.

I see you then once again, Oh, my dearest Brother, cry'd that lovely Sister; and I know not which of us two ought to be most surprized. How came you hither? And what Part of the World have you chose to live in? You undoubtedly thought me dead; and I believed that you had entirely struck me out of your Memory. Alas! your Misfortunes gave me a more sensible Grief, than all
that

that ever happened to myself. How did I afflict myself, when I reflected on the Power of your Enemies! I thought it was impossible you should ever escape their Malice; yet I see you again, but it is in a Habit which shews me you are not yet at Ease. Tell me, for I suffer extremely, till I know where you live, what is your State of Life, and what you resolve to do hereafter. I could not for a long time answer her; Amazement stopped my Voice; and 'twas not but with a Deluge of Tears, and after a Thousand Sighs, that I recovered the Use of my Speech.

Yes, Madam, said I, you see me, and in me you see a most fatal Example of Fortune's Caprice. I hardly know myself what I am; the Desire of finding you, has made me expose myself to a Thousand Dangers, and obliged me to take up an infinite Number of Disguises. I have been all over *France* under several Names, and in Conditions as different, as they were all extraordinary: Sometimes an *Armenian* Pedlar, sometimes a Schoolmaster, To-day a Coffee-man, To-morrow a Monk; in one Place a Beggar, in another a Gentleman, or a Merchant; and now at last, as you see me, a Pilgrim. In all these States I have never had any Rest; your Image was ever present to my Mind; I was ever thinking of your Afflictions: And tho' my own and the perpetual Apprehension I am in of being discovered, are enough to employ my Thoughts; yet the Idea of your Misfortunes has made such an Impression on my Soul, as will never be effaced, but in the Grave. What Risques have I run at *Rome*, *Venice*, *Geneva*, *Lyons*, *Bourdeaux*, *Paris* and *Nantes*? Nothing but the Hand of the Almighty could have preserved me from falling a thousand times into the Snares my Enemies laid for me. I thought at last it was necessary for me to seek an Asylum in some free Country; such as *Holland*. There I am now about to fix, and there I think to spend the Remainder of that Term of Life allotted me by Providence. Let not the Name of *Holland* frighten you: I wish it had pleased Heaven I could have found you in any other Condition than that you are in; you should then have found by the most sincere Respect, and most inviolable Attachment, how

much your Brother loves you. Do not believe, as most of our too religious *Italians* do, that there is no attaining one's Salvation in any Country out of the Papal Dominion; on the contrary, 'tis there that Faith enlarges itself, and flourishes like the Rose among Thorns. In *Holland*, Religion is free as the People, and God has his Temples and Worshippers in all Languages. How shall I recount to you the Charms of that Country? 'Tis a Representation of the Terrestrial Paradise; there every Man is an *Adam* in his State of Innocence, and all the Women are so many *Eves*, that never listen to the Temptations of the Seducer: Such is that happy Country, my dear Mistress; pardon me, if I still call you so; your Bounty, your Generosity, and something, I know not what, have engraven that charming Title so deeply on my Mind, that I can never think of you, but under that agreeable Idea.

My Reader will easily imagine, what were my virtuous Sister's Sentiments on this Discourse: What Alarms do you give me, cry'd she, and how much am I in Pain for your eternal State! Is it possible, that with the Light you have, you should wander so far from the Truth? Will you never be convinced, that Providence, who is not willing you should be for ever lost, has hitherto preserved you, only to give you room to return to yourself? Dear Brother, be not ungrateful for the Mercies of God. I offer you all my Assistance; and am sure I can restore you with Honour to your Order: You may live near us in these Parts; only determine yourself, and you shall see I can surmount the greatest Difficulties, when it concerns your Welfare and Salvation.

Ah, Madam, said I, consider what you propose: I return to my Order! I would refuse the greatest Dignities, and all the Riches in the World, upon that hard Condition. Man is born free, and whatever is done to restrain or abridge that Liberty, is directly contrary to the Design of God Almighty: They who established so severe a Discipline in their Society, had their Reasons for it; but I reason upon different Principles; and as I have made the Holy Scriptures my Study, I find in a Thousand different

erent Places of those sacred Writings, that a forced Sacrifice offered to God for human Respects, and servile Ends, is a Sacrifice that he detests, and has in Abhorrence.

I continued in a Discourse of the same Nature above an Hour; and when I looked at my dear Sister, I thought she seemed to agree with my Sentiments. I was almost beside myself with Joy, and the Hopes I had of persuading her to leave her Cloister, and go with me to *Holland*: But good God! how was I deceived! Her Answer soon destroyed all my vain Hopes, and it seemed as if the Spirit of God had dictated to her, to confound my Doctrine.

Go, unhappy Wretch! said she: You have given yourself up to the Devil, and have learned of that wicked Master to seduce the Innocent: I will, for your Confusion, only mention one Word of that Scripture you so boast of, and which nothing but your Vanity makes you look into: There you will find that God demands nothing of Man, but his Heart. *My Son*, says the Father of Mercies, *give me thy Heart*. Now, what is this Heart, but the Sacrifice of our Will? Have we any thing to give to God, but this Power over our Souls? Oh, my dear Brother, that you did but know what an ineffable Pleasure they enjoy, who have made this Sacrifice! As for me, I bless God every Moment of my Life, that I have had that happy Call.

We parted; and my lovely Sister forbade me seeing her any more, except I changed my Sentiments. I retired to an Inn, where I passed the Night in a great many uneasy Reflections. Sometimes I was for returning to the Bosom of my Mother-Church; but the next Moment, all the Reasons which had been alledged for it, and all which I myself could form, vanished. I was afraid I should yield, if I ventur'd upon a second Interview; and therefore, not to be overcome, I resolved upon Flight; but first I wrote a Letter to my Mistress in these Terms.

L E T T E R.

“ I Go, Madam, full of the Despair you have inspir’d
 “ into me: I go, and I need not tell you, it is to
 “ Destruction; since I cannot, will not live, after you
 “ have made me such a Declaration of the Cruelty of
 “ your Sentiments, and can take up so fatal a Resolution,
 “ as that of seeing me no more. This is my Recom-
 “ pence for all the Hazards I have run! this the Reward
 “ of my Pains in searching you all over *Europe*! Long
 “ may you live, Madam, and enjoy the Tranquillity your
 “ present Condition furnishes you with! As for me, eter-
 “ nal Night will soon veil my Eyes; and the first Preci-
 “ pice I meet with in my Way, shall put an End to my
 “ Sufferings. Then perhaps you will think I am not
 “ altogether unworthy of the Relation I bear to you;
 “ then you will know that I am as firm in my Resolu-
 “ tions, as you can be in yours. Adieu, for ever adieu!
 “ for you will never hear more from your unhappy
 “ Brother.

When I had sealed this Letter, I desired my Landlady to deliver it, but not till three Days after my Departure. Then I paid her, and begged her to procure me a Chaise for *Marseilles*; this she did, and I arrived at *Marseilles* something late at Night.

The next Morning, I took a Post-Chaise for *Lyons*; and without making Stay in any Town upon the Road, any longer than was necessary to rest me, I pursued my Journey, and arrived at *Utrecht*, in nine Days from my Departure from *Cioutat*.

I came home extremely altered and melancholy; but *Fanine*, whom I found in Tears, received me with inexpressible Transports of Joy: You have restored me to Life, said that kind Girl; for if you had deferred coming a Week longer, you would have found me dead. I comforted her, and swore an inviolable Attachment to her till Death: Then I told her all the Particulars of my Voyage: She begged me to forget all that could give me

Un-

Uneasiness ; and we concerted Measures to go and live at *Amsterdam*.

I found but little Likelihood of doing my Business at *Utrecht*, and therefore took a Resolution of removing to that Capital of *Holland*. *Janine* had in my Absence prepared Liquors of all Sorts, and had also made several Chests full of Wash-Balls of an extraordinary Beauty and Roundness, such as nobody else could come up to. Thus, with a Stock of about five or six Thousand Livres, I set up in that great City, or rather in that Metropolis of the Commerce of the Universe ; for 'tis there one may find Merchants of every Nation in the World ; there Trade is not confined to any Species of Merchandize ; there one may see imported every thing that is valuable, either in Sea or Land : In a Word, that City is a perpetual Prodigy, and 'tis the greatest of Wonders to see so many People of different Countries and Religions, in a perfect Union, and agreeing all in two Points, to be honest, and to get Money. I fixed myself near the *Exchange*, the better to observe the Manners of the People, and to carry on my Business. The Novelty of my Drams, and the Excellency of my cool Liquors, soon brought a Crowd of People to my House : they came to me from every Part of the Town, and the Reception I gave every body, gained me an universal Esteem. I apply'd myself particularly to the People of the Country, in order to gain Protectors, and omitted nothing to get into the good Graces of them and their Children. To this end, I hired a Man who knew all the People of Fashion in the Country, and had nothing to do, but to acquaint me, as they came in, with every one's Quality and Worth ; he likewise shewed me among the Strangers, who were worth regarding, and who not.

My Memory was of very great Use to me ; for I learnt not only the Names and Conditions of Persons, but I was often informed of heir most secret Affairs, especially of the amorous Intrigues of the young ones ; beside, *Janine* understood the *Low-Dutch* pretty well, and repeated to me the most of what she heard, tho' both she and I pretended not to understand a Syllable. A whole Month passed thus, with

without my making any particular Acquaintance, except with one Burgomaster, whom I visited three times a Week, to entertain him with the *Belles Lettres*. I may say, I never met with more Uprightness, nor better Sense, in any Magistrate; his Sentiments charmed me, and I began to love his Company, so that I thought it very much to pass two Days without seeing him.

The frequent Visits I made this Gentleman did me harm, and made it be suspected I was his Spy, and that I gave him an Account of what I had heard in my Coffee-Room. It was not indeed the *Hollanders* who conceived that Opinion of me, but a Troop of *French* Refugees, who, being uneasy at leaving their Country, and seeing themselves in but little Esteem in a Country where they would live as in *France*, vent their Discontent in Murmurs, and in forming Designs of the most extravagant Nature.

The War was then going to break out with *France*; this I learnt from two Officers, *Germans* by Nation, who were drinking *Ratafia* at my House: The Discourse ran on *Lewis XIV's*. accepting the Will of *Charles II.* King of *Spain*, in Favour of the Duke of *Anjou*; and the Event afterward proved, that these Gentlemen's Politicks were very refined: As I was obliged to be perpetually moving from one Table to another, where Liquors were wanted, I could not attend to all that was said: Beside, I understand the *German* the least of any Language; but the Substance of the Dialogue was as follows, and the Confirmation of every Particular shews there was something in it more than natural.

Do you think, Sir, said one of them, that the *French* King was well advised in renouncing, as he has done, the Partition, and accepting the Will of *Charles II.*? Could that clear-sighted Prince want Light in an Affair of such Importance, on the Success of which the Happiness of his Subjects, and the Glory of his Reign, depend? Does he in good earnest believe, that *Europe* will see with an unjealous Eye the Union of the two powerfullest Monarchies in the World in one Family? Consider what will be the Strength of two such Kingdoms united, which can never be exhausted either of Men or Money; for my Part, I cannot believe, that the Powers concerned

will

will be long idle, without endeavouring to annul this Union ; and my Guess will fail me, if we don't soon see *Europe* involved in a War as violent and bloody as ever it was before.

Many People are of Opinion, reply'd the other, that the *Spaniards* have only called *France* to the Succession, in order to diminish her superior Strength, consume her Treasures, and destroy Millions of her People. I was lately at my Lord *****'s House in *London*, where I heard speak of this Business in a manner not at all to the Advantage of *France*; in short, the Event will shew whether *Lewis XIV.* has not been ill advised, and whether he has not suffered himself to be dazzled with the Splendor of that Monarchy, of which he thinks to dispose absolutely ; but the *French* will not find their Account in it, and I am pretty well assured, that every Step they make in *Spain* will be one toward their Ruin. I know that Nation, having had Leisure to study their Humour, while I was learning my Exercises at *Paris* ; and it is certain, that no People in the World excel them in the polite Arts, or know better the Rules of Civility ; but it is as certain, that their Arrogance is insupportable ; and by their presumptuous Affectation of Superiority over all Mankind, they draw upon them the Envy even of those who can hardly imitate them.

'Tis happy for the World, that the *French* are without Reflection, and that with a great deal of Wit they have no Judgment ; if they had that, joined with their agreeable Persons, genteel Air, and a very subtle Ingenuity, they would gain an universal Conquest over Mens Hearts ; and that would soon be followed by the Monarchy of the World : It seems an Effect of Providence, to give that Nation such a Genius, as carries in itself an Allay to its own Charms : But to return to this Will, and the Acceptation of it, I cannot but think it a great Misfortune to *France* ; and before the Year is out, you will see a great many Accidents that will justify my Conjectures.

I knew not what to think of these two *Germans* ; they seemed to me to be Persons of great Distinction ; and I guessed by their Discourse, that they did not come to
Holland

Holland to see Fashions. I had a mind to know more of them, and therefore took care to insinuate myself into their Favour by a most obliging Behaviour, and by serving them always with the best of Liquors.

They took Notice of my Application to them; and coming every Day to my House at a time when my Rooms had no great Crowd in them, they began to relish my Conversation, and to put an entire Confidence in me: 'Twas then they foretold me what would happen ten Years after. You will see, said they, Signor *Rozelli*, the most flourishing Monarchy of the World wither almost to the Root; and whatever Advantage *France* may gain in the Beginning of War, the Confederacy of the Princes of *Europe* against her will never end but in her Ruin. This Accident of the *Spanish* Succession is one of the Strokes of Providence to abate the Pride of exorbitant Power. *France*, which for fifty Years past, has given Laws to all *Europe*, will now fall; now, when she is joined with her old Rival *Spain*. Surely, God derides the Vanity of Men, and laughs, if we may be allowed the Expression, at all their Grandeur; which rises like a Smoke, spreads itself, and becomes nothing. Keep what we tell you in your Mind; and take Notice, that *France* will not be able of a long time, to recover from the Miseries which the Justice of God is preparing for her. *Lewis XIV.* shall see War, Distempers, and Famine, at once raging in his Dominions; he shall see the almost total Extinction of his own Family before his Death; and his Subjects will be reduced to the last Extremity, by Events as unexpected as they will be incredible to Posterity. How soon all this will happen, we cannot tell; our Art does not extend so far.

We had this kind of Conversation several times; and those Gentlemen instructed me so well in Politicks, and the Interests of the Princes of *Europe*, that I wrote a Book, wherein I proposed this Problem, Whether it had been more for the Advantage of *France*, to have accepted the Partition, than the Will of *Charles II.* And herein I set down all the Arguments that occurred to me *pro & contra*; this I published as soon as the War broke out, expecting it would be answered from some Part or other, espe-

especially from *France*; in but finding it was not, I remain'd silent, and had the Satisfaction of seeing some of the Predictions of my two *German* Gentlemen come to pass every Year.

The Spirit of Curiosity, which brought such Crowds to me at my first setting up at *Amsterdam*, being satisfied, my Trade began to decrease, there being a Thousand little Coffee-houses and Brandy-shops set up by *French* Refugees; and what gave me more Uneasiness was, that I daily saw new Faces, who seem'd to come only to observe, and examined me so attentively, that a less suspicious Nature than mine would have been alarm'd at it. *Janine* was as much frighten'd as myself; and as we had but one Soul, she enter'd into my Fears, and foresaw, with an incredible Sagacity, what would happen to me from my Enemies: I had already told her all my Adventures in *Italy*, and had not forgot the Story of my *Jewish* Wife.

Janine recall'd to mind that fatal Part of my Life; and as she perfectly knew her own Sex, she could not but think, that a Woman, who had gone so far in her Revenge as to deliver up my Book to the Inquisition, would pursue it yet farther, and might have sent some Emissary to *Amsterdam* to murder me, or might have come thither herself, she knowing well enough how to disguise herself.

I began to open my Eyes to this Idea of *Janine's*, and thought she might be in the right; this made me examine every body that came to my House so narrowly, that I was afraid on the other hand, that would be taken ill, and would bring me into some Mischief. I dared not make any Acquaintance with any of my Countrymen, but was particularly upon my Guard with them, as knowing well their Genius and Nature. I had given myself out for a *Spaniard*, whose Language I speak very well; and 'twas only the Burgomaster who knew my Name, Country, Condition, and Affairs; his Protection I had begg'd, as well as that of the Lords the *States General*, which they granted me in the most noble and generous manner in the World.

One Day having rose earlier than ordinary to go about a particular Work of my Invention, I found myself suddenly

denly seized with such a Melancholy and Deficiency of Spirits, that I was incapable of doing any thing. *Janine* happen'd to come at that time into my Laboratory with my Breakfast, and found me with Tears in my Eyes, and as pale as Death: She cry'd out, and coming near to see what ail'd me, I fell senseless into her Arms; she call'd for Help, and but for the Assistance that came, I had certainly died; they thought that I had been working upon some Mineral, from which some Vapour had suddenly struck me; but a young *Jewish* Physician, who happen'd to come in just before to drink Coffee, being call'd among the rest, said it was a Worm that was about to gnaw a Passage into my Heart; and immediately he giving me a Draught of a Cordial he had about him, I vomited up that domestick Murderer.

I never was more surprized in my Life, than in seeing that little Monster that had been form'd in my Bowels; it had a Head like a Hog's Snout, two little Feet like those of a Goose, and a Tail a Foot and half long! it was of a blackish Colour with white Streaks; and had so much Life, that we could hardly catch it after I had vomited it up.

The whole Town of *Amsterdam* talked of this Accident, and I for some time had nothing to do but to shew my Worm to the Curious.

One Day, when I was alone in my Laboratory, the same Doctor I had been so much obliged to, came in to me, to look upon a Piece of Work of mine made with Pearls, which could not be distinguish'd from Oriental. As I resent'd extremely the Service he had done me, I shew'd him the Matter I made them of, and the Moulds; and gave him some that were of the highest Perfection and Beauty, and taught him how to make them. My *Israelite* appear'd so sensible of the Present I made him, that embracing me, he told me he could and would render me a Piece of Service still more important than that he had already done me; but it must not be known by any body else, for on the Secrecy of it depended the Safety of my Life. He therefore told me, he would defer it till the next Morning; and notwithstanding all my Intreaties,



treaties, he would not yield to my Impatience of being immediately let into so useful a Mystery.

What Pleasure, said I, can you take, in making me pass a Night in the greatest Uneasiness that can be? Cannot you as well oblige me at once, as make me languish? No, said the young Doctor, I cannot teach you this important Secret till To-morrow; then we two will be together in your Laboratory, without any Witness; for if any one should hear me, you would inevitably be undone for ever: But above all things, continued the Physician, say nothing of this to the Woman you have in the House; I shall know To-morrow Morning, whether you are a Man fit to be trusted with a Secret, or not.

Upon this I affected an extreme Gaiety before *Janine*, and pretended that the Melancholy she had seen me in before, proceeded only from the Motions of the Worm in my Stomach; but that at present I was very easy, and desired her to be so too. *Janine* was extremely curious in every thing that regarded me; she was afraid I had some Inclination to return to the Catholick Religion; and loving me above all the Riches in the World, she fear'd to lose me; she was particularly alarm'd at my long Conversation with the *Jew*, and was apprehensive lest he should be some Emissary sent by my Enemies to destroy me. Love is ingenious to create Terrors; *Janine* communicated her Thoughts to me as I went to Bed, and affected me so with them, that I pass'd the Night in the most melancholy and desperate Reflections imaginable. I began to look upon my *Jewish* Physician as a Murderer employ'd by my Enemies; but then again considering how he had saved my Life when it was in the greatest Danger, I thought it was impossible such a Man could have any ill Design. About Nine the next Morning, *Janine* came and told me, that the Doctor had been waiting above an Hour for me; and that he growing impatient, would have gone away; but that she kept him, and told him, she would call me.

I rose immediately, and going down to him in the Coffee-Room, we went together into my Laboratory. I had, as I got up, fortunately thrust a thick Paper Book,
in

in which I had been writing some secret Matters, which I was not willing *Janine* should see, into my Bosom, between my Shirt and my Waistcoat. We had scarcely enter'd my Laboratory, when I took notice, that the Doctor was in a great Consternation, and seem'd to be meditating something extraordinary: I look'd upon him nearer, and perceiv'd that his Whiskers were counterfeit; I thought too that I knew the Face, and that it was some Woman of my former Acquaintance in Disguise. Upon this I grew bolder, and said to him, Sir, your Disguise cannot hide you from me; I remember I knew you formerly in *Italy*; your Name is — I had scarce pronounced the last Word, when the perfidious Doctor, having a Poniard in his Hand, struck it with all his Force into my Breast. *Tu mi riconosci, perfido traditore*, (said he) *conosci dunque l'infelice Esther a la quali ai tolto l'onore, tocca a lei di toglierti la vita*: You know me then, Traitor, you know the unhappy *Esther*, whom you have robb'd of her Honour, and who will now deprive you of your Life.

At the Name of *Esther*, I recall'd all the Ideas of my Adventure at *Venice*; and having taken away her Poniard, and false Whiskers, I threw myself at the Feet of my dear *Few*, begging her to forgive my deserting her, since she had sufficiently revenged herself by giving up my Book to the Inquisition. *Esther* had lost very little of those Charms which had formerly render'd her so lovely and dear to me; nor was she quite disengaged from that Love she had so ardently bore me; for on a sudden, her Anger giving Way to the softer Passion, she fell in a Swoon into my Arms, and remain'd so long, that I was going to call for Help, when she recover'd, and with a Torrent of Tears, and a thousand Sighs, spoke to me in this manner:

I have been these ten Years seeking an Opportunity to sacrifice you to my Vengeance; there is no Part that I have not acted in Pursuit of that Design: I saw you at *Marseilles*, and in every City of *France*, through which you pass'd, or where you made any Stay: I have been at your House, and talk'd with you; but never could find a safe Occasion of executing my Design. At *Bordeaux*

was

I was near succeeding, when I came in a Gentleman's Habit to consult you on a Journey I pretended to be about taking to *Spain*; and if somebody had not come suddenly into the Closet where you and I were together, I then had certainly done it: I follow'd you into this Country, in hopes of finding a favourable Time; and when you went to *Italy* from *Utrecht*, I would have gone after you, but that I learnt by the *Cabala*, that you would soon return. I thought nothing but your Life sufficient to repair the Injury you had done me; but design'd, as soon as I had kill'd you, to pierce my own Heart, not to survive the fatal Consequences of such an Undertaking.

But, said I, my dearest *Esther*, why then did you prevent my dying the other Day? Why did you restore me to Life with your Elixir? 'Tis a Proof of a base Soul, answer'd she, to suffer any body to perish for want of Assistance that is in our Power to give; beside, what Satisfaction would it have been to me, to see you die insensible of your Crime, or my Justice? Our Enemies ought to feel the Weight of our Anger, and know the Hand that punishes them; without which, Revenge is but imperfect.

I admired the Sentiments of that lovely Girl, and could not but applaud her Constancy. I then gave her such strong Reasons in my own Excuse, that she began to acknowledge I was not altogether so criminal as she had thought; but, said she, why would you not communicate your Design? Had you so done, you would now have been one of the richest Men, and I the happiest Woman in the World. You have lost a Treasure you can never recover; you was certainly born under the Influence of some fatal Constellation, since you was upon the Point of becoming a Brother of the *Rosicrucian* Order; but you have miss'd that Honour, which is greater than that of all the Princes of the Earth. You are already Master of the *Cabala*; Thanks to me, who prevail'd with my Father to instruct you in that Mystery, thinking that you would repay with your Heart so great a Benefit. You know my Father had no Child but me, whom he lov'd with an inconceivable Fondness, and never controll'd in
any

any of my Desires : But you know not the true Worth of that dear illustrious Father ; he was himself a *Roscrucian*, and so powerful in Wonders, that he could make Gold, precious Stones, and an Elixir to preserve Health without Alteration, for the Term of two common Lives. He could be invisible when he pleas'd, and could go from one End of *Europe* to another in a Day. My Design, my dear *Colli*, was to get you chosen at his Death in his Room ; for there are but seven of them, and each has the Power of naming his Successor : They hold their Assembly at the Foot of Mount *Sinai* ; there the Angels and Intelligences who are the nearest to the Throne of God, assist at their Conferences, and teach them ineffable Secrets and Mysteries. Oh what a Happiness is it, for a Mortal to be possess'd of all the Secrets of Nature in this World, and to be assured of his eternal Bliss hereafter !

I kept a profound Silence all this while, and being attentive only to *Esther's* Beauty, I listened to her Story of the *Roscrucians* as to so many Fables. She took notice of my Distraction, and said, I perceive you give but little Credit to what I tell you ; but after the Miracle I perform'd in your Favour, in delivering you from certain Death, by means of the Cordial, you ought not to hesitate whether to believe or not. It was not I that made that Elixir ; our unhappy Sex is unqualified to know Secrets so sublime. I have heard my Father say a hundred times, that God made Woman only for the Use of Man, and for propagating by Generation the Species of that Image of himself. He pretended that Woman was not made in the Resemblance of God, but only of Man ; and that her Actions, though they have some Affinity with those of Men, are yet essentially different ; that the Creator had given them a Spirit to amuse, to please, and to gain Love ; but from greater Matters he had absolutely excluded them, and left them wholly incapable.

This was the Reason my Father could not instruct me in the Mystery ; else, he lov'd me so well, he would have hid nothing from me. He only told me, seeing his Death approaching, If thy unfaithful Husband had continu'd to love thee, I could have made him my Successor ; but he has render'd himself unworthy of it, in deceiving
a Maid

a Maid who is descended lineally from the great *Josua*, the Successor of *Moses*. You will see him again, my Dear, continued he; and I dare not tell what will happen to you both: Haste, call your Cousin to me. Immediately I obey'd; and my Cousin being come near him, he kiss'd him on the Cheek, then bad him take out a little Gold Trunk that was in the Scrutore by the Bed-side; he open'd the Trunk, and taking out a Parchment enrich'd with a great many little Ornaments, he read in it for some time. Scarce had he done reading, when the Room was enlighten'd, as if the Rays of a thousand Suns had broke in. Fly, Daughter, said my Father, but fly quickly; for you will not be able to bear the Splendor of the Intelligences, but will lose your Life, or at least your Sight for ever. I went out of the Room; but going, I heard such a Smphony of Musick, that the finest of our human Voices would seem but Croaking, if compared with it.

I afterward learnt, that my Cousin had been receiv'd into the *Rosicrucian* Brotherhood, who had all assembled in my Father's Chamber, and upon his Death had admitted my Cousin as one of their Number; for there can never be more than seven; and as one dies, his Place is supply'd by one of his own Choice.

The agreeable Manner in which *Esther* related this, gave me an Inclination to learn what this strange Society was; and I have since known enough of it, to regret for ever, my missing the Opportunity of being initiated in their Mysteries: And now I thought it time for *Esther* and me to part; for I was afraid that *Fanine*, who was very inquisitive, should suspect my Doctor to be other than what he appear'd, and should come in and surprize us. *Esther* agreed with my Sentiments; and we settled a Place of Meeting, where we might enjoy one another without any Fear or Constraint.

I pretended every Day to visit some *Virtuosi* of my Acquaintance; but it was indeed my dear *Jewess* that I went to see, and with whom I pass'd the most delightful Moments of my Life. She had furnish'd an Apartment very neatly, where I went every Day at a time when nobody could suspect any thing. This Correspondence
of

of ours produced an Alteration in my dear Wife's Constitution, which she seem'd to be extremely glad of; and she assured me, that if she was so happy as to have a Boy, we need not take any Care to provide for him, for her Cousin would take that Trouble off our Hands, and would make him his Successor, when Occasion should offer.

I wish, said I, I could see this Cousin of yours; is it impossible to make me acquainted with him, and cannot I have the Happiness of knowing a Man who approaches so near to Divinity? Yes, said my dear Wife, if you'll be here the first new Moon in the Evening, you may satisfy that Curiosity: I need then only repeat a certain Prayer, and he'll infallibly come; he has never yet fail'd me. I agreed to this, and I was never so impatient as while I waited for that happy Day. At length it came; and I being as usual at *Esther's* Lodging, as soon as she had made an End of her Prayer, a Man, extremely well made, and of a very agreeable Mien, came in, and having embraced me, said, That tho' he held a Place, which but for my own Fault would have been mine, he had the greatest Friendship for me; that it was too late to recall past Neglects; but he would assist me in all he could, as long as I did well by *Esther*; that I should live happily in *Holland*, should grow rich, and have every body's Esteem; but that it was necessary, above all things, to preserve the greatest Fidelity to the charming *Esther*, and not suffer myself to be seduced by the Charms of any other Woman; for that a second Infidelity would be punish'd by Torments, which nothing imaginable could equal. I promis'd all that a Man could promise, and kept inviolably for fifteen Years that the lovely *Esther* and I liv'd together. Since that, she herself would have it, that we should separate for ever; to which I should never have agreed, had not her eternal Happiness depended on it.

How many Secrets did I learn of that delightful *Resurrection*, as well concerning Health, as the most occult Secrets of Nature? He gave his Cousin at that time above 100,000 Florins in Gold and Jewels; and after he had embraced us both with the greatest Tendernefs, he told

told us he was obliged to be at *Rome* before the Close of Day, upon an Affair of the greatest Importance; but assured us, that he would visit us every new Moon, and would furnish us abundantly with every thing necessary.

When we parted, I knew not whether I should give Credit to what I had seen and heard; every thing was miraculous and surprising; yet I thought it Impiety to ascribe it all to a Diabolical Illusion. Upon this I took a new Liking to the *Jewish* Religion; but above all, I lov'd my Wife to Distraction. Notwithstanding this, I resolv'd to continue my Coffee-Business; and tho' I might have made a considerable Figure in *Amsterdam*, I was contented to be really happy, without making any Ostentation of it. I took a particular Care to embellish my House with every Ornament that was proper: Nay, I went even to Excess in the Magnificence of my Furniture and rich *China* Wares, which made my House be frequented by People of the greatest Distinction of the Country, and the constant Resort of all Foreigners of Fashion; and to this Trade of mine, the Excellency of my Liquors, as well as the Neatness of my House, contributed. In short, my Trade so increas'd, that I was obliged to take four Women Servants, to assist *Janine* in serving in the Coffee-Rooms; these were all of them *Languedoc* or *Gascoigne* Wenches, who pretended to have left *France* after the Revocation of the Edict of *Nantes*, for the sake of their Religion.

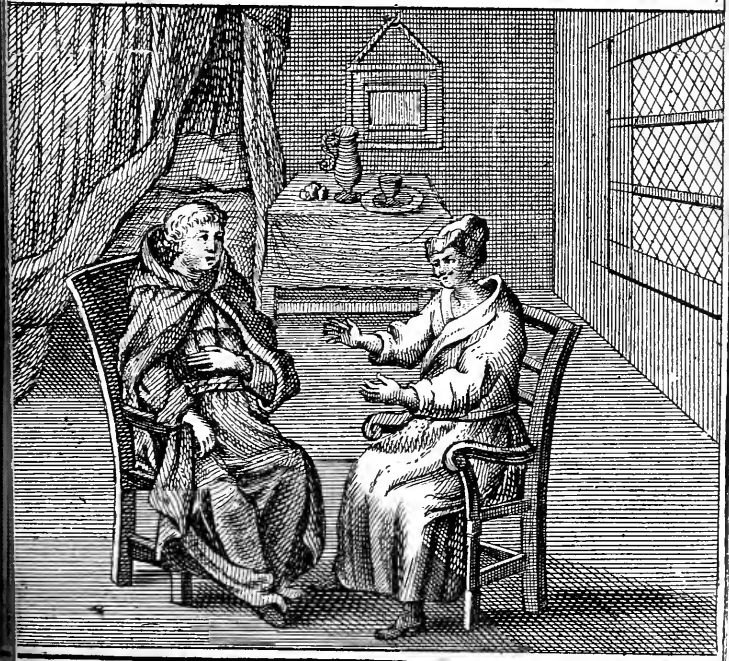
I was very much affected one Day by a Discourse I heard between one of these Maids, and one of her Countrymen, who was seducing her to return to *France*. I was then in my Closet, had taken the Key out, and had pretended to be gone abroad, as I sometimes did, when I had a mind to be private. *Teresa*, which was the Name of my Servant, was talking to this young Man in the Passage into which my Closet-Door open'd; and the first Words I heard were as follows: I have often desired you, Mr. *Planchin*, not to trouble me any more; what is it to you, if I am a Servant at a Coffee-house? The Cause I am here for, none need be ashamed of; and after quitting an Estate of 10,000 Livres a Year, for the sake of God and Religion, one may well enough sacrifice a

little vain chimerical Gentility. Perhaps God has order'd me this Trial for my Sanctification; but I am sure I shall never return to *France*, unless I can live there in the Religion of my Fathers; it may be, God will hear my Prayers, and then I shall know what I have to do.

I do not pretend, Madam, answer'd *Planchin*, to oppose your heroical Resolutions. I could only wish, you would chuse some other State of Life a little more decent than this, and not expose yourself in a Coffee-house to insolent Usage, or to the Hazard of being found out. Ought not the Consistory to assist you; or would it not be better for you to be with some Lady, who knowing your Value, might distinguish between you and common Servants? No, reply'd *Teresa*; the Consistory you speak of has so many to take care of, that without one labours, or has something else to depend on, their Allowance is scarcely Bread. 'Tis true, I have never yet told my Name; but having made my Escape from the Nunnery at *Rochelle*, where I was put by Order of the Court, I came hither in the mean Dress of a Servant; and my good Angel undoubtedly brought me to this House upon my first Arrival at *Amsterdam*; for having ask'd the Mistress of the House (at least she appears to be such) to inform me of some Place where I might be in Security, she offer'd to take me in, if I thought fit to serve her. This Offer was then very agreeable; for I had no Money, and all I had left was a Picture of my Mother's, which had been set round with Stones, which I had been obliged to sell for Subsistence here. Sir, every thing is done with so much Ease and Order, that we hardly perceive we are Servants; and the first Instruction my Master gave me, was, that he would have no Scolding or Quarreling in his House.

All this, Madam, is very good, reply'd *Planchin*; but is not there something horrid in the Condition of a Servant? especially to you who have kept so many yourself, and who was just upon the Point of being marry'd to the Marquis of *R* Tell me not of your Marquis, answer'd *Teresa*; he is a Villain; and should I tell you how base he has been to me, you yourself would have him in the utmost Contempt. We are here in a free

Country.



Country, where I am not afraid of the Dragoons of *France*: You perhaps know not that wicked Marquis is my Husband, that he gave me his Hand in the Church, after a Contract made by a Notary, in Presence of my Mother, and one of my Aunts; he then swore upon the Holy Bible never to change; yet he no sooner saw ten or twelve Dragoons in our House, than he agreed to all that was required of him, and plotted with the Officer to make me a Prisoner. My Mother died with Grief, and my Aunt was carried a hundred Leagues from the *Cevennes*, where we had so long liv'd happily. I was hurry'd to a Convent at *Rochelle*; and it being discover'd that I was with Child, I was put out to lie in at a good old Woman's. She took a great deal of Care of me, and endeavour'd to comfort me in my Afflictions. As I was, in a Sea-port, I thought it not impossible to escape to *Holland*; and I endeavour'd to bring my old Landlady into my Interests. I believ'd it was in her Power to do me some Service: I first sound'd her, and trusted her with some Secrets of small Importance, to try if she was not subject to the common Fault of our Sex: And finding her as I wish'd, I one Day, when we were alone, began to talk to her of the Violence that was used with those of our Religion. I explain'd to her the Articles of our Faith, and the Privileges we had receiv'd from several Kings. The Air I spoke to her with, and the Description I made of our Troubles, touch'd her so, that she wept. I saw her Tears with some kind of Joy; but I was more revived, when I heard her say, I am ready, Madam, to render you any Service in my Power, and you may believe it is more through Inclination than Interest; so you need only resolve to take such Measures as are most suitable to your unhappy Fortune: I swear to you by all that I hold sacred, I will assist to the utmost of my Ability. I know I expose myself in so doing to Punishment, at least to a long Imprisonment: but that shall never determine; for I would venture even my Life to set you at Liberty. Think therefore, I beg you, of some Means by which you may pass safely out of *France*.

My good Mother, said I, now I perceive that some Angel of God brought me to you : Is it possible you can have the Courage to undertake an Action so virtuous and generous, to make me the happiest Woman in the World ? Will you share with my Fortune ? Perhaps it may change sometime or other, and then you shall have no Reason to complain of my Ingratitude. No, said she, I am too well known here, to offer to escape with you ; besides, I will stay here to take care of your Child, whom I should expose never to be known again, if I went with you ; but don't trouble yourself, there is a Ship going away for the *American* Islands, which, as I am inform'd, is to touch in *Portugal* ; you shall go aboard of this Ship, as a Servant for the Plantations : I have shipp'd several so. My Son is Mate of the Ship ; to him I will communicate our Design, and desire him to set you ashore at the first Port you touch at. He is no Enemy to your Religion, but in Secret professes it himself ; and I who talk to you, am perhaps a better *Hugonot* than you imagine ; but we are obliged to make a Shew of being otherwise ; and if our Enterprize should be discover'd, it would be no less than the Gallies to my Son, and a perpetual Dungeon to me.

But, my dear good Woman, said I, in a Transport of Joy, what will you tell the Nuns who have given me to your Charge ? I'll tell them, said she, that you died in Child-bed ; and that we have bury'd you in a Garden ; let me alone ; they shall be more than cunning, if they find me out. This kind Resolution gave me new Strength, though I pretended to be very ill before those that came to catechize me : I received the Visits of some Clergymen and Friars, who thought to convince me by their long Discourses ; but I gave no Attention to what they said, nor ever answer'd them a Word. My Nurse told them, she believ'd I could not be brought to-bed ; for I would eat nothing, and was continually wishing for Death.

Nevertheless, I was happily deliver'd of a fine Boy, born to a State far different from what I once hoped, through the Infidelity of his base Father. The Child was taken away the same Night, and carried to a Sister.

of my kind Nurse. Two Days after the Nurse went and told the Nuns that I was dead, and she believ'd that the Devil had broke my Neck: for I was so deform'd and stunk so, that she could not bear me in the House, but had been forced to have my Corpse carried by four Soldiers, and bury'd in the Garden; and that if they pleas'd, she would bring them those Witnesses. By no means, answer'd the Abbess; that would bring a Scandal upon our House, and every body would be ready enough to blacken us. Good God! what, a young Woman to go out of this sanctified Place with Child! No, keep the Thing secret, we beg of you; we'll give an Account to those who sent her hither, of the Fate of this unhappy Lady, when 'tis requisite.

They paid the old Woman and the Soldiers who had buried the Coffin with a great Block in it, and in which I put a Paper, written with my own Hand, containing the History of my Misfortunes.

A Fortnight after, I embarked as a Servant for the Isles, under the Name of *Teresa*. The Mate, who was in the Secret, took great Care of me in the Passage, which was but of five Days. Our Vessel arrived at *Oporto*, where I got Leave to go ashore to refresh myself after the Fatigues of the Voyage. There happen'd to be a little Vessel laden with Oranges, ready to sail for *Amsterdam*. Our Mate, who spoke *Dutch* perfectly well, visited the Captain, and begg'd him to take me on Board, and he would pay for my Passage: He told him I was a Fugitive for Religion; upon which he came to see me, and told me, I needed only get ready to go aboard in the Evening: As for my Passage and Eating, he would take nothing of me.

Every thing favour'd my Undertaking; and in eight Days we arrived at *Amsterdam*, without my feeling any Inconvenience from the Sea, or suffering any ill Treatment from those good and charitable Seamen. When I came on Shore, the Captain bade me look out for a Lodging, and ask for such a Quarter of the Town, where the *French* Refugees lived; and as I happen'd to call at this House, they took a Fancy to me, and have kept me ever since; it is now a Year since I came, and

it has seem'd to me an earthly Paradise. I have not so much as spoke of myself to any Minister, to avoid those troublesome Questions, which are put to People in my Condition. I am contented to be thought dead. I go every *Sunday* to Church, and return with so much Comfort, that all my Misfortunes seem nothing to me. It is true, I cannot help thinking of my dear Child, of whom I have heard no News. I could be glad to know what is become of him; and this Reflection makes me sometimes melancholy and thoughtful. Our Mistress has taken Notice of it; and seeing me do my Business with a better Grace, and more Heart, than my Fellow-Servants, she has often told me, that I was not born to be a Servant; and that if I would put Confidence in her, she would render me her best Service: But, Sir, what Trust can I put in a Woman who I cannot perceive has any Religion? for in all this time I have never seen her say her Prayers. I do not know neither what Religion my Master is of; but he is a perfect honest Man, good-natur'd, charitable, and learned to a Miracle: As to his Belief, it is nothing to me, every one must look to his own. And now, Sir, I must desire you, if you still retain any Idea of my having once been your Mistress, that you would observe the strictest Silence, as to every thing I have told you; and above all, I beg you never to mention more to me that perfidious Husband of mine, who has been so execrably wicked as to beg my confiscated Estate, which he now enjoys in Partnership with his Papist Wife, whom he married upon the first Rumour of my Death, and by whom he has already had two Children. Go, Sir, continued she; our Conversation has lasted long enough to give the People of the House a disadvantageous Opinion of me; but if you return to *France*, I shall be glad to see you before you go; and if, as I am present, I can do you any Service, you shall find me always willing.

Teresa was scarce gone out of the Gallery, when, leaving my Closet, I went down, and found her going about to make our *Lemonade*. I gazed upon her with a great deal of Eagerness, and then found her so amiable, that had I not been frighten'd by the Menaces of my

Rosicrucian

Resicrucian Cousin, I should in my Heart have been unfaithful to my dear *Esther*. To avoid such Thoughts, I went to see my dear *Jewess*, and found her very pensive; and desiring to know what occasion'd her Melancholy, she told me she was under the most tormenting Apprehensions for my Safety; for her Cousin had been with her the last Night, and had told her, that without an extraordinary Providence, I could not escape the Malice of my Enemies; that I ought to be upon my Guard with every one that came into my House, but above all to have a particular Eye over my Servants. This Advertisment, as welcome as it was, gave me a great deal of Uneasiness: I was sensible of my Obligations to my dear Wife; and she answering me with an equal Return of Tenderness, we renewed our Vows of Constancy till Death.

When I return'd home, I desired *Teresa* to come to me in my Closet. She came in her usual manner; but was extremely surprized to see me shut the Door after me, and begin with her in this manner: *Teresa*, said I, you must now give me a Proof of that Regard I believe you have for me, and without Scruple satisfy my Demands; they shall be such as you need not fear complying with, for I would sooner die than wrong you; only convince me, that you are, as I believe you to be, a Woman. *Teresa* blush'd at my Proposal, and not knowing what could be my End in desiring her to prove her Sex, would not of a long time give me any Satisfaction; but at length yielding to my Importunity, she shew'd me her Breasts. As soon as I found, that *Teresa* was not the Traitor I look'd for, I alter'd my Tone; and rising up, said to her, Madam, I shall hereafter have the profoundest Respect for you, and not look upon you any more as my Servant, but as one whose Virtue has made her unhappy: I am not ignorant either of your Birth, or the abundant Reasons you have to complain of Fortune, but above all things of a base ungrateful Husband. I shall from this Hour endeavour all I can to assist you, and shall look upon you with the same Regard as upon my own Sister; and as I must observe Measures with *Jasmine*, to whom I owe my Life, I shall find means to

H 4

satisfy

satisfy her in the Matter, which will be very easily done; for I intend to live with you in the most irreproachable manner; so that I am sure she will be glad to serve you as she would her nearest Relation. Madam, I know that you are the Marchioness of ****, and that you are one of those unfortunate Ladies, whom the Cruelty of Dragoon Missionaries has obliged to abandon their Country: And that you may not be surprized at my Knowledge of your Affairs, I must tell you, I learnt it from your own Mouth, while you talk'd with the young Man To-day before my Closet Door. I heard every Word of your Discourse, and from that Moment could not help conceiving the highest Esteem of your Virtue and Understanding.

In the mean time, I have a Favour to desire of you, which I believe you will not deny me; for I heard you tell that Man, that you had a great Value for me: You may now give me a Proof in a Thing that concerns my Life. Sir, answer'd *Teresa*, I am in the greatest Confusion at your Discourse, though I am extremely sensible of your Goodness; but I dare stay no longer in your House after being known, lest your Civilities should draw on me not only the Envy of your Servants, but the ill Opinion of all who see how I am distinguish'd by you. Farewel, my dear Tranquillity! O how imprudent was I to talk of my Affairs to my former-Servant who knew me, but much more so to talk with him in your House, and within your Hearing! I thought, and was told, that you was gone out; or else I should have been cautious enough to have kept my Secret within my own Breast.

The Tears, which ran in Abundance from her lovely Eyes, added to her Charms. Madam, said I, do not afflict yourself; your Secret remains so still, and you shall never have any Reason to change the good Opinion you have had of me; but you must now know the Reason why I desired that Proof of your Sex. I have in my House five Servants; one of these is a Man in Woman's Cloaths, who is here as a Spy, or rather a Russian, whom my Enemies have set to murder me.

Ah, Sir, reply'd *Teresa*, whence could arise so ill-grounded a Suspicion? 'Tis not a bare Suspicion, answer'd

swer'd I, but a Thing I am well assured of: Now what I desire of you is, to endeavour to discover this Wretch that I may do myself Justice on him, or at least take such Measures, as to be out of all Danger from him: but this must be done with Caution; for if the Rogue should suspect that he is discover'd, and make his Escape, I should be subject to continual Alarms and Apprehensions.

After a long Discourse on this Head, *Teresa* promised to neglect nothing to shew me her Acknowledgment of my Civilities: But, Sir, said she, I beg you not to distinguish me from my Fellow-Servants in any thing, either in making me eat with you, or in taking more Notice of my little Services than of theirs; for I do them with an entire good Will, and would be sorry, that you should think otherwise; besides, it is necessary to the Management of the Affair you have committed to me, that your Servants should have no Suspicion of me, or think that my Birth is any way better than their own, as they would do, if they saw you make a Difference. And now to shew you, that I shall not perhaps be altogether unuseful to you in this Business, I'll tell you my Thoughts. I have often eyed our great *Gascoigne* Wench very attentively, and have found not only a Masculine Gate and Voice, but there is something harsh in her Features, which is not common to our Sex. My Mistress, who has always been extremely kind to me, has sometimes made the same Reflection, and we have had some Laughing together about it: In the mean time, one may be deceiv'd; for she has all the exterior Marks of our Sex, no Beard, large Breasts, and exactly answering to those natural Infirmities Women are subject to: This is all certain; but since it concerns the Preservation of your Life, I will, by some means or other, know what she is.

Teresa was as good as her Word, and immediately pretended a Quarrel with another Maid, who was her Chamber-fellow, and would not lie any longer in the same Room with her. I told *Janine* we ought to make her easy in such a Trifle as that; so in two or three Days after she removed to the *Gascoigne's* Chamber, who received

her with a great many Demonstrations of Love, and assured her, that she would never give her any Occasion of Displeasure. This Discourse of a Wench, with whom, in six Months time that they lived together with me, she had had very little Conversation, confirmed *Teresa's* Suspicions; and she resolved that very Night to find out the Imposture. After they were lain down each in their Bed, they began to be very merry, and to make their Remarks upon the People that came to our House. Did you ever mind, said *Teresa*, that great Blockhead that comes from the River *Garonne*, who passes most of the Day here in saying a Thousand foolish Things to me that I give no Heed to? He is always talking to me of his Riches, and his vast Dealings in Wine; and was silly enough to write to me t'other Day, that if I would quit my Place, and live with him, he would make me the happiest Woman in the World, and would place 20,000 Livres in whose Hands I pleased for my Security, in case he should happen to change. Faith, those Gentlemen are very ridiculous, if they think no Woman can resist them, and expect one should trust to their Promises, who are the greatest Cheats and Impostors in the World. These are what we call the true *Gascons* in *France*; and the others are but faint Copies of them. They are very Apes at Court, spending a whole Vintage in a Suit of Cloaths, and will treat you extravagantly, if they have any Hopes of cheating you; great Promisers, and very insolent in the least good Fortune; are very ready at Defamation, and speak of every body in Extremes. Never People were more ready to entertain false Ideas; and this, whether you call it Vivacity or Folly, is directly opposite to good Manners, and distinguishes the *Gascons* of this Country from all the other *Gascons* of *France*. Our Master has often diverted me with some merry Stories he tells of this People; for he has lived five or six Years among them. One Day or other, when I find him in the Humour, I'll put him upon talking of these Sparks.

Teresa expected some Answer from the *Gastoigne*; but perceiving she was fallen asleep, and had not waked, tho' she called her two or three times, she grew bold, and

and going softly out of her own Bed to the Side of the other, without waking him, she found it to be a Man who was there asleep.

In the Morning, when the pretended Maid was awake, she remember'd something of what *Teresa* had said the Night before ; and said, Why, *Teresa*, you seem to have a great Spight to all *Gascons* ; nevertheless I must tell you, they are brave Men, have a great deal of Wit, and have done great Services to the State ; and you, who are of *Gascony* as well as myself, ought to have more Consideration for so gallant a People. I am no *Gascon*, my dear *Mary*, reply'd *Teresa* ; and in our Country we quarrel with any body that calls us by that Name ; but no more of this, I intreat you : I have hardly closed my Eyes to Night, being in a strange Bed, while you have slept admirably ; so let us make use of the two Hours we have left to rest ; we shall be the brisker for it all Day long.

Never Night appeared longer, or more tedious, than this to *Teresa* ; at last, Day came, and then rising with the rest, they each went to their Business. *Teresa's* it was to come to me for the Keys to open the Coffee-Room, and put it in Order, and the Cups and Glasses were brought to her. She never washed any thing, but kept in the Bar, where she gave out the Liquors as the other Servants asked for them. The counterfeit *Mary* was House-Maid, and cleaned the House, and made the Beds ; another was Cook, while *Faxine* and *Katharine* waited in the Rooms to give out the Liquors, and receive Money.

While *Teresa* was in the Bar setting the Things to rights, *Mary* came very merrily to her, and would have kissed her. *Mary*, said *Teresa*, I am in a very ill Humour, I have not slept all Night, and I find some China broke here ; pray do so much as see if my Master is up. I want to have him see this Disorder, and give me the Things necessary to make our Liquors betimes ; for I design to sleep after Dinner. *Mary* obey'd very readily ; and as soon as *Teresa* could speak to me privately, she told me, Sir, my Suspicions were just. *Mary* is a Man ;

you have only now to get rid of him in a generous manner, and so as you may not prejudice yourself.

I no sooner heard her say so, but I was going to do myself Justice, and stab him in a thousand Places; but *Teresa* held me, and remonstrated to me, that by such an Action, I should put my own Life in Hazard, since I could produce no Proofs of the ill Intention of the Villain; that it would be better to acquaint the Burgomaster with it, and get him taken and sent to the *Indies* for a Slave; and that this would be an incomparably greater Punishment, than to take away his Life; when perhaps his Death might occasion the Rise of a hundred Murderers more.

I admired the Reason of that virtuous young Woman, and gave her new Assurances of my Respect and Esteem; then I went to *Esther* to take her Advice what I had best to do.

Is there any thing, said my dear *Jew*, that can make you defer a Moment the securing this Wretch? Perhaps you would not have lived two Days longer; but now the Mine is discovered, I am easy. I am going, said I, to the Burgomaster; he is my Friend, has often expressed a Desire to serve me, and I do not doubt but he'll be as good as his Word. Upon this, I went immediately to that Gentleman, and informed him of the whole Affair.

How handsomely do the Magistrates of *Holland* do every thing! How much Wisdom, Temper and Patience do they shew, when any thing is brought before them! Some People are to be treated gently, while with others, particularly the *French* and *Italians*, a Magistrate must be rigid and severe in the Examination of guilty Persons. Having then informed the Burgomaster of my Affair, he told me very civilly, he would have me go home, and immediately send this Sham-Maid to him under Pretence of carrying him some Bottles of Liquors he wanted. This was presently done; and the Rogue, having no Suspicion of any thing, went very readily on his Errand:

After

After he had made his Compliment, the Burgomaster asked him, Child, What is your Name? My Name, Sir, is *Mary*. Of what Country are you? I am a *French* Woman, Sir. Of what Province? Of *Gascony*. What do you come hither for? To have the Liberty of serving God. Then you came for Religion's sake? Yes, Sir. How long have you been in this City? Five Years. Have you lived all that Time in the same Place? No, Sir, I have been but six Months with Mr. *Rozelli*. Are you well with him? Very well, Sir. Is there nothing done there contrary to good Manners? No, Sir, no. Have they no Clubs at your House, of People disaffected to the Republick? No, Sir. Are there no indecent Practices? Have you no Rooms or Closets for the Retirement of Gallants and their Mistresses, for Women disguised in Mens, or Men in Womens Cloaths? At this my Sham-Maid blushed, and seemed in Confusion. You blush, said the Magistrate. Excuse me, Sir, said she; but I am very much tired with working all this Morning; therefore I beg Leave to go. No, no, Child, stay; your Concern and Earnestness to be gone, give me a Suspicion of you. I fancy you are some Man in Woman's Cloaths; and this I must be immediately satisfied in; and so do not think of any Evasion. Ah! Sir, answered the impudent Rogue, you are pleased to jest. Know, Friend, said the Magistrate, we Judges are but ill Jesters; but God gives us an extraordinary Light to discover the inmost Secrets of the Heart of the Wicked; therefore without obliging me to Violence, shew me that you are not a Man, as I believe you to be.

The Rogue then, seeing he must of necessity obey, confessed his Crime; and that an *Italian* Banker of *Amsterdam* had hired him to murder me for the Reward of a thousand Crowns, and the Hopes of Preferment at *Naples*; that in order to this, he had disguised himself as a Maid in my House, and intended to do it either by Poison, or by the Stiletto; that he had at home in his Trunk, some
Poison

Poison of a very subtle Kind, as likewise two Stiletto's that were poisoned; that the Reason he had not executed his horrid Design, was, because something (he knew not what) struck him with Respect to me whenever he looked upon me; but that he had at last resolved to do it within two Days, having so assured his Banker, who pressed him to it.

Upon this Confession, the Burgomaster secured the Assassin, and presently came to my House; when ordering me to shew him the Chamber of my pretended Maid, he opened the Trunk, having taken Care to get the Key; and there found two little Boxes of Poison, with a couple of Stiletto's, as he had confessed. We found also several of the *Italian's* Letters written in Cypher. There is no Sort of Cypher that I don't know; and that which this Wretch made use of, was of the most common Kind; so that I presently decyphered it, and read with a great deal of Horror, the barbarous Intentions of that Banker, who had pretended some Friendship for me, and had invited me several times, as a Countryman, to dine with him.

He was an old Batchelor, of *Naples*, of great Business, and wrote to *Rome* every thing that passed in this Country. He professed the Protestant Religion, the better to hide his Game. As soon as the Burgomaster was assured of this wicked Fellow's Crime, he sent for him, and upon his Examination he confessed all; he was sent privately to Prison, that the Publick might have no Knowledge of so detestable an Action. And after the Matter had been heard by the Criminal Judges, they were both condemned to be transported to *Batavia*, there to work as Slaves to the Company. The Banker's Goods were confiscated to the Use of the State and the Poor; and they found a Grave dug in his Cellar to bury the *Gasco*, whom he designed to poison when he should come to demand the Reward of his Villainy.

This

This whole Affair, tho' of so nice a Nature, was carried on with the greatest Secrecy, and so happily for me, that I think myself obliged to give continual Thanks to God for so miraculous a Deliverance; it likewise confirmed my Affection for my dear *Esther*, and as she had no Acquaintance with any of her own Nation, and had never appeared in *Amsterdam*, but in the Habit of a Physician, I propos'd the agreeable *Teresa* to her for a Companion, as one to whom I had so great an Obligation for the Part she had in the Discovery of the rascally *Gascon*. I told her, I was troubled to see her alone in her Chamber in Man's Habit, especially in the Condition she was in; that I was desirous she would wear the Habit of her Sex; and that to avoid any troublesome Accidents I was liable to meet with in so populous a Town as *Amsterdam*, I thought it proper to remove to the *Hague*, which is the general Rendezvous of the Nobility of *Europe*, and the Residence of the Lords the States-General. There, said I, I can hire you a Country House at a small Distance from the Town, where I can see you oftener and more commodiously, than at *Amsterdam*. The Person whom I propose to live with you, is of noble Birth, of a polite and easy Temper, and every way very deserving: She will be an Assistant to you in your Lying-in; and with so agreeable a Companion, you will pass your Retirement with more Satisfaction.

Esther loved me tenderly, and therefore made no Objection to my Proposals; but resolv'd to acquiesce in whatever I thought fit. I made a Trip to the *Hague*; and having provided for every thing that concern'd my Business, and a Lodging for my dear *Jewess*, I left *Amsterdam* quite, in a Month after. I had brought *Fanine* to consent to it, on account of the Danger I continually ran in that large City, from some Rogue or other; and hereupon I told her how my late Affair with the *Gascon* had pass'd, and why the Burgomaster thought proper to keep it secret.

My greatest Difficulty was, to determine *Teresa* to leave my Service. That generous Lady could not persuade herself, that she could be any-where so happy as in my House, where every body loved and respected her; and I was forced to tell her a Lye, to bring her to my Desire; which was, that I had seen the Man she had talked to some time ago; that he was very inquisitive after her; and that I had told him she was gone from me. Ah, Sir! said the lovely *Teresa*, how much am I obliged to you! *Planchin* is not returned to *Holland* for nothing; he no doubt is an Emissary of my Husband's. I will go where you desire, and think myself happy, in that I shall see you there sometimes.

When I had brought her to consent, I thought I ought to let her into my Affairs, and then told her, that *Esther* was my Wife; and related almost all that had passed between us. I did not tell her, that *Esther* was a *Jewess*; for tho' *Teresa* was no Catholick, she might have been scandalized at that.

I thought, said *Teresa*, you had been married to *Janine*; she having so much of the Air of a Mistress in your House, and being besides deserving of an honest gallant Man. But that is nothing to our present Matter: Dispatch us from *Amsterdam*, and take care that none of us have Cause to repent.

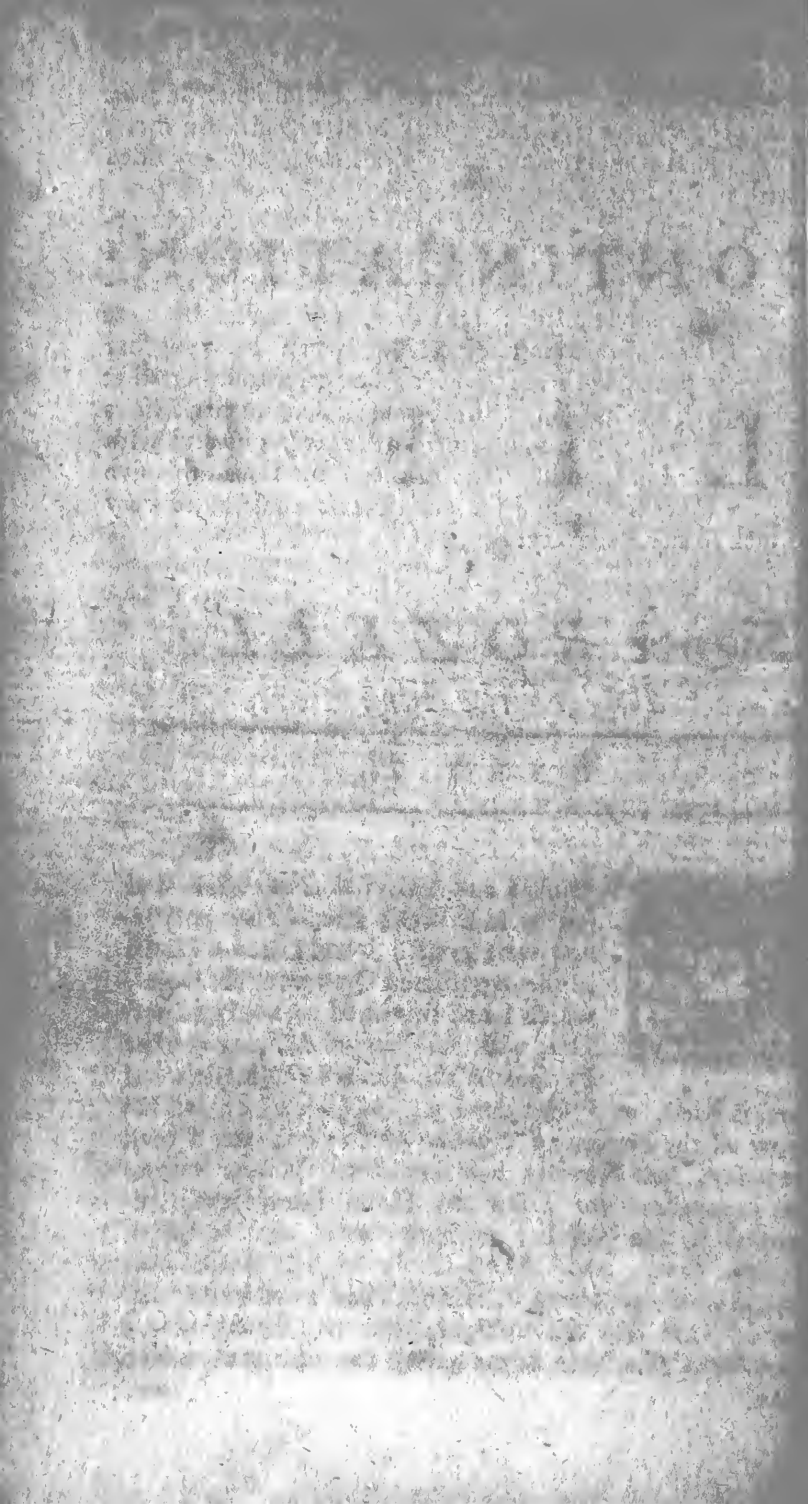
You must, Madam, said I, pretend to return to *France*, upon some Advice you have received from thence; you shall take a formal Leave of us, and we will go thro' the whole Ceremony of a Parting. This was done the Day that *Esther* was to go to the *Hague*. When I brought *Teresa* to her, they contracted and promised in my Presence an eternal Friendship at the first Interview. *Esther* was acquainted with the Merit of *Teresa*; as, on the other hand, I had informed her in that of my dear *Jewess*: Their mutual Presence immediately cemented the Union which I so much desired; I accompany'd them to the *Hague*, where they took a *Dutch* Maid. The little Solitude I had chose for them, was about four hundred Yards from the *Hague*, and had formerly belonged to an *English* Ambassador, who had made a little Paradise of it, by the Groves and Gardens
he

he had planted. I put an experienced Gardener into it, one of the Country, and a very honest Man. In short, they found the House furnish'd all over, and provided with every Conveniency of Life.

As soon as I had placed these two lovely Persons according to my Desire, I returned to *Amsterdam*, where I found *Fanine* so melancholy and dejected, that I was apprehensive for her Life: However, my Return brought her some Satisfaction; especially, when knowing her Sadness proceeded from *Teresa's* Absence, I told her, that at Parting she had assured me, that as soon as her Affairs were settled, she would return to *Holland*, and live with us till her last Breath. *Fanine* made me repeat this five or six times over, and the good News contributed very much to her Recovery.

End of the First Part.







A
CONTINUATION
TO THE
L I F E
O F
Signor *R O Z E L L I*.

P A R T II.



E finish'd our Affairs at *Amsterdam*, and left it in a Week after *Escher* and *Teresa* were gone. I had taken a House in the handsomest Quarter of the *Hague*, which I had furnished as nobly as possible, with the View of drawing thither Persons of the greatest Distinction. I hired a Man, as I had done at *Amsterdam*, to let me know all the Persons of Quality that came; and I must needs say, that Novelty has irresistible Charms wherever it appears; for I saw my House immediately frequented by the Nobility of both Sexes, and so full of Princes, Lords, and Officers of the highest Rank, that I could hardly turn myself, or find Time to make my Liquors. One Day the Company was very intent upon a Proposition that was advanced by one of them, which
was,

was, the Obligations the King of *France*, *Lewis XIV.* had to the Prince of *Orange*. This seem'd at first to be a very extravagant Paradox; but my Lord C. . . . proved it so well, that all the Assembly were satisfied of the Truth of it. He made an admirable Detail of the secret Policies of Courts; and proved that *Lewis XIV.* owed the greatest Part of his Glory to that great Prince: For it was he, said my Lord, that awaken'd the Ambition of the *French King*, who before lay inactive in the Arms of his Mistresses; it was he that piqued and excited him to Arms: Then *Lewis* arose, beat him in Battle, and made an easy Conquest of most of the Provinces under his Protection. *Europe* took the Alarm at the young Monarch's Victories. *England* began to fear for herself; the *Empire* and *Spain* form'd a League against him, in which almost all the rest of the *European Powers* join'd. But *France* knew her Strength, and made use of it; triumph'd over them all, and obliged them to accept of Peace upon such Conditions as she would allow. Had it not been for those first Steps of the Prince of *Orange*, *Lewis XIV.* would have languish'd in Indolence, and would not have run the most glorious Course that ever Prince did, from the Beginning of the World.

It was in my House, I dare say, that most of the secret Treaties against *France* were hatch'd. One Day being at home, I saw Prince *Eugene* come in, without any Attendance, or other exterior Mark of his Quality. I affected to take him for an *Italian*, he speaking that Language in Perfection. He ask'd me, what Part of *Italy* I was of? I told him, I was a *Sicilian*; and without giving him room to reply, I added, that I believ'd he was of *Sienna*, and ask'd him, if he had been long out of his Country? *E un pezzo che mi tratengo in Hollanda, perche mi piace assai il Paese*, said he. I knew well enough, that I was speaking to Prince *Eugene*; but I knew likewise, that I should please him in not taking notice of him.

He called for something to drink, and went up into some Rooms which I had furnish'd very handsomely for the Reception of those of the best Quality. The Prince

was

was hardly gone up, when there came a little old Man, and ask'd me if such an *Italian Gentleman* was not in my House; for he desired to speak with him. I conducted him up Stairs to him, and wonder'd to see that great Prince receive the old Man as if he was particularly known to him. I knew it was not for my Liquors that they came to my House; but I could not conceive what Business they two could have together. I have naturally a great deal of Curiosity, and being very desirous to know what those two Gentlemen were doing, I went into my Closet to enquire into my *Cabala*; and was answer'd, that a great King was about to be betray'd, and that all was lost. I knew not what this could mean: I had never had so obscure an Answer from the *Cabala* before. I consulted it a second time, and I was still more in the dark; for it said only, *'Tis done, they are burnt*. I thought it to no purpose to enquire any farther; so I waited till the two Gentlemen went away, which was not till two Hours after. The Prince ask'd for me, or rather I waited for him in the Way; he prais'd my Liquors, and the Neatness of my House; and look'd upon me so earnestly, that I was forced to turn my Head aside. He told me, he had left Money for me upon the Table; it was about Seven o'Clock, in a Winter Evening; and though at that time my Rooms were full of Company, I had a Back-pair of Stairs, by which People might go up or down, without being seen.

I design'd to go to see *Esther* that Night: My appointed Hour was at hand, and I knew that she was very uneasy when I did not come at my Time. I told *Janine*, that I should not return till it was late; and desired her not to be impatient, for I was going upon an Affair of the greatest Consequence. I went out with a good Sword by my Side, and a Pair of Pocket-Pistols; and having pass'd through the *Hague*, I was got almost to *Esther's* House, when a Couple of Rogues assaulted me, and demanded my Money: I was not afraid of losing what I had about me; but, that the Rascals might not lay hold on me, I stepped back, then drew my Sword, and one of my Pistols, which I fired so happily, that I shot him that was next to me through the Arm, and into the Body;
and

and he immediately cry'd out, *I am wounded*. In the mean time, I got into a little Lane opposite to that I was in before, and had two Shot sent after me, one of which just razed the Skin of my Back, though I did not presently feel it, by reason of the Fright and Hurry I walk'd in. I arrived at length, without any farther Hurt, at the little House, where I found *Esther* and *Teresa* very melancholy, and going to Bed without Supper. They began to revive at my Coming, and grew more chearful; but I was hardly sat down, when I felt a violent Pain in my Back; I put my Hand upon the Place, and was extremely surprized, when I took it away, to find it bloody. *Esther* took notice of it, and would needs undress me, and see my Hurt; though I told her, I had only got it from a Hedge in passing by, and desired we might sit down to Supper; but she persisted, and having taken off my Shirt, had like to have swoon'd away, when she found a great Quantity of caked Blood about the Place. You are wounded, said she, and, for aught I know, dangerously: This put me in a Fright; I felt a great Pain, and knew not of what Consequence my Wound might be; and thought myself the worse, in that I had only two unexperienced fearful Women about me; they were both (especially *Teresa*) so frighten'd, they knew not what they did. At last, we all of us took Courage; they wash'd my Wound with Wine, and I made them press it to squeeze out the corrupt Blood; and as it was only skin-deep, after they bathed it well, and put a little Balsam to it, I found the Pain abate, and was quite well in three Hours time.

Then I told my two dear Women what had happen'd to me, and the Reason why I was so late before I came to them. They both of them begg'd me for the future to come in the Morning, and but three Days in the Week; for they would find means to come to me the other Days. We sup'd very merrily, and began to be in the best Humour in the World, when we heard somebody knocking very hard at the Door. *Esther* counted the Number of Strokes, as she would those of a Clock; and presently cried out, It is my Cousin; quickly light the Candles in the Sconces, and perfume the Rooms.

Then

Then without staying for any body to go with her, she ran to the Door, and made her Gardener open it; and with the greatest Transports of Joy, received her dear Cousin, the learned *Rosicrucian*; who, after he had kiss'd her on the Cheek, saluted her in the *Cabalistical* manner: I had run down after *Esther*, to take care she did not fall, in the Condition she was in; and my Cousin, embracing me very affectionately, told me, Signor *Gioseppe*, *laudate Iddio mille volte: Eri cascato in un periglio così grave, che senza la sua bontà, devei restarci morte*; that is, Mr. *Joseph*, return a thousand Thanks to God Almighty; for you was in so much Danger, that nothing but his Goodness could deliver you from Death.

I was not surprized to hear that he knew all: For my part, I believe these *Rosicrucians* are Angels incarnate. I knew. added he, a Week ago, that such an Accident would happen to you. They who attack'd you were not Thieves; their Design was on your Life, not your Purse; but an Intelligence who serves me turn'd away the Bullet; and whatever Designs your Enemies may form, you shall live in Spight of their Malice; but it is happy for you, that you are reconciled to my Cousin; otherwise you would never have escaped the first Danger.

All this was said in an Instant, and mysteriously, because of *Teresa*, whom we look'd upon as impure, and consequently incapable of participating with us; though when we went in, our Cousin express'd Abundance of Civility to her, and assured her of rendering her the greatest Services on a proper Occasion.

We made an End of our Supper, and pass'd the Time so chearfully, that I did not perceive how it went till Midnight: When I began to be uneasy to think in what Pain they would be at Home for me. *Esther* took notice of my Concern, and having told it her Cousin, Don't be troubled, said he to me in *Hebrew*, that *Teresa* might not understand him; *Oriel* has taken your Form and Place, and is lain down in your Bed in your Stead; you shall pass this Night with us, and we shall soon have more Company; but we must desire *Teresa* to leave us, and go to Bed.

There

There never was a better-humour'd Person than that *French Woman*. I begg'd her to leave *Esther* and her Cousin together, they having some Business to settle. She comply'd, and I pretended to return to the *Hague*, but went with them into *Esther's* Chamber, where we heard the Clock strike Two. All was now hush'd in the House, when our Cousin opening all the Windows of the Apartment, (notwithstanding the severe Cold; for we were then in the Month of *January*) and having said some Prayers towards the East, a young and very handsome Woman came in, dress'd in blue Velvet, lined with Ermine, with her Hair gather'd up under a golden Net, and her Sleeves tuck'd up to her Elbows; who, without speaking a Word, after she had bow'd to us all round, went up to *Esther*, and embracing her, made her a Sign to sit down in an easy Chair, which she presented to her. *Esther* was scarce sat down, when she felt the Pains of Child-birth. Her Cousin, fearing she should cry out, made her smell to a Perfume he had, which refresh'd her; and in a Moment after she was deliver'd of a fine Boy.

As soon as the celestial Midwife (for I know not whence she could come, unless from Heaven) had done all that was necessary to both the Mother and the Child, she made three more Reverences, and, exceeding joyful for the Birth of a Male Child, she turn'd towards the *East*, and presented him to God. Then she gave him to the *Rosicrucian*, who having presented him to me, I carry'd him myself to *Esther*, with Tears of Joy, Tenderness and Love.

This Boy, said my Cousin, shall be my Successor: All has hitherto pass'd in Silence, because he is not yet in the Alliance of God. As soon as he shall have receiv'd Circumcision, you will hear celestial Symphonies that will charm you. You will see me here again the eighth Day, when I would not have you be surprized at the Persons you'll see. You know that all things are possible to us, and that, next to God, we are the Masters of Nature. He order'd *Esther* to nurse the Child herself, and assured her, he should be all that she could desire.

As

As soon as our Cousin was gone, I lay down upon a Couch, and slept till Nine the next Morning ; then I call'd up *Teresa*, and told her the happy News of *Esther's* Delivery : The good-natur'd Creature, without any regard to the Season, or her tender Constitution, ran to *Esther's* Room almost in her Shift ; where, after she had with'd her Joy, and kiss'd the little one very affectionately, she fell into such a Fit of Weeping, that we could hardly appease her : *Esther* was amazed at it ; but I, who knew the Cause of her Tears, engaged *Teresa* to tell her the Story of her Misfortunes, and so left them.

I return'd to the *Hague*, and got into my House, without any of my Servants knowing of my Absence. I told *Janine*, with an Air of Joy, that I had been just talking with a learned Man, who had taught me a thousand curious Things, and that I was now able to see into Futurity, as if every thing was present before my Eyes. I am very glad of that, answer'd *Janine* ; but you have some secret Enemies, which you must endeavour to find out, that you may avoid them. There came two ill-looking Fellows last Night to ask for you : I told them, you was gone out to see a Friend, but it would not be long before you return'd ; as indeed you did come back within an Hour after you went out. These two Men went away as soon as they drank some *Rosa Solis* ; and I have not seen them since, except in my Dream last Night, when I thought I saw you in their Company all bloody : One of them seem'd to cry out violently, and to be disabled in his Limbs. Presently after, I saw you in a noble Palace, richly furnish'd, where you danced, and did so many extravagant things, that I was ashamed to see you ; but a little Boy, beautiful as *Cupid*, spoke to me, and said, Let him dance, *Janine* ; he is at the Height of his Joy, and People dance upon much less Occasions. Soon after, I heard a Noise in your Chamber ; I knock'd, and you answer'd me ; but contrary to your Custom, would not open the Door to me. I must confess to you, I could not sleep after this Dream ; though I should not have told it you, if you had not said just now, that you could tell all that will happen hereafter.

I embraced *Janine* with a great deal of Tendernefs, and assured her, that if I had not open'd my Door to her, it was because I was asleep, and knew not who it was that spoke to me. I perceiv'd that my learned *Rosicrucian* had told me the Truth; and I could not but feel a secret Joy in having in one Night escaped so great a Danger, receiv'd so great a Blessing, and quieted the Mind of one so jealous as *Janine*. As I was thus contemplating on the Advantages I received by my Alliance with *Esther*, one of my Maids came to tell me, that a little Man desired to speak with me. I went down into my Coffee-Room, and found it was the same that had been shut up with Prince *Eugene*: He ask'd me, with an Air of Ingenuity, if I did not know the Gentleman he was with, the Day before? I answer'd, that he was an *Italian*, who was upon his Travels; but as to his Face, I was so employ'd in my Affairs, that I was not at Leisure to take notice of People's Countenances. I never saw any Man more like Prince *Eugene*, said the little Fellow: What think you? I think, said I, you are mistaken: Princes of his Rank don't expose themselves alone in publick Places; besides, I don't hear that the Prince is in this Country; but if he should, I would give the Lye to my own Eyes, rather than believe he could be in my House without Attendants.

The little Fellow turn'd immediately the Discourse, and ask'd me whither I went the same Night so late. This Question open'd my Eyes; and I presently suspected, that they had attempted to make away with me, for fear I might have over-heard the Discourse the Spy had with Prince *Eugene*, which I could never guess at till the following Spring, when the *English* burnt Part of the *French* Fleet at *Vigo* in *Spain*; though the little Man, I suppose, thought I had heard them, and therefore resolv'd to dispatch me. I thought it best to conceal my Opinion of him, and not to let him know. I took him for one of my *Russians* of last Night.

The same Day there went a Report about, that a Man's Body had been found in the Road leading to *Utrecht*, without Nose, Lips, Fingers, or Privy-parts; in short, a Body so mutilated, that nobody could know it:

it: He had been shot through the Right Arm into the Heart, which was his mortal Wound. I knew myself the Author of his Death, and was under no little Apprehension. I was afraid the little Fellow would not leave me so; and I did not like his Visits at all: I went and shut myself into my Closet, and was agitated with a thousand frightful Thoughts: I sometimes resolv'd to call that Man in, and to stab him privately, in order to prevent his murdering me: But that Thought soon vanish'd; for I was never capable of doing a villainous Thing in cold Blood; and though I once was obliged at *Messina* to commit Sacrilege in robbing a dead *Abbot* of some Jewels that were buried with him, there was something of Providence in that; and God knows with what Horror I acted that Crime, which, however black it may seem to be, is still more excusable than taking away a Man's Life. I therefore determin'd myself not to take away my Enemy's Life, to prevent his attempting upon mine, but to resign myself up to the Sovereign Lord of the Universe, and put my Lot into his Hands.

Soon after, I was call'd down to Supper, and *Janine*, seeing me very thoughtful, said to me in her usual tender manner, You are very pensive; you know nothing is more prejudicial to your Health; you have sworn to me a hundred Times, that my Advice has been of Service, when you have let me know what troubled you: What then have I lately done, not to deserve that Confidence? You do me wrong, answer'd I, in talking in that manner: I hide nothing from you; but I can't help being troubled, to see some certain Faces come into my House, who eye me very narrowly: You know well enough the Malice of my Enemies; besides, I am inform'd, there is a Man in the *Hague*, who waits an Opportunity only, to play me some bloody Trick; and perhaps I am now in the last Hour of my Life. Ah! Sir, cried *Janine*, why will you think so? Nobody has any Design to hurt you: I affirm that you are in a general Esteem here; and sure I ought to know, who hear all that is said by those who come to our House; so pray be in no Fear of the Enemies you talk of; go to Bed, and sleep in the most perfect Security.

I took *Janine's* Advice, and slept so heartily, that they could hardly awaken me at Ten o'Clock the next Morning. When I went down, I found my Coffee-Room full of Officers, who were talking of a strange Accident that had happen'd to a *Frenchman*, whose Neck the Devil had broke; for he had been found black, and swoln, like one that was blasted with Lightning. Nobody knew who he was; but the People of the House where he lodg'd said they had heard a great Noise in his Room, which still retain'd such a sulphurous Stink, that the Officers of Justice, who went to inquire into the Matter, could not bear it. I went up to the Gentlemen who were talking of this Event, and ask'd them if they had ever seen that Man in my House. One of them answer'd me, I saw him here such a Day; he was a little Man, in iron-gray Cloth Cloaths, with Silver Buttons, a black uncomb'd Peruke, and a Pair of old-fashion'd Whiskers, little Eyes, and a pale Face; he spoke to nobody, but shrunk up into a Corner like an Owl. I pass'd by his Lodging; and hearing of the Accident, went in to see him, as any body may do; and though he is much alter'd, being blown up so, I knew him again, for I had taken particular Notice of him, having Orders to observe him.

I must own, I never felt more Joy in my Life; I ran and embraced *Janine*, and told her, that God had done me Justice on those that sought my Hurt. I invented a Story, which I told her, to conceal the true Subject of my Satisfaction from her: I am going, added I, to see a Friend, but shall return by Five o'Clock; have a good Supper ready, for I am resolv'd to be merry To-night.

I ran immediately to *Esther's* House, and told her all that had happen'd. This, said she, is another Instance of my Cousin's Protection; how happy are you in having such a Friend as he! After Dinner we talk'd of the future Pomp of the Eighth Day, which we all waited for with a great deal of Impatience. My little Son was as beautiful as an Angel, and I had an extreme Pleasure in seeing him in the Arms of so deserving and tender a Mother. *Teresa* enter'd into our Sentiments, though she
could

Could not sometimes forbear a melancholy Reflection, when she remember'd, that she likewise was a Mother, though deprived of her dear Child. She had related the whole Affair to *Esther*, who had promised to use her whole Power to comfort and relieve her.

Returning to the *Hague*, I met a Friend, whom I carried home to Supper with me; his Name was *Beneditti*, an *Abbot* of *Lucca*, whom I had got acquainted with at *Bourdeaux*, on his Return from a Voyage to the *Levant*. He was at the *Hague* with an *English* Lord, but whether in Quality of Secretary, or Chaplain, I know not. He was a Man of a fine and penetrating Wit; and I took Notice, that when we were talking of these two extraordinary Deaths, he fix'd his Look upon me, and observed every Motion of my Countenance. I learned since from his own Mouth, when he was upon his Death-bed, that he was paid by the Grand Seignior, to spy my Actions, which he continued to do till after the Affair of *Vigo*; it was no hard Matter to guess whence the Blow came, and I took Measures to avoid for the future all such Apprehensions.

The eighth Day at length came, when my Son was to enter into the Alliance. I pretended to take a Journey, and told *Janine*, that an Affair of the greatest Consequence required my going to *Amsterdam*; that I might perhaps stay there three Days, and desired her not to be uneasy. She wish'd me a good Journey; and having made ready my Portmanteau, I went with one of my Maids to the Post-house to hire a Chaise, where my Servant having left me, I desired the Mistress of the Post-house to take care of my Portmanteau, which I would call for in three Days; and so paying her the same as if I had made use of her Chaise, I waited for an Opportunity to go to *Esther's*, where I got about Four in the Afternoon. My two lovely Women were very joyful to see me, and we began to talk on very sublime Subjects. *Esther* was learned and perfectly knowing, not only in History both Sacred and Profane, but also in the Rites of all the principal Religions in the World. *Teresa* heard us with Admiration; and as our Conversation was held in *Italian*, which Language

Esther had taught her, she often put very ingenious Questions to us, and answer'd ours with all the Wit in the World. Some malicious People, who read these *Memoirs*, will perhaps suggest, that this Country-house of mine was only a little Temple consecrated to Pleasure and Debauchery. They will not know how to persuade themselves, that a Man could live with two Women in a philosophical manner, and entertain himself with Discourses of Science, of Nature, and of immaterial Spirits. 'Twas in this Part of Philosophy that my dear *Esther* triumph'd, and she had so just a Knowledge of these Intelligences, that I sometimes thought her an Intelligence herself.

We were discoursing on the Possibility of Spirits, and whether it could be that Beings purely spiritual could shew themselves to material Substances like ours, communicate with us, and how it could be done, since our Senses can only act upon Matter. We had talk'd this over very learnedly, when we were surprized with a small Wind, which seem'd to move every thing in the Chamber. *Esther* told us, her Cousin was coming, and begg'd *Teresa* to retire to her Apartment. Perhaps, said she, you would be frighten'd to see so many Persons brought by Intelligences from the remotest Parts of the World. As you are not initiated in the Mysteries of the *Cabala*, and are still full of the Prejudices of your Education, your Surprize might occasion you a mortal Fright: Our Friendship allows me to tell you this; and I am assured you will take what I say in good part.

Teresa was of a very compliant Temper; and having a singular Respect for *Esther*, she went away, but on this Condition, that we should give her an Account of all that pass'd. She was hardly got to her Apartment, when the *Rosicrucian* appeared; and having embraced us very tenderly, he prepar'd every thing for the Circumcision of the Child: Then he opened the Windows, as he had done the Day of its Birth. The Person who had performed the Office of Midwife, then came in; and after her usual Salutation, she visited and inspected the Child, and then gave him into my Arms; and I, after I had offered him to God, consigned him to the *Rosicrucian*,
who

who immediately circumcised him, and that so nimbly, and with so much Dexterity, that the little Patient only shed a few Tears, and gave two or three Cries: But while he was dressing the Wound, how great was my Surprize, when I saw about a Dozen of the finest Persons in the World come in, all dress'd like the Midwife, except that they were covered all over with the richest and most precious Stones!

At the same time, we had such a Concert of Instruments, as our perfectest Masters can never imitate. The Airs they play'd, were nothing like those of our Musicians; they charmed the Soul, and warmed the Heart with so pure a Joy, that I thought I was transported to the Regions of Immortality.

The Child was restored to the Midwife, who with abundance of Gracefulness gave it to one of the Ladies of the Company, who gave it its first Milk after Circumcision; all that while a most exquisite Perfume filled the Room, and we continued to enjoy the charming Sounds of the Symphony. When the Child was fallen asleep on the Breasts of its beautiful God-mother, the Midwife took it, and gave it to its Mother; then all the Ladies went and saluted *Efther*, but without speaking a Word, and made her such noble Presents as I had never seen the like of: They consisted of Diamonds, and the finest of Pearls, of Boxes of Perfumes, and precious Elixirs, accompany'd with a Writing concerning their Properties and Uses. After this, the illustrious Company left us, and went away the same way they came, and left our dear Cousin with us full of an inexpressible Satisfaction; the Ceremony lasted about two Hours; and then *Teresa* came to us again, and participated of our Joy. We said nothing to her of the Circumcision, nor of the Wonders we had seen; but only told her we had been inquiring of the *Cabala* about the Fortune of the Child, and he was promised by the Stars a continued Series of Happiness without Interruption.

We distributed on this happy Occasion a great deal in Alms, as well to poor *Jews*, as to Christians; for the *Rosicrucian* Brothers aim only at pleasing God, and endeavour to imitate him in his Magnificence, in doing:

Good indifferently to all Mankind. Our Servants likewise partook of our Bounty, and *Teresa* received a Diamond from *Esther* worth 50000 Livres.

I can stay here but one Day, said my Cousin; and now, charming *Teresa*, you need only tell me wherein I can serve you. I prevent the Desires of my Cousins, and know perfectly what is necessary to them, without their asking; but you, Madam, ought to let me know your Wishes; and if they are founded in Virtue, and agreeable to the Glory of the Sovereign *Monarch* of the Universe, be assured they shall be granted you. I know the Friendship you have for my Cousin; and am not ignorant of your Misfortunes, which shall be made up to you: Have you any thing else that touches you? Speak, here is nobody you ought to suspect. *Teresa* was for some time surprized with a becoming Modesty; but at length recovering her Speech, with an Air of Joy she spoke to the *Rosicrucian* thus:

I can never enough praise the merciful Providence of God, in bringing me to Signor *Rozelli's* House; 'twas by that means I am arrived to the greatest Degree of Happiness a Mortal is capable of; for such I esteem it to be near the incomparable *Esther*, whose Perfections are so great, that when I discourse with her, I think I am in Company of an Angel of Heaven: But then, how great is the Glory of being protected by such an one as you? I can bring nothing into Comparison with it; the greatest Princes of the Earth would quit the most splendid Diadems to enjoy that Happiness. My Sentiments of it are infinitely above any Expression; and after this, I have nothing to wish for but Eternity. Nevertheless, since you know all our Thoughts, and our most hidden Secrets stand revealed to your Science, you cannot but perceive in me the Affections of a Mother, which revive in me from time to time, when I think on the unhappy Infant I brought into the World. Oh that without leaving this Place I could see him once more! I should then perhaps carry my ambitious Desires higher, and wish to see him a Retainer to the young *Emanuel*, and the Companion of his Studies and Exercises: Then indeed my Bliss would be complete.

Here

Here the *Rosicrucian* Brother interrupted *Teresa*, and told her he could grant only the first of her Desires, which was to see her Son. You are not, said he, nor your Child, in the Alliance; nor can you be: You are therefore consequently excluded from certain Benefits, which we may communicate to you, but which you can never acquire in the same manner we do; for you are not to persuade yourself, that the Intelligences who teach us, use the same Methods as ordinary Masters do with their Scholars. We are told a thing but once, and the Manner of explaining it is so plain, and the Terms so easy, that it seems as if we saw and felt the Thing itself. Thus in one Lesson we learn a Science, whereas you must employ ten Years with incredible Fatigue to know any thing. And indeed, who among you ever learned to know Nature? Not a Philosopher, how great soever his Name be, ever saw her but thro' a Thousand dark Veils; their Systems are all stuffed with false Opinions, and they are forced to make use of infinite Suppositions to explain the least *Phænomena*; a wretched Ignorance of the Nature of Things reigns in all their Writings, which they render still the more perplexed and unintelligible, by their Use of barbarous Terms, which confound, but explain nothing. And notwithstanding all their tormenting Essays on mixt Bodies, to find out their Parts, and know their Properties, when all is done, they know nothing. This is the Cause so many People die of the *Physician*, though Medicine itself is a Science created by God for the Benefit of Man: Hence come those vain Searchers after the Philosopher's Stone, who end their Days in a Halter, or in the Hospital. And in short, from this Source spring all your Mountebanks and Quacks, who are paid by Mankind to ruin and destroy them. Nature, as I said before, is simple, and acts by the plainest Methods; whoever has attained to that happy Simplicity, knows Nature, and may imploy her Productions with Success. But why should I talk to you of Things above your Understanding? You desire to see your Child the next new Moon; you shall have that Satisfaction; and if he is alive, I'll bring him with me; therefore dispose yourself

to receive us. I will also give you some Particulars of your Husband. I have engaged to oblige you, and will be as good as my Word ; in the mean time be discreet, and reveal to nobody the Mysteries you see.

And now the Time of our Cousin's Departure drew near, when we began to be very serious at the Thoughts of parting with him. He perceived it ; and having asked for the Child, he kissed him, then put him in the Cradle again, and desired us to leave the Room a Moment. We did so ; but were extremely surprized at our Return to find neither Cousin nor Child. *Esther* appeared very well satisfied ; but I was in a manner thunder-struck, and *Teresa* began to weep, and would have cry'd out, but that *Esther* told us she was in no Pain about it ; for she would have the Child again in less than a Day.

It was now time for me to return to the *Hague* ; but I could not resolve to leave the Place before I saw my Son again ; and notwithstanding all that *Esther* could say, I could not be easy, but attributed all I had seen, to Magic or Visions. About Eleven o'Clock, as we were going to Bed, we found the little Babe smiling in his Cradle, tho' it is not usual for Infants to smile so young. He uttered likewise some Words which we did not understand, and caressed his Mother so, that I thought his Reason was come to him before the Time. We blessed God for so extraordinary an Event ; the next Morning I returned to the Place where I had left my Portmanteau, and from thence home, where I found one of my Servants opening the Coffee-Room. My first Care was, to ask what News ? Sir, said the Maid, my Mistress has received some Letters directed to you, and is very impatient for your Return. Upon this I went up to *Janine's* Chamber, who received me, as usual, with a great deal of Tenderness, and gave me a Letter without any Date or Subscription, in which I found these Words : “ Prepare
“ immediately to die, if you do not restore me the Wo-
“ man you keep from me, and make use of in your
“ base Pleasures. I shall demand Justice both of God
“ and Man ; and if it is refused me, I will sacrifice you
“ myself to my Revenge. You may safely consign her
“ into

“ into the Hands of him who gives you this Letter ; and
“ he will tell you what I do not trust to this Paper.
“ Be wise, and profit by my Advice, if you love your
“ Life.”

I asked *Janine*, if she knew the Man ? I have seen him, said she, formerly talking to *Teresa* ; and I knew him again as soon as he brought this Letter ; he will be here again, I believe, soon ; for I told him I expected you every Moment, and he comes hither four or five times a Day. This Man, said I, is a Rogue, and is employ'd by the greatest Villain in the World to make away with the unfortunate *Teresa*, who is a Lady as illustrious by her Birth as Virtue, and who is pursued by a cruel Husband, who, after he had stript her of her Estate by a Confiscation, on account of Religion, has marry'd another Wife ; and now hearing she was in *Holland*, endeavours to get her assassinated, that he may live with more Tranquillity in his new Engagement : But I must prevent him ; and this Rogue, who comes to destroy us, shall perish himself, or follow those Rascals who went lately to *Batavia*. I'll go and speak to the Magistrate about it, who has an Esteem for me, and I don't question will serve me ; in the mean time, if the Fellow should come, keep him till my Return ; I will come in by the Back-door which opens into my Closet, and will give you the Sign when you shall bring him to me.

I lost no Time, but went to the Magistrate, and told him the Story of *Teresa*, and her Misfortunes on the Account of Religion ; he promis'd me the Protection of the States for her. Then I told him, that there had been a Fellow sent after her, to carry her back again to the *Cevennes* ; but that I had been at a great deal of Trouble to hide her from him ; and at length finding the Magistrate begin to interest himself in the Affair, I shew'd him the anonymous Letter ; which having read, he told me, that I ought to take this Rogue up. I begg'd him to let me have some Officers of Justice with me, and I would soon bring him before him. This was presently granted, and as happily executed ; for as soon as I had conducted my People in by the Back-door, and posted them, the Russian came into the Coffee-Room, and

was told by *Janine*, that I would be with him in a Moment. Then I having made the Sign we had agreed upon, *Janine* brought my Gentleman into my Closet, who, at seeing me, changed Colour, and could hardly speak, but in a confused manner asked me if I had received a Letter. Yes, said I, and a Letter without a Name, and writ in so extraordinary a Style, that I must have your Explanation of it. Immediately four Officers came in, and seized him, before he had time to think of any Violence, and tied him to his good Behaviour; and then the Magistrate was sent for, who presently came in by the same Back-door. He ordered the Criminal to be searched, which doing, they found a Pair of Pocket-pistols, a Poigniard, and a little Silken-cord. The Justice asked him what all that Preparation was for? To defend myself from my Enemies, said he: They asked him what he was, and what he did in *Holland*; to all which he answered with a great deal of Assurance; and I found the Magistrate inclined to let him go; but I begged him in *Latin*, which the Rogue did not understand, to allow me to question him, and that he would at the same time observe his Looks.

The first Question I ask'd him was, on what Design he came to *Amsterdam* ten Months before; and what Business he had then with a Servant of mine, for two Hours together; and whether that Servant was not the same that the Villain her Husband demanded in the Letter which had been read to him? At this Question he blush'd, and not knowing what to say, he deny'd his having been at *Amsterdam*. The Magistrate, upon this, order'd him to be search'd a second time, in order to examine his Papers; he would have resisted, but it was to no Purpose; and they found some Letters in his Pockets from the Marquis of R; and one among the rest, which begg'd him to make an End of the Affair he had sent him about; that a Woman's Life was a small Matter, and he needed not be long about an Action, on which the Happiness of his Days depended. He had likewise some Bills of Exchange, one on a Merchant of *Amsterdam*, and another on a Clergyman.

There

There was no need of giving him the Torture to get the Truth out of him; he confess'd enough of himself. Then the Justice, addressing himself to me, ask'd me what was become of the Lady in Question; I assured him she was return'd to *France*, being in Pain for a Child she had left there. I added, that her parental Tenderness had made her take that Resolution, which perhaps might appear something rash; but she had taken such Measures not to be discover'd, that she needed not to fear being known, though her perfidious Spouse himself should see her in her Disguise.

Upon this, the Criminal was sent to Prison; and soon after, upon his own Deposition, was condemn'd to be shipped as a Slave for *Batavia*. I desired the Magistrate not to make his Crime publick, because it might have ill Consequences. As soon as I was quit of this Fellow, I let *Teresa* know the whole Affair, from whom I had before conceal'd it. She prostrated herself on the Earth, and with a Torrent of Tears, gave Thanks to God for her Deliverance. *Esther*, who was present at this Sight, pity'd her, and said so many fine Things to comfort her, that I myself was charm'd with them.

I told *Janine* likewise, the Sentence the Magistrate had pronounced on the Criminal; and she thought it too mild, especially as it had been an Attempt on the Life of a Person she lov'd so violently; for there never pass'd a Day but she talk'd to me of her dear *Teresa*. If I thought, said she, I could find her in any Part of *France*, I would beg Leave of you to go and see her; for to conceal nothing from you, I must own, I never lov'd any thing like *Teresa*: What I have done for others was through Acknowledgment or Weakness; 'twas for another Sex, and had its Foundation in Self-love or Interest; but for *Teresa*, she is of my own Sex, was my Servant, and without examining whether she had Virtue or Merit, I lov'd her from the first Moment I saw her, and never was so happy as while I had her Company, and would do her any Office of Friendship.

Janine's Expressions seem'd to me too violent and affected, not to carry in them a secret Venom. I knew her Aim was to draw something concerning *Teresa* from me,

me, whom she thought I kept privately in the *Hague*. She had several times caused me to be observed, when I went out ; but whether my Cousin the *Rosicrucian* conceal'd me, or it was owing to the new Measures I took every Day, her Spies always lost me ; and she never suspected, that *Esther* was so near, and that *Teresa* lived with her. However, I thought it necessary to curb her Curiosity a little ; and therefore I desired her, once for all, not to concern herself with any thing I did out of the House : I told her, that within Doors, I gave her an absolute Power to do what she pleas'd, not because I could not do without her, but in Acknowledgment of the Services she had done me ; that if, after all I had done for her, any thing was wanting to make her happy, she might endeavour to get Satisfaction in any thing, but my private Affairs : That for the rest, I would receive her Advice whenever I ask'd it, but it would be always unwelcome, when it came out of Season, and was not demanded. *Janine* seem'd mortify'd at this ; and having made me a low Curtesy, went and shut herself up in her Chamber ; where, as the Maid I brought from *Bourdeaux* told me, she walk'd all Night, talking to herself, and beating her Face with her Fists.

Katharine, which was the Maid's Name, thought she was mad, or had a mind to make away with herself ; for she had mutter'd something of Blood and Sacrifices ; and that she would never survive her Disgrace. She therefore begg'd me to go to her ; for she was afraid she would throw herself out at the Window.

I went, and that in a very seasonable time ; for she had her Body half out of a Window three Pair of Stairs high, when I snatch'd her back ; and notwithstanding her Resistance, caused her to be put to Bed, and made *Katharine* sit by her, and order'd her not to leave her a Moment.

It was a Fault in me to treat her so haughtily ; for she had given me a thousand Proofs of her Tendernefs, and had some Reason to believe she had Possession of my Heart ; but upon this my Treatment of her, thinking her Suspicions but too well ground'd, she gave way to her Despair, and conceiv'd the horrid Design of destroying herself.

I waited

I waited at the Chamber-door, to assist in case of Need ; when, after she had lain still about an Hour, she began to speak, and ask'd *Katharine* what Time of Night it was, and where I was ? She told her, it was very late, and that I was at home. I don't believe you, said *Janine*, and burst out into a violent Fit of Laughter, and after that into a kind of Singing, so that I thought she had absolutely lost her Senses. Upon this, I went in, and taking her by the Hand, she put mine to her Mouth, as if she would have kiss'd it ; but instead of that, she bit it, and would not quit it, till I forced her with a hearty Box on the Ear.

Then waking as it were from a sound Sleep, she turned her Eyes very tenderly upon me, and repeated these Words out of *Pastor fido*, *A chi t'adora, ingrato!* I was in no Humour to answer her ; my Hand was swell'd, and very painful ; I knew that there is no Poison more dangerous, than the Bite of an enraged Woman ; so I ran to my Closet for an Antidote, and put some Treacle upon my Wound ; it was well I did so, for else I had been a dead Man, and *Janine*, who loved me so tenderly, would have had the Displeasure of killing me without designing it. At last she came to herself, after she had wept abundantly ; then she asked for me ; I had occasion for her in my Business, and had no mind to provoke her ; so I went in, without taking Notice of what had passed. She seeing my Hand bound up, asked me how I got that Hurt ; I told her a Cat had bit me : Ay, said she, they are treacherous Animals, one should not trust them.

She asked how she came there ; for she did not remember her going to Bed, nor any thing that had passed ; and was extremely surprized, when I told her what Extravagancies she had committed, and that she would have thrown herself out of Window. I pressed her to eat, which she did in Complaisance ; and having given her an Anodyne Potion to compose her, I left her to her Rest, and went to my own Bed, full of Reflections on this strange Scene.

I told this Story the next Day to *Esther*, who asked me about my wounded Hand ; she, with her usual Mildness

ness and Prudence, told me, It is a very difficult thing for a Woman who loves, not to shew a greater Resentment on such Occasions. You should, said she, treat her gently, and not give her room to think she has lost your Confidence. As for her Love to *Teresa*, it will afford us good Diversion; do you tell her only you have seen a Man at *Amsterdam* so like *Teresa*, that if he were *French*, you would almost swear 'twas the same; leave the Farce to us; it is a Contrivance of mine, to pass away our Solitude; our Habits are ready, and we only wait 'till my Cousin has been here, that *Teresa* may be in a fit Humour to play her Part. I begged *Esther* to let me into her Design; no, said she, you shall be caught with it yourself; and be never so much upon your Guard, you shall see us at your House, and not know us.

Thus we passed the Time very merrily, waiting for the New-Moon; and about seven Minutes and eight Seconds past Eleven, that is, about eight Minutes after the Change, according to our Calculation, our *Roscrucian* Cousin came in. Children, said he, there has been a terrible Action at *Vigo*, a Port in *Spain*, where Part of the *French* Fleet has been burnt, and the Riches of the New World would have fallen into the Hands of the *English*, but for the Vigilance of the chief Commander, and the Bravery of the *French*. Then I remember'd what my *Cabala* had answer'd me that Day Prince *Eugene* was at my House. I told my Cousin of it, and he thereupon reveal'd a great many Things to me, which have come to pass. *Teresa* was silent, and dared not ask the *Roscrucian* to see her Son, for fear lest being once carried away to *France*, she should never see us again; but our Cousin prevented her, and said, Well, Madam, would you see your Child, and have you Courage enough to pass through the Air with me? I find, you dare not trust to so extraordinary a Passage. Fear belongs to those who want Faith; *Esther* or her Husband would not be under such Apprehensions, if I should propose the Journey to them; but there is no need of your removing; I will oblige you, and bring your Son to you in his present Habit and Condition. Then putting his Head out at Window, he called aloud to a Genius named





named *Coloriel*, and bad him bring *Teresa's* Son to the Door with all Speed.

In less than three Hours we heard a Knocking at the Door, and the Footman came, and told us, that a little Boy was there, and begg'd we would give him a Lodging; for he did not know whither to go: We bad him bring him in, and *Teresa* ran with open Arms to embrace him: 'Tis my Boy, cry'd she, and I cannot but know him, tho' I have not seen him since the Day I brought him into the World. The Child was very poorly cloath'd, and like one of the little Shoe-cleaners in the Streets. Alas! cry'd *Teresa*, my dear Child, what a Condition have your Mother's Misfortunes brought you to! Ah! Madam, said he, I have no Mother; she died at *Rochelle*; but pray tell me what Country I am in, for I don't know. A fine Gentleman bade me follow him, as I was going home; and after he had carry'd me to a Tavern, and made me eat and drink, methought the World turn'd round, and presently he bade me knock at this Door; but I don't understand the Language of the People that open'd it, and I'm afraid the Gentleman has made me drunk; for I don't know myself, and I never was so before.

Teresa could hardly speak to him for Joy; she folded the little Innocent in her Arms, wetted his Cheeks, and almost stifled him with Kisses; then she asked him, if nobody had ever told him he was a Gentleman's Child: No, Madam, said he; why should they? My Mother was a Midwife, and my Brother a Sailor, who was drown'd at Sea. While he liv'd, I was in Hopes of getting aboard some Ship, and making my Fortune; for I should like to go to Sea: But when he was drown'd, my Mother lived but three or four Months after him; and then I was left, and forced to beg my Bread; and indeed when I go on an Errand, or get any thing to do, I don't play away my Money like my Companions, but save it to buy me Cloaths against Winter. I have an Aunt, an old Maid, that takes me in at Night, and keeps me clean, and seeing me a good Boy, takes care of me, and teaches me to read; but I wish I could learn

to write; for, they say, one that can write may live any-where.

This good Sense of the Child's redoubled *Teresa's* Tenderness, and she saw herself resembled as well in the Inclinations as the Features of the Boy; she had therefore a mind to raise his Thoughts a little: My dear Child, said she, the good Woman that brought you up, was not your Mother; I am your Mother, and the Marquis of R. . . ., the worst of Men, is your Father. Madam, reply'd the Boy, I wish it was so, and I had a Mother like you; but how can that be? You are in a Place where I never was before, and if my Father was a Marquis, how comes it I don't live with him, and why does not he take care of me? But you jeer me, Madam; so pray let the Gentleman that brought me hither, carry me back To-morrow; for the *Paris* Coach comes in then, and I shall get something.

You must leave those mean Thoughts, my Dear, said *Teresa*; and now I assure you, you are my Child, and something better than ordinary, you must begin to speak and do like what you are. What! would you rather be at *Rochelle*, japanning of Shoes, than with your Mother, who will give you a good Education, to make you Amends for the Estate you have lost?

This tender Dialogue was interrupted by my Cousin and *Esther*, who proposed to *Teresa* to send the Child back to *Rochelle*. Ah! said she, then I shall die the next Moment; and why, Sir, (addressing herself to the *Rosicrucian*) would you give me so short a Pleasure; you, who shew'd so much Readiness in obliging me? He may stay, Madam, reply'd my Cousin, but it must not be in this House with *Emanuel*; if you will place him any-where else, you may do as you please. Yes, Sir, said she, I will place him so as he shall never come hither, and will content myself to go and see him sometimes, which will be a sufficient Consolation to me for all the Sorrow I have hitherto undergone. We all applauded *Teresa's* Sentiments, and I took upon me to provide a Boarding-school for young *Jacob*. I put him to one at a little Town about a League from the *Hague*, and as he had been hitherto bred a Catholick, I desired the Master,
who

who was of that Religion too, to bring him up in the same way, knowing that nothing is stronger, as to Matters of Religion, than the Prejudices of Education. Besides, I had a farther View; for I thought, if ever it should be proper to make his Birth known, it would be more easy for him to recover his Estate, he being a Catholick: I had some Thoughts too of converting the Mother, knowing her to have a very good Wit, and not of a stubborn Temper, which how it pleased God to bring about, I shall tell by-and-by.

As soon as I had disposed of little *Jacob*, I return'd to give his Mother an Account: I told *Efther* how I design'd to bring the Child up in the *Romish* Religion: Ah! said she, you will spoil all: *Teresa* will sooner leave us; she is a strong Hugonot, and looks upon the Papists as reprobate Idolators. Let me alone, said I; you shall be Witnesses to our Conversation, and shall see how I'll manage her.

In the mean time our *Rosicrucian* Relation was gone, not to return till the next New Moon. I went back to the *Hague* to my ordinary Occupation and Business, where every thing prospered, and where, without concerning myself in the Affairs of *Europe*, I heard every thing that pass'd. I was always an Auditor, and never spoke, but heard all the Invectives that passionate and prejudiced People could invent against *Lewis XIV.* How many extravagant Names did they give him, and how many ridiculous Schemes were form'd for the taking of *Versailles*, plundering that Prodigy of Art and Magnificence of its rich Ornaments, and then reducing it to Ashes! These merry Projects afforded me good Diversi-
on when I was alone, and retired to my Closet. One Day, when I was at Work on a Chymical Operation, a young Gentleman, very handsomely dress'd, came in, and bespoke some Liquors of me; he said he was a *Portuguese*, and called himself *Dom Joan da Silva*: After some other Talk, we fell upon the Times. Sir, said he to me, you have been at the *Hague* some time, and no doubt have heard a great deal of Talk concerning the Success of the present War; and that *France*, that so flourishing Kingdom, which gave Laws to all *Europe*, is
likely

likely to be the Spoil of Princes far inferior to its own King. This is the common Discourse here; but I fancy they sell the Skin before they have caught the Bear, and that all that the Confederate Princes can do, will only serve to make the Power of *France* more known. I seem, in this, not to speak as a good *Portuguese* ought to do; but I cannot help telling my real Sentiments: But there is a strange kind of a Refugee *Gascon*, that lodges in the same House with me, and calls himself the Chevalier *Cornicolle*: He is for laying any Wager, that *France* will be reduced to the last Extremity in a Year's time: We have lodged some time together; and tho' he's an intolerable huffing, bragging, lying Vapourer, in short, a true *Gascon*, we agree well enough in every thing, but this Point; and I could bear well enough with him, but that he follows me about every-where, teasing me on this Head, so that I should have quarrell'd a hundred times with him, if I had not pity'd his Age and Folly.

I answer'd my *Portuguese* in his way, and we were displaying all our Politicks, when the Chevalier came in. Hey! said he, in his *Gascon* Tone, give me a Gallon of Tea to wash my Guts, and drive down the Fumes of a Debauch I made last Night with three beautiful Women: Quick, quick! 'sbl--d! what! does nobody hear? Z---ds, I have more Letters to write than all the Intendants of *France*, and have not so much as dated one of them. D---me, I believe your Fire is frozen; what! shall I ne'er be serv'd? Oh, ten thousand Millions of D---ls take me, if they had made me stay a Quarter of this Time at any Coffee-house in *Bordeaux*, I'd have thrown the Scoundrels, with their House, and all their damn'd Equipage, out at Window, and made 'em know what it is to deal with Men of my Quality.

Janine was surprized at all these Rhodomontades, and came out of the Bar to pacify him. Sir, said she, it is very early yet, and our Servants going to Bed very late, are but just up, so that we have not a Fire lighted; but be pleased to have a little Patience, and you shall have your Tea presently. He seem'd a little satisfy'd; but seeing me talking with *Dom Joan*, By Gog, says he,

you

you are very mannerly, to see me here these fix Hours, and take no Notice of me: Ho! *Portuguese*, what! are you asleep? 'Tis the Chevalier *Cornicolle* speaks to you; can't you hear? Yes, Chevalier, said *Dom Joan*, I hear you; but we are talking about Business.

I could not forbear laughing at his Blusters; however, I said to him, Pray, Sir, be a little easy; the People of this Country don't love Noise. Noise! God take me! do I make a Noise? I'm as mute as a Fish, and as quiet as a Lamb: I never insult any body; but when I am provoked, the Stars are not half so elevated as my generous Expressions. To let you see how gentle I am, here's this honest *Portuguese*, this *Dom Joan*, 'gad, I believe he's a Pensioner to the King of *France*: He and I have been these three Weeks in a perpetual Controversy about the present War: He is always extolling the Zeal, the Piety, the Riches, and good Fortune of *Lewis le Grand*, and that so many Enemies only serve to increase his Glory; whereas I, who, to my Misfortune, was born a *Frenchman*, do aver, sustain, and maintain, that in two Years time his Kingdom shall no more be talk'd of in the World, than that of *Priam*; what think you, Signor?

He ran on in this Strain for an Hour, till at last Company beginning to come in, my two Gentlemen went away with a great Burst of Laughter, that surprized me.

I went, according to Custom, that Evening to *Esther's*, and found them both in the best Humour in the World. What's become of your *Dom Joan*, said they; and how did you get rid of your impertinent *Gascon*? I was surprized at the Question, and could not answer: What! said they, do you suffer Folks to insult you and your Servants in your own House? Then they repeated all that had pass'd in the Morning, and I found it was they who had been the Actresses of that Comedy. I could not but laugh with them at the Trick, and acknowledge that I did not know them: But, said I to *Teresa*, if *Janine* had known you, she would never have let you go from her; for she loves you most violently, and sighs continually after her dear *Teresa*. I cannot comprehend how any such Passion can arise between two Persons of the same

same Sex. I am not surprized at it at all, reply'd *Teresa*; for I was Witness to an Event in my Country, which leaves me no room to doubt of what you find so difficult to be believed.

Two young Women of our Parts conceived such a Love one for the other, that they swore not only never to part during Life, but also to accompany one another in Death. The World was amazed to see them never asunder; they constantly eat and lay together, and wore the same kinds of Cloaths; and this Union went so far, that the young Fellows (whom they could not endure) began to be malicious, and to say that one of them must needs be a Man disguised, or at least of that sort of Women who are scandalous for the Commerce they have with their own Sex. They were so much talk'd of, that their Parents were resolv'd to put an End to such Discourses, and, willing or not, to marry them. One of the two was forced to yield to the Violence that was used with her; and notwithstanding all her Intreaties to leave her at Liberty, her Lover and the Notary were prepared to pass the Marriage-Contract. When she saw there was no farther Resistance to be made, she cast a melancholy and desperate Look at her Father; and sighing, said, Cruel Father! does your having been the Author of my Life, give you a Right to take it away too? And you, Sir, who are so earnest to be my Husband, think not ever to have that Satisfaction: I will sign, but I take you all to witness who are present, that 'tis to my Sentence of Death. Then with the same Hand that held the Pen, she put something into her Mouth, which was of so quick an Operation, that she fell dead upon the Paper in writing her Name. They thought at first it was only a Fit, and endeavour'd to recal her Spirits by all sorts of Applications; but she was gone, and the Poison had had its Effect in a Moment.

At the Noise of this Accident, which alarm'd all the Town, her Friend ran, and throwing herself upon the dead Body, after she had endeavour'd to recal her by a thousand tender Expressions, being but too sure of her Death, she held her in her Arms for the Space of some Minutes, and then expired by the same Poison. This
strange

Strange Sight frighten'd all the Spectators, and every one reason'd upon it according to his Ideas; but to prevent any Pursuits of Justice, they made it pass for the Violence of Love, and the two Bodies were buried in one Coffin.

For my part, said *Esther*, I can never have any thing more than Esteem for my own Sex; that is a Passion which causes no Inquietude; and I can see, without any Pain, my She-friend as happy as I would desire to be myself. The Men, however, accuse us all, reply'd *Teresa*, of bearing a secret Envy to our best Friends; but they are Impostors, and only invent those Calumnies on our Sex, to cover their own Follies and Baseness. What say you, Signor *Rozelli*? You are a Man of Judgment, a Philosopher, and an honest Man; at least, I have always taken you for such. You know me perfectly well, Madam, reply'd I; for I have always opposed the general Sentiments of Men, with regard to your Sex. Ah! cry'd *Teresa*, I wish I could once hear you declaiming on that Subject; for I never knew a Man in my Life, who did it in good earnest. I will do it now, reply'd I; and you shall hear a System, which, if publish'd, would seem very ridiculous to certain Gentlemen in the World.



Of W O M E N.

PEOPLE have been divided extremely in their Opinions about Women; and there is hardly any Country, where they are not either very much esteem'd, or greatly despis'd. Man, who had the Right of Eldership in the Creation, immediately seiz'd on that Authority, which seem'd to be given him by God in *Genesis*, *He shall rule over thee*. And this has so confirm'd Men in the Opinion, that God gave them the whole Earth for their Inheritance, that in the *East*, where this Precept was given, the Women have ever styled the Men, their Lords and Masters. The *Jews*, who pretend to be

be the ancientest Nation in the World, and are so in Effect, invented certain Marks of Servitude, to keep their Women in Submission and Respect; and among their finest Ornaments, they mix'd the Tokens of a pompous Slavery. Hence arose the Chains and Bracelets, and the Boring of their Ears, which used to be done to all Slaves; and however ornamental the Dress of that Sex was, Men always disdain'd to wear it, as being the Distinction of an inferior Creature. The common Opinion then being, that Men were made to command, and having receiv'd their Empire immediately from the Hands of God, a great many persuade themselves, that Women were only associated with them, to obey them: But they ought not to mistake the Word Obedience; for Men must not think, that they have a despotic Power over the other Sex, like what they have over other Creatures. The Obedience of Women regards only the Duties of Generation; for if we look well into *Genesis*, we shall find, that they were obliged to this Obedience, after God had said, *She shall bring forth Children with Pain*: Now there is no Woman would expose herself to such mortal Pains, if she was not obliged to it by this Law, which was given to the first Woman; and the general Law of Providence concerning the Propagation of the Species, would have been violated, if this Precept of Submission in the Woman had not preceded it.

It is then certain, that a Woman is only the Servant and Slave of her Husband on this Occasion. In other respects she ought to be look'd upon as his Companion, and Part of himself; and indeed we find them in many things not inferior to ourselves. We have seen Women in all Ages excel in Politicks, and the Art of Government; and their Dominion has been many times preferr'd to that of Men. In Sciences, such as have meddled with them, have arriv'd to the highest Perfection. But above all, it is to them we owe all the Politeness, Neatness, Fashions, and good Behaviour, which constitute the Pleasures of a Civil Life. Their Manners are milder, their Voices and Ways of Speaking more agreeable; and in short, they have a certain Excellence, which Nature has
given

given them, peculiar to themselves, and which Men do not enjoy.

Those Men that are no Friends to the Sex, and who search even the Scriptures for frightful Descriptions of Women, will, without doubt, say I am partial; but I must tell them, I only do Justice. It is not that I believe that Women have fewer Faults or Vices than Men. We are equally the Children of the first unhappy Pair; but I don't know, why the Vices of Women should shock us more than our own; unless it is, because we entertain an Opinion, that they ought to be more modest and temperate than ourselves: Born, as we think they are, only to the domestick Part of Life, we are surprized, when we see them deviate from those Duties, as we are, when a Man descends to those Meannesses, which are properly in the Province of Women. And indeed, the Distribution of distinct Offices to each Sex, is the Work of Providence, to keep the World in Order; for if Women were to neglect the bringing up of their Children, and Men the Obligations of social Life, all would be in Confusion; but then we ought to allow, that Women are as praise-worthy, and as much to be respected for those Virtues which are proper to them, as Men for theirs.

The ancient *Romans* were of this Opinion, and Masters, as they were, of all the Politeness and Power in the World, disdain'd not to call their Women their other Half: And, indeed, there every Woman was a *Roman*, and possess'd all the Virtues of the greatest Heroines before them. We read, indeed, in the holy Writings, of a *Deborah* and a *Judith*; in the *Assyrian* History, of a *Semiramis*, of an *Artemisia*; and a *Sappho*, in the *Greek*: But it was the *Romans* only that had their *Lucretia's*, their *Portia's*, their *Cornelia's*, their *Arria's*, and their *Clelia's*; who signalized themselves as *Romans*, as Mothers, and as Wives, and who, there is no doubt, would have been as illustrious for every manly Virtue, had Custom left them room to shew themselves.

How brutish then are those Men that treat them ill, defenceless, as they are, against Violence! Nor is it less base, to insult them for the Use of those Arts, which the

ill Practices of Men make necessary to them. We tax them with being cunning, malicious, inconstant, and, above all, with an Incontinency of Tongue in Matters of Secrecy; while, at the same time, we make our Boast of our own Infidelity and Villainies. But are Men themselves less various in their Tempers? Or are they more sincere and faithful where they are trusted? The Women complain of this in them, and not without Reason; for can any thing be more indiscreet than a Fop, or more vain and scandalous than the common Discourses of young Fellows? A Woman never talks of the Faults she has committed, unless the Perfidy of her Seducer forces her to it. We blame them for those Actions we ourselves solicit them to, and insult them for those Weaknesses which are owing only to our Temptations. This indeed is the Reverse of good Sense and Honesty, but is undeniably true, and partly proceeds from the Impunity of such Actions; for if the Laws inflicted the severest Penalties on young Debauchees, who acted in this manner, we should have another sort of Esteem for the Sex. But we think it enough, that Women are warn'd to guard against the first Approaches, and not to give any Ear to young Fellows. In Answer to this, let us only consider, how artful Men are in their Attacks upon the other Sex; how imperceptibly we insinuate into their good Graces; and how ready we are to take hold of all the Advantages their Ignorance, Innocence, or Curiosity, gives us over them; and then we must agree, that she must have an angelical Spirit, or at least an extraordinary Share of Grace and Virtue, who can forbear giving into the Snares laid for them. The first Woman had, no doubt, more Knowledge and Fortitude than any of her Posterity; yet, the Cunning of the Tempter prevail'd, and engaged her in an Action which entail'd Misery and Imperfection on all her Issue.

Esther and *Teresa* thank'd me for the advantageous Idea I had of their Sex; and told me, if all Men were of my Opinion, the World would be much happier than it is. I desired them not to surprize me any more in Disguise, and they promised me they would not: But they did

did not keep their Words; for about five or six Days after, *Teresa* came in the Habit of an old Mumpser, and acted it so well, that I was as much deceived as the first time. She came in the Morning, while *Katharine* was opening the Coffee-Room; and she having, while she lived with me, contracted a particular Familiarity with that Maid, had learn'd all the Secrets of her Life: So pretending to be a Fortune-teller, she had given the Wench so many Particulars of her past Life, beside some good Fortune she told her was to come, as really surprized and frighten'd her. I came down in the meantime, and hearing the Dialogue, made one among them, and was so taken with the old Woman's Repartees and Humour, that I offer'd to take her in, and keep her; but she in a very comical manner refused, and told me, the World was very censorious, and would be apt to judge amiss of her Honour; so begging a little Bottle of Ratafia, which I very readily gave her, she went away.

When I went in the Evening, according to Custom, to *Esther's*, they shew'd me my Bottle of Ratafia, and *Teresa* repeated the whole Conversation between us. I then knew, that she was the old Woman; but how the Duce, said I, do you make yourself so little? for you seem'd a Foot shorter than you are now. Well, you shall deceive me no more; for I'll examine the *Cabala* every Morning what will happen to me the Day. You need not give yourself that Trouble, reply'd *Esther*; we have done with our Comedies; or, if we come any more, we will give you a Sign that you shall know us by, and share in our Diversion.

Thus I pass'd my Time, till an Accident happen'd, that interrupted for a while all my innocent Pleasures: A Man fell down for dead in my Coffee-Room, and of a sudden swell'd up extremely: All that saw it were astonished, and immediately look'd upon my House as a dangerous Place. For my part, I was so amazed, that I stood motionless, and as if I had been turn'd into Stone; but *Janine* had more Presence of Mind, and ran immediately to my Closet, and brought a Counterpoison, which having given him to swallow, he immediately vomited up a mortal Poison; soon after he came

to himself, and the first thing he did was to complain of the Assistance we had given him.

In the mean time this Accident made a great Noise in the *Hague*, and I was advised to send for the Magistrates to take the Deposition of this Wretch. They came presently, and examining him, he confess'd, without being press'd to it, that he had poison'd himself, and had chosen that kind of Death, as having less Horror in it than a Pistol or Knife; that he had composed the Poison himself, which was of such a Nature, that whoever took it could not escape Death, whatever Remedies were apply'd; that he left the World, because he was weary of it, and found nothing in it worthy of him, and not because he wanted any thing; for his Estate was sufficient to afford him every thing that could be bought with Money: But that having tasted of all sorts of Pleasures, and enjoy'd all sorts of Company, he had found nothing in them that could render him truly happy; that he had found nothing but Self-interest in his Friends, Inconstancy and Treachery in his Mistresses, in great Men an intolerable Pride and Vanity, in the lower Sort Dishonesty, and in the Poor an extreme Laziness; in short, nothing solid, nothing good in the World, but perpetual Contradictions and Quarrels about the clearest and most intelligible Points: That all these Imperfections had given him an Aversion to the World, and had made him take the Resolution to quit it voluntarily, and pass to another, where his Repose would never be interrupted by Impertinence or Vice. Then, said he, we shall have new and incorruptible Bodies given us; our Senses shall not be subject to Error, nor our Souls torn with Passions; we shall have no need of gross Meats or Drinks for our Conservation; our Food shall be pure and immaterial like our Bodies, and the Wonders of Nature, which we shall then understand and see without a Veil, shall serve us for an eternal Entertainment

The Magistrate ask'd, if in this fine Place he had no Hopes of seeing God? Ignorance! reply'd he, with a Smile of Contempt; Is not God All in All, and everywhere? Can we see or think of any thing that is not God?

I would

I would have persuaded him to have other Sentiments; but in the midst of my Exhortation, he puts his Thumb in his Mouth, and then staring for some time wildly upon me, he expired before our Eyes, without any Possibility of bringing him back again. We drew his Thumb out of his Mouth, and found the Nail of it very long and black, and fill'd with a kind of *Opiate*; we mix'd some of this in Broth, and gave it to a Dog, which fell down instantly, and died. All these Proofs, together with the Confession of the *Suicide*, saved me from Trouble, and a Prosecution that would infallibly have ruin'd me.

He was an *Englishman*, and they found among his Papers at his Lodging a most frightful System of Religion, together with the Reasons of his voluntary Death. The Magistrate order'd them to be burnt, as containing such monstrous Doctrines, as, if Credit had been given to them, would have set all Mankind upon their own Destruction, and People would have gone about their own Death with more Pleasure than to a Feast. Thus I was quit of this ugly Business for the Fright, and a little Disadvantage I underwent in People's Opinions at first; but the Story was afterward told, with all its true Circumstances, and every thing set to rights.

When at my next Visit I gave *Esther* and *Teresa* an Account of the Matter, they were almost frighten'd to Death, and we all bless'd God, that it had hurt nobody but the Wretch himself. Then speaking of the abominable System of this Fanatick, I took occasion from the Attention *Teresa* lent me, to talk to her of Religion; and I proved so forcibly, that there was none other agreeable to the Word and Will of God, but that which is profess'd by the Church of *Rome*, that I found I had made an Impression on the Hearts of both those amiable Women.

The next Morning *Teresa* came to my House in her *Gascoign* Dress, and having ask'd to speak with me, and made herself known to me, I took her into my Closet, and order'd my Servants, if I was ask'd for, to say, I was not at home. When we were alone, she said, You remember, Sir, no doubt, your Discourse of last Night. I am now come to know what are your real Sentiments.

of Religion; for, as I serve God in my Way sincerely, and with all my Heart, it would be very deplorable, if I must be damn'd, after doing all that was possible towards my Salvation. I was bred, and have hitherto lived, in a great Abhorrence of Popery; the Idolatry, the vain Pomp, and ridiculous Ceremonies in its Worship, the Absurdity and ill Tendency of many of its Doctrines, and the scandalous Lives of its Professors, particularly the Clergy, have made me ever averse from giving Ear to those who undertook my Conversion: But I now feel something that excites me to seek for Satisfaction; and 'tis from you I expect it.

I could not but admire at *Teresa's* Sincerity and Inclination to the Truth. Sinner as I was, and in a State of Separation from the Church, I knew not but God might make me an Instrument in the Conversion of a Person, who had only erred, because she had never been shewn the right Way. Therefore, after I had thank'd her for the good Opinion she had of me, I desired her not to look upon me as one that had some particular Reasons to be dissatisfy'd with the Court of *Rome*; but as one who had search'd for the Truth among all Communions, and had found it only in that which she had been taught to hate. Then I gave her the History of the Church from our Saviour to the present Times, and proved an uninterrupted Succession of Sovereign Pontiffs. I demonstrated the Necessity there was of such a Head of the Church; I shew'd her the Purity and Antiquity of its Doctrines, for which so many Martyrs had bravely suffered, and the Usefulness and Significancy of its Ceremonies: But I particularly insisted on an Account I gave her of all the Heresies which have arisen in the Church from the primitive Times to the present Innovators; and shew'd her how insincerely the Hereticks deal in the false Interpretations they give the Scriptures. These, concluded I, my dear *Teresa*, are my Sentiments, which you desired to know, concerning this Matter: I have opposed your Opinions, because they are ill-grounded; and though I may seem to have err'd as well as you, I had my Reasons to retire into these Parts, to be safe from the Insults of the Court of *Rome*, which is altogether a worldly and political

political Court, and where Vengeance is practis'd in the highest Degree.

After this, *Teresa* went away, and I went down into my Coffee-Room to hear News, where I found the Company talking of the late Prince of *Orange*. I join'd in the Conversation, and began the Elogium of that great Prince; I told them, the *States* never had so complete a General, the Allies so generous a Friend, the *English* so great and magnanimous a King, or the *French* so dreadful and brave an Enemy. The Air I pronounced this Panegyrick with, engaged several *English* Lords and Gentlemen to me, of whom I made a good Advantage, not by selling them damaged and musty Snuff, as the Editor of my former Memoirs has falsely pretended, but by the surprising Quantity of Liquors they took of me; for I had six People constantly at work in preparing Cordial-Waters, *Rosa Solis*, and other Liquors, to which I gave several extraordinary Names, and assured them they were sent me from *Italy*. Besides this, I made several Sorts of *Pastilles*, which surpass'd in Delicacy, and the Exquiseness of their Perfume, those which *Portugal* so much boasts of. I could not make enough to satisfy the Demands of the *English* Gentlemen, as well as *Dutch*; and I shall not exceed the Truth, if I say I clear'd a thousand Pistoles every Year, all Charges paid; and to this Commerce with People of Quality, the Curiosities in my Closet did not a little contribute.

I had a Cabalistical Watch, which shew'd the lucky or unlucky Hour; I had several Sorts of Liquors, which congeal'd when I mix'd them; others that assumed extraordinary Colours at the Approach of a Lamp, and others that exhaled a thick Smoak without diminishing. I had Glasses fill'd with different Essences, in which, by means of a Microscope, I shew'd several sorts of Trees bearing Blossoms and Fruit. I had several moving Figures, which walk'd, saluted one another, and answer'd with a Nod of the Head to the Questions I ask'd. I had a *Basso-relievo*, which I call'd the Oracle of Truth. You ask'd it a Question; and then putting your middle Finger in the Mouth, if the Thing was true, you took it out again without Difficulty; if not, you felt your

Finger hurt, and could hardly draw it back again. All those Machines were wrought with abundance of Art; for, when I had invented them, I had a *German*, an incomparable Workman, to execute my Ideas. But that which was most surprizing among my Curiosities, was a spherical Looking-glass, which seem'd to take the Objects from a Picture, and give them a Motion in the middle of the Room, as if they had been so many Spectres or Phantoms. I had Wind and Water Engines, which surprized all that saw them: One Figure that blew out a Candle, and another that instantly lighted it. In a Moment the Room was three Foot deep in Water, and the next, it all evaporated, and fell again in an odoriferous Mist. I had two or three Machines, that by the Help of Wind gave me a perfect Concert of six Instruments. In a Word, my Cabinet pass'd for one of the most curious in *Europe*, with all Gentlemen who had travell'd and seen the most complete.

The *English* Gentlemen who were my Customers, were Persons of great Merit and Distinction, and paid me very generously for what they bought of me. This, with what my Cousin had given me, made me a money'd Man; but, with all this, I was not contented, and I found that it was not the Riches of this World that could satisfy my Desires.

Upon the Death of the King of *Spain*, and of King *William*, Things had changed Face in *Europe*. *ANNE*, the Daughter of King *James*, and Wife to Prince *George* of *Denmark*, sat on the *British* Throne. The Beginning of her Reign gave her People a Taste of the Glory they should acquire in the Sequel. Ever attentive to the publick Good, ever just, prudent, and successful, she became the Darling of her Subjects, and of all Mankind; even they, whose Interest it was to be her Enemies, admir'd and lov'd her. Thus she made herself the Arbitress of *Europe*: And after she had completed a glorious Course of War, she blest'd the World with Peace, which, but for her generous Resolution and Constancy, we perhaps should not yet enjoy. The *English* are never better govern'd, than when they have a Woman at the Helm: They know that Sex aims more at
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the Conquest of Hearts, than of Kingdoms or Provinces.

I had stay'd at home some Days without going to *Esther's*; but she came to see me in the Disguise of *Dona Joan da Silva*; nobody knew her in the House, though she sometimes talk'd with my Servants, particularly with *Fanine*. The Morning after my Discourse with *Teresa*, *Esther* came to me, and said, I don't know, my Dear, what is the Matter with our Friend; but I have found her constantly of late either in Tears, or a deep Melancholy; and as there is nothing but a Wainscot between her Chamber and mine, I hear her sigh all Night, and sometimes cry out, *Good God! what will become of me!* When I would know the Reason of her Sorrow, she answers me only with Tears, or desires me not to press her to tell what has occasion'd that Change in her Humour. I then told *Esther* all that had pass'd between *Teresa* and myself in our last Conversation; and that I believ'd that she, who had a great Share of Understanding and good Inclinations, had been touch'd with what I had said. Alas! said *Esther*, why was not I present at this Conversation? Would not you be glad to see me in the way of Salvation? Pray let me once hear you on that Head. I am a sincere Jew; but if I could be convinced that *Jesus Christ* is the *Messiah* we expect, I would soon renounce a Law that could not justify me: But make use of your utmost Strength of Argument; for I am very firm on the Holiness, and eternal Duration, of *Moses's* Law; and I flatter myself, I shall be able to dispute against you in such a manner, as to make you ashamed of the Superstitions of Christianity.

We appointed the next *Sunday* for our Conference; and the *Saturday* Night I went and lay at *Esther's*. The next Morning, after we had each address'd ourselves to God in our different Ways, I began my *Thesis*; and pursuing it without Interruption for an Hour together, I enforced with so many Arguments the Divinity and Mission of our Saviour, that I perceiv'd I had touch'd the Hearts of my lovely *Jewess*. And now, my dear *Esther*, said I, I wait for your Answer; reply freely to what I have said to you, and I will give you all the Attention pos-

fible. Alas! what can I reply? said she; you have said all; and if to believe in *Jefus Christ* is a Crime in my Religion, I am already very guilty. *Teresa* could not contain her Joy; but ran with open Arms, and embraced her passionately; call'd her her, dear Sister; and mingling their Tears together, it seem'd like a Dew that was to prepare their Hearts for the Reception of Abundance of divine Favours.

I thought it was now time to finish the Conversation, and turn'd the Discourse to Affairs of the Times, telling them the News I heard at my Coffee-house; but nothing touch'd them; they took no Notice of any thing, but remain'd pensive: Dinner was serv'd up, and never Meal pass'd with greater Silence. I then promised God in my Heart, that if his Grace wrought with Efficacy on those two Persons, I would confine myself to a Desert, and weep for my Sins all the rest of my Days.

When I return'd home in the Evening, I found *Janine* busy in preparing some Liquors for an *English* Lord, who had bespoke three Casks. This Lord came soon after, and I being pretty free with him, he told me the Affair of *Hockstadt* with such a kind of Transport, as shew'd him to be mightily affected with it. The next Morning the whole Town seem'd to be mad with Joy; and I never before saw so many Follies as were then committed by the *French* Refugees. One of them, with an Air of Prophecy, told me, That in a little time their Temples would be rebuilt in *France*, and the Walls cemented with the Blood of the Papists. He knew, no doubt, of the Design of the Fanaticks in the *Cevennes*; and the Event has shew'd, that it was not ill concerted.

I was surprized at the Inactivity of the *French*, and that while the King kept in his Pay five or six hundred thousand Men to defend his Country from Strangers, he took no care to remedy an Evil, which, though small in its Original, might cause a terrible Combustion in his Kingdom. It puzzled the Politicians to think on it; and several were of Opinion, that the King's Counsellors were Pensioners to the Enemy, and cared not what became of their Country, so they could but enrich themselves. This intestine War in *France* was a Work of
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the most refined Politicks; and if the Fanaticks had had Prudence enough not to have made Religion directly their Pretence; if they had not been so brutal in their Proceedings, nor had exercised such unexampled and unheard-of Cruelties, without respect to Age, Sex, Rank, or Character; if they had made use of some other Pretext, such as suppressing the Insolence of the Partisans, &c. *France* would have suffer'd a Revolution the most astonishing that ever was heard of. No Week pass'd; but some printed Relation was publish'd of the Murders and Rapine the *Camisars* exercised on the Catholics. I took care to buy the Paper, and carried it to *Esther* and *Teresa* to read. One Day, as I was reading of the Cruelties the Rebels had used on the Marquis de ———, and how they had burnt him in a slow Fire, because he had changed his Religion, and had put his Wife, Children, and Servants to the Sword; *Teresa* gave a great Cry, and swoon'd away so long, and in so extraordinary a manner, that we had much ado to bring her to herself. As soon as she revived, she ask'd me for the Paper; which having read, *Good God!* cry'd she, *how just are thy Judgments!* The Wretch then is no more, and I am deliver'd from my Persecutor, who, not content with enjoying my Estate, was not satisfy'd without my Life; but thou hast exterminated his unhappy Seed, like that of *Amalek*, and revenged, with the Death of so many Persons, the Wrongs he did my Innocence. I rejoice not; but I adore thee, O my God, whose Decrees are ever just.

As soon as I knew, that the Marquis the Paper spoke of was her Husband, I propos'd to her to find out some *Frenchman* at the *Hague*, who might do her Service with the King, and get her restored to her Estate; since I already saw an Inclination in her to embrace the *Romish* Religion: But here her Pride oppos'd me. What! said she, shall I now renounce my Religion, in order to recover my Estate, which I only lost because I would enjoy that free? What will the World say of my Fickleness; and what Idea will all honest People have of me? Besides, my Husband took care to publish the News of my Death, and he could not have married a second time,

without having a Certificate of my Burial, which his Friends at *Rochelle* procured him in all due Form. How, after twelve Years time, shall I be able to prove, that I am *Mademoiselle de ******, and married to the Marquis de *****?

I have but one Piece of Counsel to give you, said I: I am acquainted with the Count *D* who is a *French* Prisoner here, and is a very honest and worthy Gentleman: Him I'll speak to, if you please, about your Affair, and will give you an Account of his Sentiments: I see him very often, and have had the Happiness to do him some small Kindnesses. I know that he is well consider'd at Court, and perhaps he will do something for my sake: I only want your Leave to speak to him.

Teresa remain'd thoughtful, and I knowing it was only her Vanity that resisted, put her in mind of her Son. What! Madam, said I, will you deprive your dear and lovely Child, whom Heaven has preserved to you, almost by Miracle, of the Inheritance of his Ancestors? And when you may render him happy, would you rather expose him to lead a mean and sordid Life, than restore him to that Condition which your Misfortunes have hitherto kept him from?

Teresa shed a Torrent of Tears at the Remembrance of her Son, and begg'd me to give her till the next Day to consider on so nice and serious an Affair.

There hardly passed a Day but we heard of some Loss the *French* had either in *Flanders* or *Italy*. To describe all that I heard or saw during the last Years of the War, would make up a History as ample as that of *Thucydides* on the Wars of *Peloponnesus*; and 'tis my own *Memoirs* of the latter Part of my Life I write, not an Account of the Actions of Importance which pass'd in *Europe*; those the Reader may find in more than one Historian, who has treated of that Matter. I propos'd to myself to live quietly the rest of those Days I had to be in the World; not to meddle with any body, to hear all, to say nothing, and to make my own Advantage of every thing.

When I came home from *Teresa*, I was very thoughtful; and I did not seem to *Fantine* to be in that pleasant Humour which used to animate all the House. Are not
you

you well, said she, that you are so melancholy? Here was the Count D. . . . a little while ago to speak with you; I fancy that *French Gentleman's* Visits are troublesome to you; he seems to come hither very often. On the contrary, answer'd I, I have a great deal of Pleasure in his Company; he is an ingenious Gentleman, and I shall be sorry when he leaves us. As we were sitting down to Table, the Count came in; I am come, said he, to salute you, and beg a Supper of you; then, without more Ceremony, he sat down by me, and told me he would give me a Dish I should like. I did not understand what he meant, but look'd at him, without speaking. What! said he, *Signor*, will you not rejoice with me? I am exchanged, have got my Passport, and shall set out To-morrow for *Paris*.

I should have been gone before now, but that I resolv'd to take my Leave of you, and give you a thousand Thanks for all the Civilities I have receiv'd from you. I offer you all the Services, that depend either on me or my Friends; and protest, I shall think myself the happiest Man in the World, if I can be useful to you in any thing.

It seem'd as if all this had been brought about by Providence; therefore, without consulting *Teresa* any more, I took him into my Closet, where having told him the whole Affair, relating to the Marquis de *****, he bad me send him a Memorial for his Instruction, when he was at *Paris*; and assur'd me, if the Woman I spoke of was a Catholick, and could prove what she pretended, he promis'd me, she should recover her Estate. He paid me very exactly some Money I had lent him, and offer'd me again to serve me on all Occasions.

The next Day I went to our Country-house; and sincerely desiring to serve the lovely *Teresa*, I begg'd her to give me a faithful Relation of all that happen'd to her before her Marriage; how she was taken by Violence from her House, and carry'd to the Convent at *Rochelle*; of her Lying-in, pretended Death, and Flight into *Holland*. Omit, said I, no Circumstance; for I shall have Occasion for the least Facts, in order to a happy Conclusion of your Affair.

You

You will give yourself, said she, a great deal of Trouble to little Purpose. However, if you must absolutely know all that concerns the unhappy Story of my Marriage, I shall soon have done. I was born at a little Town near *Viviers*, which belong'd to our Family, and which my Father had taken care to preserve, though he had been at great Expences in the Service, where he was Colonel of a Regiment; he was a zealous and sincere Protestant, and, I may say, devout in his Way; he had a great Resentment of the Sufferings of his Protestant Brethren, and died soon after the Demolition of the Temple of *Montpelier*. My Mother was left a Widow, with three Children, a Son, and two Daughters.

My Brother was about fifteen Years old when my Father died; he resolved to leave *France*, and went to serve in *Hungary* under Prince *Eugene*, who took him into his Protection, and soon gave him an Occasion to shew his Courage, in an Action which happen'd near *Pest*, where he was mortally wounded. We heard of his Death as soon as of the Honour he had got; and he himself wrote us the Account, or at least sign'd the Letter that was sent us. My Mother ran distracted at the News; she said a thousand extravagant Things, and we never saw her well afterwards; for she died before the Year was expired. One of my Aunts took Charge of us: I was then about thirteen, and my Sister about eleven. My Aunt was advised to put my Sister into a Nunnery for Education, which she did, sending her to the *Ursulines* in *Montpelier*, where she was educated a Papist, and took the Habit as soon as she had attained the Age prescribed by the Canon.

My Aunt thought herself accessory to this Apostasy; at least, she was so accused by our Relations, which made her the more hasty to marry me, and to look out for a suitable Match for me, especially one that was a good Protestant. I had been bred under a *Gouvernante* of *Poitiers*, one that was extremely well read in Scripture; and who had the Art of inspiring an invincible Horror for the Pope, the Friars and Clergy. I suck'd in her Principles almost with my Milk; and I could have perform'd

the Part of a *Deborah* or *Jael*; for my Zeal increased upon every new Wrong done to our Party.

The Marquis *de R...*, a younger Brother of a good Family in *Languedoc*, who was then at *Viviers*, was recommended by a Lady, who was intimate with my Aunt, as a Gentleman who was worthy of me. I saw him, and he presently made a Declaration of the Passion my Virtues had raised in his Soul; and though I was naturally proud enough, he made his first Addresses in so agreeable a manner, that I listen'd to all he said with Pleasure: I believed an honest Man always spoke as he thought, and had the Weakness to tell him I thought a Man of Honour and Virtue was the greatest Treasure a young Woman could enjoy in the World. After this, you may believe it did not cost him a great deal of Labour to win me; I was already charm'd with him, and having made us a few Visits, the Matter was agreed on, and the Contract drawn by a Notary of *Viviers*, named *Bonaud*. We kept it secret, because we would not be marry'd at Church; but we found a Catholick Priest, who marry'd us privately. We lived together at our Castle in the most agreeable manner in the World for three Months, when the Dragoon Campaign began, and with that all my Miseries: My little Estate was one of the first that was visited. The Marquis and my Aunt comply'd immediately; but finding me inflexible, one Night four of those bloody Missionaries enter'd my Chamber, and hardly giving me time to dress myself, bound a Handkerchief about my Eyes, put me in a Litter, and carry'd me away I knew not whither. At Night, when we arrived at our first Stage, they took off my Handkerchief; and then the Officer who commanded put on a Mask, to prevent my knowing him; but I have ever suspected, that it was my Husband himself; for he affected never to speak, and his Air and Shape agreed exactly with that perfidious Man's.

I had a little Foreknowledge of the Misfortunes I afterwards fell into, and therefore secured a little Trunk, in which I kept the Pictures of my dear Parents, and some Letters my Husband had written me while he courted me. Have you those Letters still, Madam? said I, interrupting

terrumping her? Yes, said she, I have not only his Letters, but I have several Answers I sent him, which I took away from him after we were marry'd, as thinking them a little too passionate for that Modesty which a young Woman ought to observe in Writing. I have likewise my Marriage-Contract, and the Priest's Certificate who marry'd us; this little Trunk I laid hold of, and slipt it in among my Linen, which they allow'd me to take, and have ever since kept it as my Companion in all my Misfortunes.

We were fifteen Days upon the Road between *Viviers* and *Rochele*, and all the while I knew not which way I went. When we arrived at the Place of my Exile, they carry'd me to no Inn, but set me down at the Gate of a Convent; where being carry'd in, and the Bandage taken off my Eyes, I found myself among a Company of Nuns, who endeavour'd to comfort me in my Misfortunes. The Abbess conducted me herself to the Apartment which was prepared for me, and presented a Nun to me to be my Companion, and to talk to me of Religion. I seem'd docile, thank'd her, and begg'd her to let me take a little Rest; for I had had none in fifteen Days, having been in a continual Fear, that they would throw me down some Precipice, or cut my Throat in the middle of some Wood.

In the Beginning of my Confinement, I was pretty easy, whether the Greatness of my Misfortune had stupify'd me, or having, while I was in my Dragoons Hands, thought I was going to a certain Death. I was now glad to find myself among the Living. I seem'd but little melancholy, and lived among the Nuns in such a manner, that finding me docile, and that I hearken'd to them with Submission, and without falling into Tears or ill Language, they had some Hopes of bringing me into their Sentiments.

In the mean while, my Pregnancy increased, and I drew near my Time; therefore I told them, if they did not design I should lie-in in the Convent, it was time they should take some Order about it. Upon this, they presently resolv'd to place me with the good old Midwife, who was so kind to me. You know all the
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rest; and I need not repeat a Story to you, which you have already heard.

The greatest Difficulty in *Teresa's* Affair, was to prove, that she was not dead: I knew not which way to go about it; I sometimes resolv'd to go to *Rochelle*, in the Disguise of a Fortune-teller, and to find some Pretence to open the Place where they had put her pretended Body: The Enterprize was dangerous, but I was not known at *Rochelle*. I communicated this Thought to *Esther*, and told her, that if once this Imposture of the Burial was discover'd, it would give Occasion for an Inquiry, what was become of the Lady, whose Death had been pretended. I was preparing to execute this Design, when Providence furnish'd me with a Man who was fitter than myself for it.

An *Italian*, who had lately been in the Inquisition at *Milan*, was come to the *Hague*, and having no other way of getting his Living, he pretended to foretel Futurity: He was dress'd after the manner of the ancient *Greek* Philosophers; he spoke admirably well the vulgar *Greek*, which is spoken in the Islands of the *Archipelago*, and was over and above a most incomparable Mimic and Lyar. He had made a Prediction for the Governor of *Milan*, which succeeded but too well for him; for the Governor believing him to be a Sorcerer, gave him up to the Inquisition, from which he escaped but by a kind of Miracle. This *Italian* was every Day at my House, where I took a Pleasure in talking with him; and had brought him into Credit, by praising his incomparable Art; so that he began to do very well at the *Hague*, and his Predictions were look'd upon as Oracles.

When he was about to foretel any thing, after he had made several Interrogations, he assumed an innocent Air, and fell into a kind of Stupefaction: Then coming to himself by little and little, he pass'd by Degrees into a surprizing Fury, and in this Fit he pronounced his Oracle either in *Latin*, or the vulgar *Greek*, and sometimes in the learned *Greek*, which he understood likewise; and what he had said during his Enthusiasm, was his Answer: So that he was believ'd to be inspired by some Devil, and was esteem'd an Oracle, and so call'd

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at the *Hague*; for it was common there, as among the ancient Pagans, to say, *Let us go and consult the Oracle.*

It was this grand Impostor that I made use of in *Teresa's* Affair at *Rochelle*. I gave him his Instructions, and 100 Pistoles for his Voyage, promising him 100 more at his Return. The Passage was short from *Amsterdam* to *France*; and he arrived in six Days at *Nantes*. There he went ashore, and after four Days travelling on Foot, he came to *Rochelle* in the Night-time: His extraordinary Habit, and venerable Beard, made him be taken Notice of all the way he went: Sometimes he call'd himself the *Cosmopolitan*; another time he took the Name of *Malchus*; and at *Rochelle* he gave himself out to be the elder Brother of the famous Astrologer *Chiaravalle* of *Milan*. Under this Name he published some Remedies for the Teeth, and Cosmeicks to help the Ladies Complexions. He was presently visited by that Sex; and the Sight of that extraordinary Man was reckon'd a good Entertainment. If I had Leisure, I could write his History, which is composed of very surprizing Adventures; but I shall only leave the Canvas for some able Hand to complete so pleasing a Picture.

Il Signor Chiaravallone (for so he call'd himself) knew so well how to tickle the Vanity of the People of *Rochelle*, that he soon grew into great Esteem. He foretold several Things which happen'd very exactly. He had hardly Time to take his Rest, for the Crowds that came to consult him; and all went away satisfy'd: But they were obliged to carry an Interpreter with them, that understood the *Latin* or *Italian*; for he did not know a Word of *French*.

One Day he had the Honour to be sent for by the *Mareschal de Chamilly*, Governor of the Province, a very worthy and courteous Gentleman. He had a mind to know what this *Chiaravallone* was; and having talk'd with him for two Hours together in his Closet, he found so much Wit and good Sense in him, that he made him one in a Party of Pleasure with some Ladies in a Garden he had out of the Town. Our Astrologer knew this Garden by the Information he had receiv'd from *Teresa's* Son's pretended Aunt, the Midwife's Sister. The *Astro-*
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loger had talk'd with her by my Orders, under Pretence of erecting a Scheme on her Nativity; and had extremely surprized her, in telling her what had pass'd between *Teresa* and her Sister. The good Woman thought herself undone, on account of the Part she had had in the Affair; she thereupon confess'd all, and carry'd the Conjuror to the Garden, where the pretended Burial had been; and though there had been great Alterations made in the Place since the time, she led him directly to the Grave, which she herself had help'd her Nephew the Seaman to dig.

After some other Diversions, the Mareschal and his *Astrologer* walk'd round the Gardens, discoursing on different Subjects. As they pass'd by the Grave, *Chiara-wallone* fell into a Fit, and afterwards into that Fury which he had not before practis'd in *France*. The Mareschal call'd for Help; and when the Company came, they saw the *Astrologer* in his *Enthusiasm* speaking several Languages, making dreadful Faces, and turning his Body into a hundred strange Postures, as if he had been possess'd. At length, coming to himself by Degrees; My Lord, said he, there is some Treasure hid in that Place; if you order somebody to dig there, you will not lose your Labour.

The *Astrologer's* Reputation was too well establish'd, to doubt of any thing he promis'd; therefore, without losing Time, they sent for four lusty Soldiers to dig in the Place mark'd. Having open'd the Earth, they found a Coffin half-rotten, which breaking open, in the Expectation of some Treasure, they found nothing but a great Block, and a Quire of Paper, containing the History of the Marriage, Lying-in and Flight of the Marchioness *D. . .*, alias the lovely *Teresa*. This Account she had written herself, and had put in a tin Box into the Coffin. As soon as the Governor had read the Paper, he resolv'd to send it to Court; and as this Scene pass'd in the Presence of several People, it was soon published all over *Europe*. The *Gazettes* all spoke of it, and that of *Holland* was not the last that took Notice of it. I us'd to carry the News to *Esther's*, and read this Article with a great deal of Pleasure. Now, my Lady Marchioness, said

said I to *Teresa*, you are risen from the Dead, and the King has in his Hands a Relation of your Misfortunes, written by yourself; see if I impose upon you. I gave her the *Gazette*; which having read, There is, said she, an invisible Hand, which guides us in all we do: My God, I adore thy Providence; do with me as it seems best to thee.

I told *Teresa*, we ought not to lose a Moment; that I would write immediately to Count **** at *Paris*, from whom I expected the greatest Services in this Affair, having communicated it to him when he was at the *Hague*; and that I would send *Janine* to *Paris* to solicit it. *Teresa* gave me leave to do as I thought best; and I having prepared *Janine*, proposed the Business to her, and told her, she would not only oblige me very much in it, but would do an infinite Service to the amiable *Teresa*, whose Affair she was to go about. She embraced the Occasion with Eagerness; nor could it have fallen into better Hands. I made *Teresa* consent, that *Janine* should take her Son with her, and that he should assume the Name of the Marquis de R The Boy was as lovely as a *Cupid*, and had profited very much under the Instructions of an excellent Master, with whom he had been three or four Years; he was then about twelve Years old, but had a Wit and Discretion far above his Age. *Janine* took charge of him with a great deal of Pleasure; and I having procured a Passport for them, they set out, and arrived at *Paris* in fifteen Days. The Count to whom I recommended them, did not deceive my Expectations; he made use of all his Interest, and set all the Springs imaginable to work, following admirably well the Instructions I had sent him.

As the Affair was in itself extraordinary, he thought it ought to be carried on in a particular manner. Therefore, without troubling himself with the Formalities of that Labyrinth the Law, he address'd himself immediately to the King, and presented the Child to him. That great and wise Prince had been already inform'd of the Adventure, by the Paper the Governor of *Rochelle* had sent him; and heard with wonderful Goodness what the Count said to him. He question'd the Child,

Child, and ask'd him, if he had any Knowledge of his Parents. Sire, said the Boy, I have a good and virtuous Mother, whom I have known but lately. I believ'd myself before to be the Child of a poor Woman of *Rochelle*, after whose Death I was expos'd to beg my Bread. The Sister of her I thought my Mother, indeed, took some little care of me, but beat me when I got nothing. One Evening I was taken by a Man, under Pretence of doing him some little Service, and carry'd into *Holland* to a Lady, who assures me I am her Son, and that the Marquis *de R. . . .* in the *Cevennes* was my Father. She has, since that, given me an Education suitable to the Quality she says I am of; and the Letters she continually writes me, are so many Lessons, which I shall never forget, but will ever practise. Have you those Letters about you? Sire, I am never without them; I take care not to lose them, but read them over every Day. Then the little Marquis taking a Letter-case out of his Pocket, gave several Letters to his Majesty, who had no sooner cast his Eyes upon the Character, but having caus'd the Writing that was found in the Coffin to be brought to him, he found the Style, as well as the Hand, to be the same. The King, convinced that the Person spoken of was alive, ask'd the Child what Religion he profess'd: I know no other than the Catholick Religion, reply'd he; in my Infancy I learn'd the Catechism; I have been since instructed in that Religion in *Holland*. My Master, who is a Catholick, fortify'd me that Belief; and I have already made my first Communion. Then 'tis likely, said the King, your Mother is a Catholick! Sir, reply'd the Count, she is not so yet; but they write me from *Holland*, that she is disposed to abjure, and that she was inclined to it long before she had any Hopes of recovering her Estate. The King then turn'd to the Count, and told him, Count, take care of this Child: You may send for the Mother hither, in order to prove that she is the Daughter of Monsieur *de *****, and first Wife to the Marquis *de R. . . .* I allow you to accompany her every-where to this End; and let the necessary Proofs be made in your Presence. If this be duly affirm'd, she shall re-enter

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into all her Rights and Estates ; in the mean time, inform me of every thing. The King then gave his Hand to the young Marquis to kiss, and restored him his Mother's Letters, together with the Paper that was found in the Coffin at *Rochelle*.

Janine had no sooner inform'd me of the Success of this Affair, than I let *Teresa* know it, who prepar'd for her Departure. We provided her with all things necessary for her Voyage ; a Passport, a good Quantity of Money she had, some Jewels which our *Rosicrucian* Cousin had given her, and which the generous *Esther* had considerably augmented. I shall not describe the Parting of those two lovely Women ; I can never think on that Time, without being extremely affected with the tender Expressions on each Side.

I gave *Teresa* a trusty Servant to accompany her ; and in a few Days she arrived at *Paris*, by the Way of *Brussels*. She was presented to the King by the Count de ****, in a decent Dress, and like a Woman of Quality. That understanding *Monarch*, who was never deceiv'd in Physiognomy, receiv'd her very graciously, and was pleas'd to tell her, that God had permitted her Afflictions for her Sanctification : That for her own future Repose and Glory, she must go through some Formalities which the Law required ; but that he, before-hand, would order her to be put into Possession of her Rights. *Teresa* appear'd in her Manner of receiving these Favours, and in her Answers, to be what the King had thought her ; and she confirm'd his Majesty's good Opinion of her, when she told him, that the Possession of her Estate was not the principal Motive of her coming into *France*, but rather the Desire she had to make her Abjuration ; therefore, she begg'd his Majesty, that this greater Affair might be done before she went about the other, because she had learnt in the Gospel, that the Kingdom of Heaven was first to be sought, and that then all other things would be added. The King recommended her to the Bishop of *Rochelle*, who was then at *Paris* ; and after she had been perfectly instructed, she abjured in the *Recolets* Church at *Versailles*, a great Part of the Court assisting.

As soon as *Teresa's* Affairs at *Paris* were finished, she went away for her Estate, accompany'd by the Count, and a Waiting-woman she had taken; having first sent me a Letter by *Janine*, whom she would not detain any longer, knowing how necessary she was to me at the *Hague*. They pass'd by *Toulouse*, where they took two Commissaries, in order to take the proper Affidavits. When they arrived at *Montpelier*, *Teresa* told the Commissaries, that one of the best Proofs she could give them, was to see her Sister, who was a Nun in the Convent of *St. Ursula*. You may go there, said she, Tomorrow, to inquire concerning me; I will come in some time after you, and you will see by her Reception of me, whether I impose on you or not.

The next Morning the Commissaries, accompanied by the Count, went to the Convent, and ask'd for Sister ****. After their first Compliments were over, they ask'd her if she had not a Sister. Alas! said the good Nun, she is dead long ago, and we have receiv'd an Attestation from the Mothers of *Rochelle*, that she was bury'd at *Rochelle*, because she died in her bad Religion. Did she come to see you often, when she was alive? ask'd the Commissaries. Very often, reply'd she; and used to furnish me abundantly with means to pass my Time agreeably in this Solitude. Alas! the last Visit I had from her, she made me accept of her Picture in Miniature, which I always carry about me. Pray shew us that Picture, Madam, said they. The Nun drew the Picture out of her Pocket, which as soon as the Commissaries had seen, they were convinced that *Teresa* was really the Marchioness *de R. . . .* Madam, said they, your Sister is not dead: Providence has preserv'd her by a kind of Miracle; we tell you this, that you may not be surprized in seeing her.

The Commissary had hardly said so, when in came *Teresa* with her Son; at which Sight the Nun was so transported, that she could hardly speak a Word, thinking it was a Ghost that appear'd: But at length, being come to herself, she express'd the tender Sentiments of her Heart in a thousand endearing Ways. She incessantly

ly kifs'd her Hand, and named her over and over her dear, dear Sister.

This Matter made a great Noise at *Montpelier*, where *Teresa's* Relations were of Consideration; and though the *Marquis's* Family was one of the chief in the Town, they could not but do Justice to the Truth. She was visited by all of any Rank in the Town, and was put into Possession of all her Rights and Estates by a Decree of Parliament. Her Tenants attourn'd to her, and strove who should be first in congratulating with her; and notwithstanding her Change of Religion, none of them ever reproach'd her; but on the contrary, her good Example and Prudence brought a great many of them over to the Church. She afterwards sent me every Year considerable Presents, in Fruits, and the finest Wines of the Country; and this Correspondence *Esther* and I continued with her till after the Peace of *Utrecht*, when I lost my dear Wife in the most surprizing manner imaginable. After *Teresa's* Departure, whom we must now call the Marchioness *de R.....*, *Esther* fell into a deep Melancholy; she had no Relish of any Diversion, and Solitude did but increase her ill Humour; but especially after her Cousin the *Rosicrucian* had taken the little *Emanuel* from her, and had used her with no small Contempt, she became inconsolable. You see me here for the last time, said that cruel Relation; you are now going to be a new Flower, but you shall soon fade, and the Heat of the Sun has already half discolour'd you. Henceforth there will be an unmeasurable Distance between you and me. I have only these few Words to say to you: I must go; *Esther*, adieu. I was not present at this last Visit: It lasted but a Moment, and *Esther* told it me, as a thing that render'd her Life insupportable. I find, said she, that my Cousin knows the Inclination of my Heart to the Christian Religion; he thinks to punish me for it; and I must confess, it costs me extremely dear to part with my dear Boy, whom I thought to carry away with me, and have him bred a Christian in some City of *France*; but God, who governs all, will, I hope, have regard to the Prayers I shall continually make for my Child. I will absolutely leave this Place; and I desire
you

you not to inquire what I am going to do. When God has accomplish'd his Work in me, I will write to you. However I was struck with *Esther's* Sentiments, I had not Resolution enough to oppose them: I answer'd her only with an afflicting Silence; and when we parted, I could only tell her, that I waited with an extreme Impatience for the Hour of my Death.

This was the last Conversation I had with my lovely and virtuous Wife; she had already taken her Measures, and in all Probability had concerted them with *Teresa*, before she left *Holland*. She went directly to her Friend in the *Cevennes*, and it was three Months before I heard what was become of her. At last, *Teresa* wrote me the following Letter, which I receiv'd as I came from visiting a Friend.

L E T T E R.

“ **I** WAS but half happy, my dear Master, though I
 “ met with an unexpected Success in all my Enter-
 “ prizes, till the virtuous *Esther* came, and completed
 “ my Felicity. She is now no longer an Enemy of Je-
 “ sus Christ, but the most zealous of his Servants, and
 “ by the Practice of a thousand Virtues, gives a glorious
 “ Example to his Followers. She now is sensible of a
 “ Joy, which none but the Regenerate of God can feel,
 “ and enjoys the most refined Delight in contemplating
 “ on his Goodness and Mercies. Prayer and Medita-
 “ tion, looking after the Poor, and an exact Attendance
 “ on Divine Service, are her constant Exercises. In a
 “ word, *Esther* is a chosen Spirit, who applies herself
 “ entirely to the Love of God, and the Adoration of
 “ his Goodness. Rejoice, my dear Patron, that you
 “ were the happy Instrument in this Occasion, to effect
 “ the Work of Grace in a Jew. Oh! let her Example
 “ recal you to the Bosom of the Church, and make use
 “ of the Light you have to procure your own Salvation.
 “ This is what both *Esther* and I beg of you, as the best
 “ Acknowledgment we can make of the Benefits we
 “ have receiv'd by your means; and we shall always
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“ pray for such a Change in you, as may lead you to
 “ eternal Happiness.”

This Letter made a great Impression on me ; I seldom went into my Coffee-Room to hear the News of *Europe*, as usual ; but pass'd whole Days and Nights in my Closet. I slept little, and eat less ; so that hardly supporting my wretched Remainder of Life, I fell into a languishing Distemper, and answer'd but coldly to the Concern *Janine* express'd for my Illness : A whole Year pass'd thus, in which I could think of nothing but the Magnanimity of *Esther* and *Teresa*. Is it possible, said I to myself, that I should have less Resolution than those Women ? and cannot I fall into a Way of Repentance, which by with-holding from me the Occasions of Sinning, may reconcile me with God ? I will try, at least, and not resist that Truth which still enlightens my Soul. After a long Combat with myself, I determin'd to go about the Work ; and without letting *Janine* know my real Thoughts, I told her, that an Affair of Importance oblig'd me to go to *England* ; that my Absence would not be long ; and in the mean time, I left every thing to her usual prudent Management.

Janine wept, and made most extravagant Complaints, but at length was pacify'd, and consented I should embark with a *Dutch* Captain, who us'd my House, and was her intimate Friend. She accompany'd me to *Amsterdam*, to see me embark ; and her Follies on that Occasion gave me Reason to suspect her ; for I perceiv'd her to cast now-and-then a tender Glance upon the Captain. I had before, on several Occasions, especially since my last Correspondence with *Esther*, found an Alteration in *Janine's* Regard for me ; and all her Endeavours to please me, became suspected to me, because they wanted of that Sincerity, which us'd to accompany them. However, I stifled as well as I could my Suspicions of her Fidelity, and went on board ; but when at Night we had weigh'd Anchor, instead of the Captain I had agreed with, I saw none, but a little ugly Fellow, who told me, that our Voyage

Voyage might last a Month ; but if we had the Wind favourable, we might reach *Italy* in three Weeks.

At the Mention of *Italy*, my Blood froze ; and I told him, I came on board to go to *England*. I know nothing of that, said he ; I am bound to *Genoa*, where I shall land you as soon as we arrive. I was afraid of provoking the little Brute, and therefore endeavour'd to bring him into my Interests. I found he was a Catholic, and insinuated myself gradually so far into his Friendship, that he let me know, that *Fantine* and her Lover had given him a thousand Crowns, to deliver me up to the Inquisition, as soon as he should arrive at *Genoa*.

Without seeming much concern'd, I gave him an Account of all the Obligations that perfidious Woman had to me ; which made him compassionate me so far, that after a Month's Voyage, arriving at our Port, I was set ashore safe, and to Appearance in no Fear, though God knows what Apprehensions I had in my Heart. I staid no longer in that City, than just to write the following Letter to the treacherous *Fantine*.

L E T T E R.

“ I AM not surprized at your Baseness ; for the Devil's
 “ Disciples must do the Work of that wicked Master. I remember your Ingratitude : For my part, I
 “ shall remember eternally what I owe you for so villainous a Trick. You know my Power, and what I
 “ can do, to ruin both you and your base Lover.
 “ Your Trade will not last long ; nor will you find any
 “ thing in my Cabinet that you can make use of. I
 “ leave you to your Remorse ; but if ever I return to
 “ *Holland*, avoid my Presence, for it will be fatal to
 “ you. Your Designs have had a different Effect from
 “ what you proposed.”

I had no sooner given my Letter to the Captain, than I took a Post-Chaise, with the Design to go to *Venice*, and from thence to pass into *Germany*. I used all possible Expedition, and the next Morning I arriv'd at *Alessan-*

dria della Paglia, upon the Confines of the *Milaneze* and the *Montferrat*. I was obliged to stay in this little Town; for my violent Journey had given me a Fever, which kept me in Bed 15 or 20 Days.

When I found myself ill, I thought I was lost; for I had no Hopes of recovering, oppress'd as I was with Grief, from a Distemper which appear'd so violent in its Beginning. And what confirm'd me, that I was near my last Hour, was, that having taken some of my Elixir, which I always carry'd about me, I receiv'd no Benefit by it. Then, not being willing to hazard all; but after I had been deprived of my worldly Estate by the Treachery of a Woman, desirous to save the more valuable Part of me, my Soul, I desired the Landlord to fetch some Priest to confess me. My Host thought me a *Frenchman*; for I had not dared to own myself an *Italian*; in a Country where I was in so much Danger. He therefore thought he should oblige me the more, if he brought one that understood the *French* Language, and went himself for a Frier of the Order of *St. Francis*, who had been at *Alessandria* seven or eight Years. I was so ill of my Fever, that I took no Notice of the good Frier's Countenance, but prepared myself in earnest for Death; and the pious Father heard my Confession with great Charity and Goodness. I conceal'd nothing from him of all my past Life; and God affording me at that time the Grace I had little deserv'd, I found a great Satisfaction in my Confession. All the Disorders of my Life, which were infinite in Number, and excessive in their Quality, did not make my charitable Confessor reject me. He told me, that God, whose Wisdom is unmeasurable by our imperfect Ideas, could make even our greatest Faults subservient to his Glory; that my Failings had been necessary to my Salvation, which I should not, perhaps, have been able to work out in a Life of Tranquillity, where Ambition might have diminish'd or extinguish'd all Charity.

That after such Wandrings, the Sinner seeks with greater Ardour after him whom he had abandoned, and from whom he expected Help. He visited me several times,

times, and heard me with the same Patience and Charity, always giving me Absolution with a Flood of Tears.

When the Father left me, I found I had lost my Fever; but the perpetual Agitation of my Mind, in reflecting on the Miscarriages of my Life, always brought it back again; and I waited with extreme Impatience for the good Frier's coming, to bring me Comfort. I had been thus for eight Days, and the Physicians gave over all Hopes of my Recovery, when Joy at once restored me my Health.

My Confessor, finding me one Day better than ordinary, embraced me affectionately; and watering my Face with his Tears, said, *O caro mio Maestro, O riverito & sempre amato di me il Dottor mio Colli! Qui son giunto felice in poterle ritirar dalle Zampe del Lion infernale! Animo, caro mio Padrone! Dio vi vuole per lui, & le sue Misericordie si sono spiegate sopra di vostra Anima.* O my dear Master, my ever lov'd Doctor Colli! how happily am I come to withdraw you from the Jaws of the infernal Lion! Courage, my dear Master! God will have you his, and his Mercies are already spread over your Soul.

This Tone of Voice, this Eloquence, and the affectionate Air of that Holy Man, made me look upon him attentively; and notwithstanding the Metamorphosis, I then knew him to be the Jeweller I had been acquainted with at Geneva. I could not contain my Joy, but with as loud a Voice, as my Weakness would permit, I said the *Nunc dimittis*. We were a Quarter of an Hour before we could speak to one another; Joy fill'd our Hearts, and my Tongue was not loosen'd but after Abundance of Tears. Do I see you then again, my dear Papil, said I; and in that State I wish'd to see you in? Tell me how you was reconciled to Rome, and what powerful Hand has broke those Chains which kept you at Geneva. The same, said my dear Frier, which loosen'd yours in Holland, though it employ'd different Means; but it is still the same Hand which the Wisdom of God employs in different Manners. I see you are eager to know in what Manner God brought me back into the Way of Health: It is now late; but To-mor-

row I will pass the whole Day with you, for your Satisfaction; and to that End I will take some necessary Measures.

I was so impatient for the Time, that my new-born Health was something impair'd by it. About Ten in the Morning, my dear Confessor came into my Chamber; and after he had embraced me, said, I come to keep my Word with you; and because I will stay the longer with you, I left Word at the Convent, that I should dine abroad. You must rise, and endeavour to gather Strength, since your Fever is gone. I did as he bad me, and that nobody might interrupt us, he shut the Door, and thus began his History:

You see me now, my dear Master, in the same Way I had wander'd from, and full of Acknowledgment and Thankfulness to God for his Grace in drawing me from that *Abyss*, into which I had fallen. He made use of the Ministry of my dear Brother, who after many a long and painful Journey he had made to find me, for twelve or fifteen Years, came at last a second time to *Geneva*, and was there some Days before he met with me. He gave himself out for a Jeweller of *Naples*, and went about to all the Houses where he knew there were any of our Business. He shew'd three or four large Stones of Value, which have been in our Family some Ages; but he put such an exorbitant Price upon them, that it was easy to see he had no mind to part with them. One Day having dined with a Jeweller named *Del'orme*, he offer'd my Brother some Stones, together with a considerable Sum of Money, for a Sapphire which he fancy'd. My Brother knew not how to come off with a Man, who had been teasing him for a Fortnight about it. Have you no able Man of the Business here, said he, who may determine this Matter? If you will call him, I'll stand by what he says. I will so, said the Jeweller: I have a Friend, who will be a competent Judge; I'll go and bring him hither, if you will stay but a Moment. I was then at home alone, reading the Confessions of *St. Augustin*, my Wife and Daughter being gone out. My Friend came, and desired me to serve him in the Purchase of the Sapphire. I was unwilling to meddle,
and

and desired him to see for somebody else, for I did not care to leave my House; but he prevailed over me with his Importunity. I went with him to his House, where I found my Brother in Discourse with Madam *Del'orme*. He knew me as soon as he saw me; but I had some Difficulty to make him out, two and twenty Years having made a considerable Alteration in him: But at length I knew him; and without being disorder'd, I heard their Proposals on both Sides, and refer'd the Decision till the next Day.

As I knew, that I was the only Object of his Labours and Travels, I was willing to make him some Acknowledgment. Wherefore, having ask'd him his Lodging, I told him, I would wait on him the next Morning with some Jewels; and that his Sapphire, though very perfect, did not please me so much as an Oriental Emerald he had, which perhaps we might agree about: I found by the Joy that appear'd in his Countenance, that he understood me very well. We appointed a Time, and parted; and I went away with different Sentiments. I resolv'd to conceal from my Wife, that my Brother was at *Geneva*, and put on a gayer Air than ordinary, and seem'd in a better Humour with my Family than I us'd to be.

The next Morning I ran to the Inn where my Brother lodg'd, and where he was expecting me. As soon as he saw me come into his Room, he ran with open Arms to meet me; then fell at my Feet, and protested solemnly, he would die in that Posture, if I would not give him a favourable Audience. I took him up, embraced him, and assur'd him, that the Sight of him had given me a Joy which nothing could equal; and that I came to him purposely to hear what he had to say to me, and to profit by his Advice.

Ah! my dear Brother, what Thanks do I owe to the Father of Mercies? He has already done the Work, and I am satisfy'd that I shall say nothing to you in vain. and that will not take Root in your Heart; hear me, I beg you. It was your Recovery that render'd me a Wanderer and Exile from my Country. For these twenty Years I have loved you less for the Relation there

is between us, than for your personal Merit and Greatness of Soul, which I have had room to admire on a great many Occasions. The Devil, jealous of the Advantage you might be of to the Church, has laid a Snare for you, which you was not aware of, and which you fell into from certain Ways of Reasoning, which are the Language of that Father of Lyes. He enchanted your Eyes with the Beauties of a Woman, and turned your Affections from your Creator to a Creature. You think it, perhaps, dishonourable to make a Family unhappy, that lives only by you, and for you. These are Tyes, I must confess, the strongest and most indissoluble that can be imagin'd; but which, nevertheless, will draw you into a dangerous Precipice. To give you any Lessons on this Head, is unnecessary; but I must exhort you to form them to yourself, and that laying aside the Husband and the Father, you would think on the only thing which ought to touch you, that is, the saving of your Soul. Here my Brother stopp'd, and was almost choak'd with his Sighs; but recovering himself a little, No, said he, I will die here before your Eyes, if I see you obstinate; for I will not have you lost to all Eternity: God knows what continual Prayers I make for your Conversion. I was like one thunder-struck at this Discourse; and had you seen me with my Eyes fix'd on the Ground, you would have thought I had lost all Sentiments: However, I was obliged to answer him, and this was what I said.

Your Zeal and Charity, my dearest Brother, have so touch'd me, that I believe God will not suffer them to be ineffectual: I confess, I am in that deplorable State of a Sinner, which poisons all the Enjoyments and Pleasures of this World with Remorse. This is my Situation, dear Brother; and happy as I am, as a Husband, and as a Father, enjoying all the Commodities of Life, my Felicity is far from being perfect, because I am out of the Way that leads to God. But how shall I return to that Way? You know how severe the Laws are against Apostates: I cannot resolve to deliver myself up to a Tribunal that would bury me alive in a Dungeon. Find me but the Means to overcome this Obstacle, and I am ready to do what you please.

At

At this Promise, my Brother embraced me, and made me confirm it with an Oath, that if he could obtain my Pardon from the Pope, under the Conditions of performing some salutary Penance, and Leave for me to choose what Convent I pleas'd in any Province or City of *Italy*, carrying a Fund with me to pay for my Subsistence, I should then keep my Word with him. Go, said I, to my Brother to *Rome*, solicit this Affair with Leisure: In the mean time, I will endeavour to settle my Daughter, and dispose my Wife to return to the Church. That once done, I'll follow you where-ever you desire.

My Brother, charm'd with my Compliance, and depending on the Promise I had made him, went away with a great deal of Joy. We had agreed on a Way of corresponding with one another, without giving any Suspicion; so he went about obtaining my Pardon, and I to the well-settling of my Family.

I had contracted a Friendship with a Merchant of *Genoa* named *Nigasi*, and had told him several times, that I wish'd he was of our Religion, that I might give him my Daughter. I perceiv'd he came three or four times a Year to *Geneva*; and I thought it was not so much to buy Jewels, as for the sake of some Mistress. As I knew the Nature of the Sex a little, I had a Mind to know whether my Daughter was not the Object of his frequent Returns; therefore, one Day when I was alone with her, *Sarah*, said I, my Child, I am growing old, and I know I have not long to be in this World; the greatest Regret I should have in dying, would be to see you expos'd to the Caprice of your Mother, who, perhaps, would not settle you as you deserve, You know my Tenderness for you, and I ask but one Mark of your Gratitude for all that I have already done, or shall hereafter do for you. Has *Nigasi* ever spoken to you of Love? In vain you'll hide the Truth from me: I shall know it; but it will be more agreeable from you than from any body else. *Sarah* blush'd; but being encourag'd by the good Treatment I gave her, she own'd that *Nigasi* loved her, and had propos'd to take her away to *Genoa*, there to marry her, and make her a Catholic. All this I know,

know, said I ; but I want to hear how you are dispos'd towards an Affair of that Consequence ? To do nothing without your Approbation, dear Father, reply'd she, believing that you know better than I, the Probity of that young *Genosse's* Sentiments. But how would your Religion agree with such a Change ? Oh ! well enough for that, dear Father, said *Sarah* ; for you must know my Mother is a Catholic, and has often told me she will not die in this State : If you should happen to die, we should immediately go away for *Italy* ; and I don't doubt but she is in Concert with *Nigasi*, for they often talk together.

This News pleased me ; but what I found bitter in it was, that my Wife, who was the principal Cause of my Apostasy, should design to reconcile herself to the Church, without communicating it to me. I determin'd to treat of the Affair with *Nigasi* ; therefore meeting him, I propos'd a Walk upon the Banks of the Lake ; whither being come, I spoke to him as follows :

Nigasi, I know the Views you come with to *Geneva* oftener than you used to do ; I know also of the Plot between you and my Wife : Confess the Whole to me, and depend upon my Generosity. Sir, said *Nigasi*, if *Sarah* has own'd to you, that I love her, she has told you the Truth ; it was difficult for me not to have a Passion for the most amiable Person in the World ; but she would never hearken to any thing from me, independent of you, loving you above all things. Since then you are not ignorant of our Affection, oppose not so lawful a Passion, but give it the Sanction of your Consent. I promised *Nigasi* he should have it, and afterwards took Measures to accomplish our Design. I pretended a Voyage to *Holland*, and having procur'd Letters for some Persons of Consideration, we went away for *Lyons*, carrying with me to the Value of 100,000 Crowns in Jewels, and good Bills of Exchange. I had order'd *Nigasi* to be at *Marseilles*, in order to carry away my Daughter, in a manner that she and my Wife least thought of. In the mean time, having negotiated my Bills, and receiv'd a hundred and fifty thousand Livres in *Spanish* Pistoles, I left *Lyons*, and went to *Marseilles*, lodging in the new Place,

Place, to be nearer the Port. My Brother had directed me how to address to him at *Rome*, and I wrote to him, giving him an Account of the Posture of my Affairs, and desiring him not to leave *Rome* till he heard farther from me. *Nigasi* arrived at *Marseilles* ten Days after us; and having given him a Meeting, we agreed on the Manner of executing our Design; for I resolv'd to surprise my Wife in it, and not to let her know of my Treaty with the *Genoese*. I got a Contract drawn by a Notary, and made *Sarah* sign it, telling her, that her Lover would arrive in a few Days, and I was resolv'd to see her married before I left that Place to go for *Holland*; but I desir'd her not to acquaint her Mother with any thing of the Matter. She promis'd me she would not, and kept her Word inviolably. My Wife thought in good earnest, that we were going to *Holland*; she thought no more of her *Genoese*, nor ever spoke of him to *Sarah*. One Evening, pretty late, after I had, according to the Marriage-Contract, given *Nigasi* fifty thousand Crowns, half Money, half Jewels, as my Daughter's Portion, and ten thousand Crowns to keep my Wife in a Convent, desiring him to let her want for nothing; I went with him and my Daughter to Church, and saw them married by a Priest, whom I had prepared, after *Sarah* had abjur'd her Heresy, and I had been absolv'd of my Apostasy by the Bishop's Permission; under Condition, nevertheless, that I should immediately go and throw myself at the Feet of his Holiness. All this was done with the utmost Expedition and Secrecy.

Nigasi, in the mean time, had prepared every thing for the Execution of our Design; and a *Genoese* Felucca lying in the Port of *Marseilles*, he had by his Liberalities gain'd the Master and Seamen to his Interest; and having provided them with some *Turkish* Habits and Turbants, he gave me Notice all was ready. The next Evening I told our Ladies, I would give them a Supper upon the Water, those Entertainments being common with the *Marseillians* in the Summer time, as it was then. We had, besides ourselves, our Landlady and her Daughter, who would bear *Sarah* Company, and a Maid to wait on us. The Weather was very calm, and we row'd out
of

of the Port into the Sea, and we were got beyond a Point which is behind the Fort of *St. Nicolas*, and out of Sight of the Town, when I order'd our Watermen to make back towards Shore; but on a sudden *Nigasi's* Felucca boarded us, and he, with four others disguised like *Turks*, jump'd into our Boat, with their Scymiters in their Hands, and hallowing in a barbarous kind of Jargon, which frighten'd even me, tho' I was in the Secret. The Women all fell into a Swoon, and in that Condition were carried into the Felucca. I pretended to cry and rave, and offer'd any Money for their Ransom; but they restor'd me only my Hostess and her Daughter for ten Pistoles, and a Ring I had on my Finger; but my Wife and *Sarah* they kept; and rowing away, we presently lost Sight of them, and were forced to return to *Marseilles* without them. My Landlady and her Daughter were highly pleased, that they had escaped Slavery by my Generosity; and offer'd to repay me what I had given for their Ransom; but I refused to take it, and pretended to be inconsolable for my Loss.

At length I receiv'd a Letter from my Brother, which inform'd me of the Pardon he had obtain'd for me from *Innocent XII* and begg'd me to hasten immediately to *Rome*. I did so, and having pass'd the *Alps*, I went by the Way of *Genoa*, where I arriv'd fifteen Days after my Wife and Daughter.

I presently gave *Nigasi* Notice of my Arrival; and he coming to me, inform'd me in what Manner he had made himself known to my Wife and my Daughter upon their Arrival at *Genoa*, after two Days Voyage; how many Tears my Daughter shed, thinking she should never see her dear Father more; and how my Wife resent'd the Trick I had play'd her: She bit her Lips and Fingers, but let not one Tear drop. The Villain has been too cunning for me, said she, and has taken the safest way. I am trick'd; but Patience! I'll take a Masculine Revenge, and let the World see, that Women are not to be wrong'd with Impunity. My first Care, added *Nigasi*, was to persuade her to retire to some Convent, where she might, more conveniently than at my House, make the necessary Preparation for her Absolution.

sion. She did not much oppose it, but begg'd me not to abandon her. Madam, said I, you shall always find in me the Respect due to my Wife's Mother; for I married your Daughter at *Marseilles*. Your Husband thought fit to conceal this from you, in Return of the Design you had to carry *Sarah* away without his Participation; but notwithstanding this, he has been the best of Husbands to you, and you have now 500 Crowns *per annum* to dispose of as you think fit. Thus, continued my Son-in-law, your Spouse was persuaded to go the next Morning into the Nunnery of the *Convertite*, where she seems now to be pretty well satisfy'd. But I am obliged, according to the Agreement between us, to carry my Wife to see her once a Week. As to the rest, your Daughter will tell you how she has been received by my Relations, and whether she has Reason to be satisfy'd with me or not.

I resisted the Temptation of seeing my Daughter; and notwithstanding the Promise I made my Son-in-law to go the next Day to visit them, he was no sooner gone from me, than I took Post for *Rome*, and arrived there after five Days Journey.

I went immediately, according to my Directions, to my Brother, who waited for me impatiently. His Joy was complete when he saw me, and the next Morning he acquainted the Pope with my Arrival. The Holy Father would needs see me; and I went, like a Child, to the wholesome Punishment of his Transgressions. After I had kiss'd his Feet, You are welcome, Son, said he, with an Air of Benevolence; and I reckon this the happiest Day of my Pontificate, in which I restore a lost Sheep to the Flock of Jesus Christ. Let us both, my dear Son, return a thousand Thanks to him; you, for his bringing you again into the Fold, by the means of his Almighty Grace; and I, for being instrumental in your Salvation: Chuse the Condition you like best; I grant it you, being assured that the Love of God has dissolved in you all worldly Tyes.

Blessed Father, answered I, my Tongue fails me, and I cannot express how sensible I am of the Divine Goodness: I beg your Holiness to impose me some very severe
Penance,

Penance, proportionable, I will not say, (for that cannot be) to my Crimes, and to my Repentance. Then, as if the Holy Spirit had inspired him, the Pope pronounced this Sentence on me: You shall go, said he, to *Alessandria della Paglia* To morrow; I will order your Brief to be given you. Then he confirm'd the Absolution that had been given me at *Marseilles*, and took off the Censures I had incurred: Afterwards he sent for the General of the Order, and commanded him to shew me Favour, and never to reproach me with my Fault; and in my Brief it was injoin'd the Friars never to upbraid me with it, under Pain of Excommunication. The General, who knew me again, having been under him at *Naples*, blessed the Lord for my Conversion, and gave me an Order for my Reception at *Alessandria*, and the next Morning re-invested me with the Habit in his own Chamber. I went in this new Habit to take my Leave of the Pope, and ask his Blessing; when, with the highest Air of Piety and Charity, he gave it me, and said, You now bear the Ensigns of Christ; pray to him for us, and love him above all things.

My Brother and I left *Rome* with the greatest Satisfaction, and arrived here in fifteen Days. This Convent is dependent on the Province of *Genoa*, and the Provincial takes a great deal of Care to alleviate those little Troubles which the Remembrance of the World suggests to me; for, not to lye to you, I cannot help thinking of my Wife and Daughter sometimes; but then I have recourse to my Crucifix, at the Feet of which I find a perfect Consolation. Since I came here, I have almost rebuilt the whole Convent with the Money my Brother had of mine in his Keeping; and he has with the greatest Readiness concurr'd in settling the Whole upon the Convent for my Board. Here I have exercised the Office of Sacristan and Curate for these three or four Years past; and I believe, as long as I am willing to keep it, shall not lose it; for I make considerable Presents to the Church every Year on that Day I was re-invested with the Habit of the Order. I have ever since enjoyed a Tranquillity which I never felt while I lived at large in the World; and if sometimes, as I said, it is interrupted by

by the Remembrance of my Family, my Crucifix immediately expels all Thoughts of the World.

Ah! cry'd I, my dear Child, you are happy, and your Brother in the highest Degree of Merit with God; I want only such an Advocate and Protector. Am not I entirely yours? said the good Frier: And ought not I to be as charitable in your Behalf, as others have been in mine? Give me Leave only to go about it, and I'll answer for the Success. Ah! said I, *Innocent XII.* is dead. Yes, answer'd he; but the present Pope is no less a Promoter of the Glory of God. Let me try: Nobody knows where you are, nor shall from me, tho' my Life were at stake; so be easy, while I go about the Work.

I had no sooner given my Consent, than Father *Ambrose* went away Post for *Rome* with my Petition, which I had written in *Latin*, and in which I desired, that after I had received Absolution from the Bishop of the Place, I might be allowed to live in some Hermitage in *Germany*, dependent on a Convent of the Order, and consequently on the General; and that I might bestow what I had on that Convent of my Order that should be next to the Place I should chuse for my Solitude. *Clement XI.* who had as much Humanity as any Pope that ever sat in *St. Peter's* Chair, having read my Petition, and having some Knowledge of my Affairs, desired to see me. Holy Father, said Father *Ambrose*, he dares not come to *Rome*, and is so afraid of *Italy*, that he begs Leave to retire to *Germany*, in order to die in Peace; he has not long to live, and I am assured of his Repentance. *Vivat*, then said the Pope, & *convertatur*. The Brief was immediately sent to the Bishop of *Alessandria*, in the Terms I had desired; but the Joy it gave me was too much for me. My Fever return'd, and I then found it was time for me to think seriously of myself. The Bishop, having executed his Commission, order'd me to be carry'd to the Convent, where the Habit was once more given me by the Guardian. I desired the *Viaticum*, and *Extreme Unction*; and having deliver'd my Money into the Prior's Hands, in the Presence of the whole Community, I prepared for Death, which however did not then come, since I lived after that to compose these *Memoirs*.



POSTSCRIPT.

ABOUT two Months after this, Father Colli left this Life for a better; and as while he lived in the Convent of *Alessandria*, he entrusted me with all the Secrets of his Heart, he left his Papers with me, and desired me to put these *Memoirs* in Order, and send them into *France*, to be left with the Marchioness de R near *Viviers* in *Languedoc*, for the virtuous *Esther Boliénki*: Of which having acquitted myself, I hope this *Sequel* of the *Life* of the Illustrious and Unhappy *Rozelli* will soon be made publick, that the World may be rightly informed as to those *Adventures* which *Rozelli* pretends the Editor of his former *Memoirs* has unjustly father'd upon him, some of which he disclaims, as may be seen in p. 96. of this Volume.









